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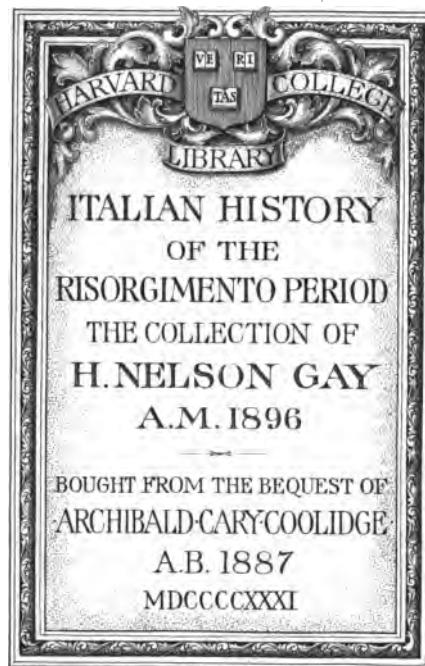
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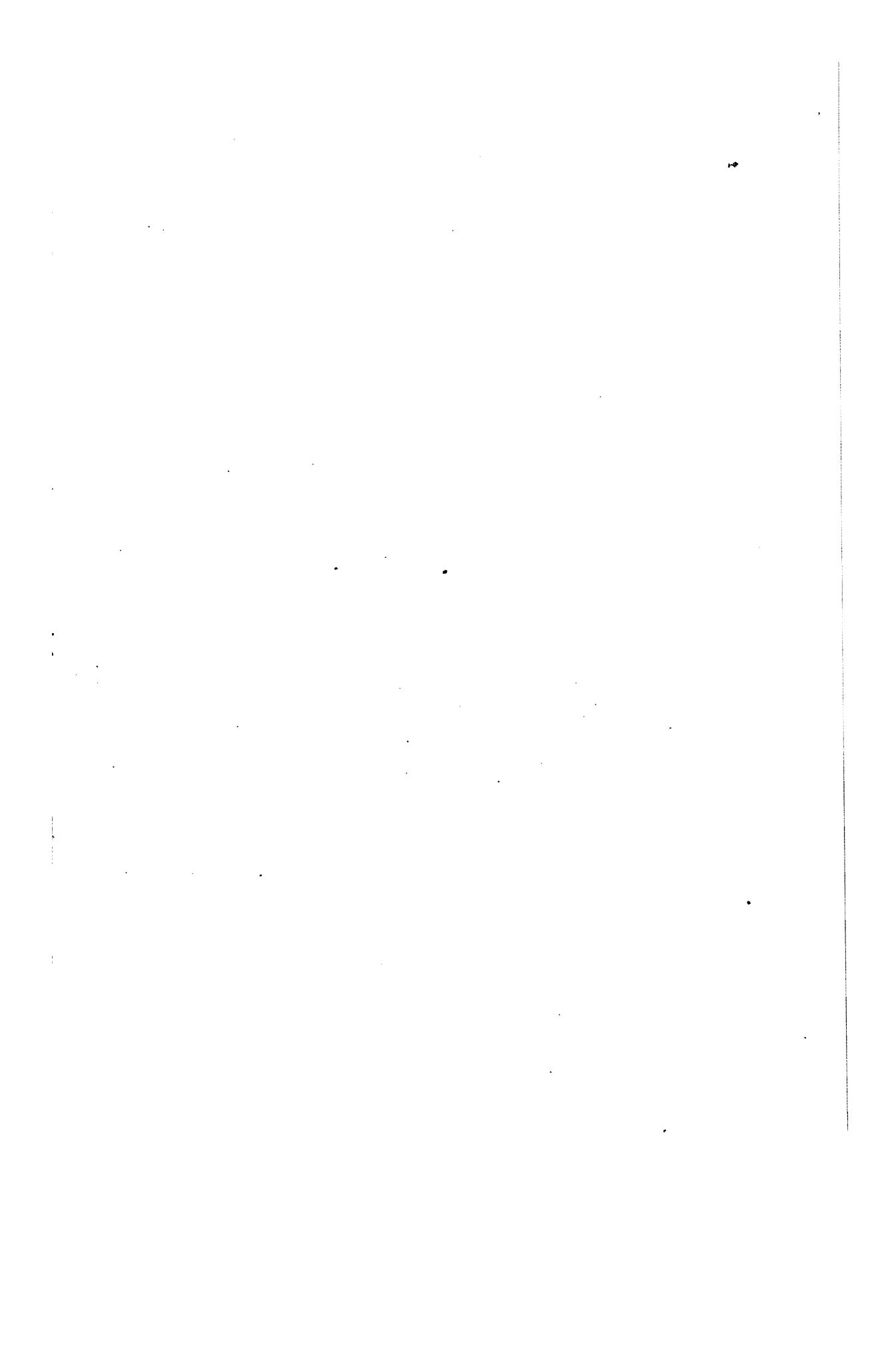
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ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

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AND POLITICS.*

VOL. XLI.—MARCH, 1878.—No. CCXLV.

DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART IV.

VIII.

SAN ZENO.

ART has its tiresome aspects. An original picture, much less a copy, is not the result of a single flash of inspiration. It goes forward touch by touch. There are oils that dry too slowly and varnishes that dry too quickly; colors give out at the wrong moment, and are to be mixed and matched. The back is weary, the head aches from undue straining after elusive effects that escape behind a *chevaux-de-frise* of mechanical difficulties.

Alice arose, at times, from her task at the Museo Civico and wended her way homeward, tired, heavy-eyed, her toilette a little flattened and the bloom of her brightness for the moment dimmed. Her solicitous mamma would declare that such application was unheard of, — that it was ruinous, — the study must be abandoned. Then there was usually a few days' respite.

Detmold set forth persistently every morning to add still other pages to his voluminous sketch-books. They contained façades in full, and fragments more charming than the wholes. There were palaces and basilicas, the battlemented bridge of the Castel Vecchio,

with its unequal, downhill arches, the curious staircase in the court-yard of the Municipio, and a corner of the Chamber of Commerce. There were door and window openings, with arched heads of party-colored stone, their tympanums filled with sculpture or mosaic; there were campaniles, turrets, chimney-pots of a hundred varieties, balconies, figures or single heads from bas-reliefs and frescoes; but above all, a collection of the lovely porches which are the crowning glory of Verona. They are light and simple. Their arches are of contrasted stones; they are inlaid with sculpture; their columns — sometimes single, sometimes clustered and superposed — are of red marble, and rest upon grotesque animals. The ruddy sunshine invades them and the warm air blows through them. They cast rich, strong shadows, in which there is not a suggestion of gloom.

One morning, in the tenth century basilica of San Zeno, Detmold looked up from his drawing and saw Alice, Miss Lonsdale, and Hyson beside him.

"Pray, do not let us disturb you," said Miss Lonsdale. "We like to see you work. Perhaps we can steal your process."

"How pretty your sketches are!" said Alice. "I wish I could do that."

"I am sure you could, if you would. It is very easy."

"Of course it is, when one knows how; but I have tried. The perspective always bothers me. I am very stupid about perspective."

"But you have a correct eye, and this can be done even without perspective. Imagine the space you wish to include in your drawing to be perfectly flat. Do not think of projection at all. Then try to see what angles and shapes the different objects in this flat space assume. Anybody who can draw a figure as correctly as you can do it. Of course, perspective is an assistance. I do not mean to make light of it."

"That seems a good idea," said Alice. "If I had some paper, I might make the experiment now."

Detmold gave her the requisite materials. She seated herself upon the steps that lead down to the floor of the nave from the entrance, and began a view somewhat like Detmold's. The singular wooden roof of the vast interior is supported upon alternate massive columns and piers. They have bizarre capitals of intertwined foliage, serpents, and animals. A flight of broad stone steps rises to the chancel, and at its sides two other flights descend to the ancient crypt, plainly visible, where, behind a grille and under a canopy supported by forty marble shafts, the bones of the ancient patron of the basilica repose. Along the chancel railing, as at St. Mark's, at Venice, pose themselves a row of life-size figures.

"This is quite improving, of course," said Hyson; "but, meanwhile, what is to become of us?"

"You can go and see the cloisters," said Alice; "they are very nice."

"Not at all," replied Hyson; "what Miss Lonsdale and I will do is to go and see the Castel Vecchio. Nobody has yet been inside of it, and we shall have the advantage of you all. Shall we call for you after that?"

"If you will, please. I do not feel like climbing, to-day; and besides, this is really an important discovery I have made."

Alice abandoned this sketch, presently, as too vexatious. She could not keep the idea out of her head that the lines came towards her. Things would not stay flat. She procured more paper, and wandered about with a deliberative air in search of another subject. She placed herself, at length, before the sitting statue of San Zeno. It is an archaic work, and of colored marble, in accordance with the tradition that the venerable patron was an African. The exaggeration of some intended expression of spiritual rapture gives the features a grotesque appearance of laughing.

"Why do you choose such a sorry figure?" asked Detmold. "I shall have a less exalted idea of your taste."

"I like it because it is odd and comic-al," she replied. "Besides, I wish it to be understood that I make my sketches without regard to age, sex, color, or previous condition of servitude."

She contemplated the figure with one eye shut and her pencil held up to make measurements. Detmold forsook his own subject, and furtively made a drawing of her, instead. They were not too far separated to converse. Alice had learned from him something of the characteristics of the style in the midst of which they were, and had even taken an interest in acquiring some of the architectural terms. Detmold affected to conduct a cross-examination, to see if she had forgotten anything. He asked her, What is an archivolt? what is an abacus? what is a chamfer?

She replied to a few of the queries with an imitation of school-girl readiness; then, with a pretense of supposing that he was really inquiring for his own information, said with an inflection conveying surprise and commiseration, "Oh, don't you know what a chamfer is? Almost anybody knows that."

The best kind of love-making does not necessarily consist in excessive manifestations of affection or epithets of endearment. It is quite as often in the circumstances of routine conversation and intercourse, when tones, glances, gestures, the sentiment of pleasure in each other's appearance and delight in

each other's company, play in and out among the ordinary words and illuminate them. There are charming conversations in which not a single striking idea is advanced.

What is a morning's conversation between two such people? It is not a sustained argument nor alternate disquisitions. If taken down in short-hand it might fill a volume. It would be broken, illogical, trivial. One wonders as to the reason of some circumstance or phenomenon; explanations are suggested, or one who already knows informs the other. They call up reminiscences. They say how they enjoyed their ride or row at such a date, or the labyrinth figure in a certain german at the Jacksons'. Or they speak of people they have known, and analyze them and their careers,—the drowning of Smith, the curious marriage of Brown; or of persons they met in the diligence, crossing the mountains; or the peculiarities of the landlord at Bellinzona. Or they go a little into their individual characteristics, if intimate enough. One confesses to a tendency to alternate moods of elation and sadness, without assignable cause; the other prescribes philosophic rules for the cultivation of an equable temper. Through the whole are scattered banter and slight coquettices.

The sound of Alice's voice, the animation of her countenance, the grace of her attitudes, were wisdom enough for Detmold; it made very little difference what she said.

The morning was passing. The sun mounted to the zenith; the shadow of the basilica returned slowly from its march to the westward, and drew its strong line close to the sculptured porch. The young man and the pretty woman came out to see if their friends were not returning. At each side of the portal a great space is covered with ancient bas-reliefs in panels. There are Adam and Eve in Paradise, and all the scriptural personages; saints, knights in armor, and King Theodoric in full chase after a deer which his dogs have seized, while a sardonic demon lies in wait to seize the king himself. The doors are faced

with bronze reliefs of the earliest mediæval make. The figures are as rude as the plastic achievements of children, but full of a biting energy, and disposed in accordance with an instinctive feeling for effect. The tall red columns of the porch rest upon the backs of red marble lions crouching upon the stone platform.

"Is it not a barbarous taste to support such structures upon the backs of animals?" said Alice. "When caryatides came into use in the classic style, I believe we are to consider it a symptom of decadence, are we not?"

"But not this. It is bold and picturesque. The figures do not represent actual animals, you see. If this were an imitation of a real lion," said he, placing his hand upon the head of one of the monsters, "that would be quite a different matter. They are conventionalized."

Alice rested comfortably against the back of the other, like a modern Ariadne in a muslin robe.

"But in society, you know," returned she, argumentatively, "we do not like conventionalism. We profess admiration for what is spontaneous and natural. If we do not like conventional people, why should we like conventional lions?"

"Conventionalism in common things," said Detmold, "is a species of toadyism; it is an imitation of models that are generally not worthy of imitation, and it prevails at the expense of originality and independence. Conventionalism in art is so different a thing that it ought to be distinguished by a different name. Of course there is good and bad conventionalism in art, too. But in its best sense it is a species of imagination. It is the ingenious fitting of something to circumstances by seizing its essential spirit and neglecting the rest. This so-called lion is not a lion at all, but only an abstraction of the sturdiness and bold outlines of one. The lion is merely the theme on which the composition is made. This is really an imaginary animal, expressly created for the work of holding up porches. That is why there is nothing disagreeable about it. If it were a good

imitation, we should be involuntarily nervous lest he should move and bring the porch toppling down upon us."

"I am certain that this one is not in the least disposed to," said Alice, tapping the grotesque head with her parasol.

"I don't know that I find that so surprising," said he in something of an undertone. Then he went on without interruption: "The theory is that it is bad art to apply a perfect likeness of anything to a purpose to which the thing itself could not be adapted. An ideal race of creatures and flowers and foliage must be created for capitals, gargoyles, carpets, and wall-papers. They may be based upon familiar objects, but must not exactly imitate them."

"But you see such imitations so often," said Alice.

"Of course you do, and you undoubtedly always will, simply because there is a hundred-fold more bad art in the world than good."

"You do not think that perhaps the Lombards made lions this way because it was the best they knew how, do you?" asked Alice; "because they were ignorant, and it was the nearest resemblance they could get, you know?"

"They show too much skill in other respects," said Detmold. "They had a pretty intimate connection with the East, and knew what lions were as well as ourselves, if they had wished to copy them."

Hyson and Miss Lonsdale returned, and the little group rode away together. On the façade of the basilica is a great sculptured wheel of fortune, with a king at the top and a naked beggar beneath. Detmold translated the motto from the text in the guide-book:—

"All mortal things I rule at will,
Raise up, cast down, give good or ill."

"It would not be so bad," said he, "if it went all the way round. It generally oscillates a little way up, then a large way back. If it were only established that everybody should make the complete circuit, — undergo in turn all the phases of existence, — that would be something like justice, and a cosmopolit-

tan experience. As it is, it picks up a favored few and whirls them to the top, while the most it leaves at the bottom and crunches them like a cart wheel."

"None of us here present seem to have any bones broken," said Hyson.

"Perhaps we have not yet felt its full weight," said Detmold.

IX.

THE MUSEO CIVICO.

Detmold's admiration knew no bounds. In every aspect and phase of character he found Alice unspeakably charming. Some accent of hers, some delicate pose of the head, some evanescent contraction of the brows, with an expression between smile and frown, came to him at moments in his work like an aroma. He could close his eyes and conjure up her face, blown round with its shining hair. All the details of her dress, each of the pretty, fashion-changing buttons, buckles, clasps upon it, seemed as precious as jewelry, and the material of which it was made as valuable as the rarest Oriental fabrics. Her person connected itself with ideas of all fragrant spices.

His wandering in the great galleries since he first set foot upon European soil was simply a long series of comparisons. He found no stateliness of Leonardo, no pensive grace of Raphael, no golden hair of Titian, so perfect as hers. He would admit in her no possible imperfection. If her figure was slightly flat, it was a suggestion of the sweet austerity of Gothic sculpture, which shows no swelling contours, but only straight-falling draperies and serene and noble faces. If at twenty-seven many less favored women have passed the most perfect moment, this age was in her only a guarantee of exquisite, stored-up sweeteness.

He drew her with aureolas about her head. He conceived the idea of painting her, in her ordinary dress, upon a gold background, like a saint of Fra Angelico, and actually made a commencement. He intended to give it no exag-

gerated air of religious aspiration, but to try to portray the sanctity of a type of pure and sterling modern loveliness.

On her side, what was this goddess, this paragon of all conceivable perfections? There were people who did not coincide with Detmold as to her transcendent beauty. She had a few freckles, and her hair was a little off color, neither blonde nor brown. She was admitted by some to be a "stylish" girl, — nothing more. Her family had not discovered anything phenomenal, either, in the way of goodness. There had even been displays of willfulness and temper by no means congruous with aureolas and gold backgrounds. She sang ballads in an agreeable voice enough, but of no great compass, and as to her artistic talent, a sufficient judgment has already been passed upon it. She was a little spoiled by having been kept entirely away from the graver aspects of life, and was wedded to its conventional good things, — how much it would be hard to say.

The ineffable perfections conceived by Detmold were largely within himself. The imagination needs only an adequate resting-point to move with its lever the whole of existence, and Detmold had found it.

Still, his extravagance of feeling might have been lavished in many a less worthy direction. Alice had a kind heart, a frank nature, a quick and graceful mind, and an appreciation of beauty that rivaled his own. The pleasure of the artist is not confined to the few poor subjects which he can transfer to canvas and place before the eyes of others. Colors combine, draperies fall, objects dispose themselves, and fugitive lights and shadows play at every turn to fill his educated sense with enjoyment. Alice had gone far enough beyond the mere mechanical preliminaries of her study to have some conception of this. Possibly there was no great harm in Detmold's idealizing process. A pretty woman, with an average head and an honest and delicate nature, — the limit to which admiration of her may justly extend has nowhere been

definitely fixed. And if one be so constituted as to be a little extreme in his sentimental appreciation one might easily lapse into faults much worse.

Unless there were special engagements to prevent, Alice went daily to the Museo Civico. It is one of the heavy designs of San Michele, and lies on a quay of the Adige. It was formerly the palace of the Count Alexander Pompeo, and was presented by him to the city for a gallery and museum, — which accounts for the pictures being poorly lighted, only from side windows. The amateur of painting who chooses to spare a day from the greater glories of Venice, Milan, or Bologna, close at hand, finds at Verona a collection of minor masters belonging almost exclusively to its own school at a time when every Italian city had its school. There are Orbettos, Benaglios, Badiles, and Morones, — lesser lights in the great constellation which flamed so splendidly afterwards at Venice. They have painted the usual Sibyls, Saint Sebastians, and Flagellations at the Pillar, rigid, cold, and cadaverous, with only here and there a gleam of beauty flickering upon them, as though it might be burning softly behind all the dreary canvas, and could only for the present make its way out at minute crevices.

Among the rest — more fully represented than any other — is one Cavazzola, who had the singular fortune to be entirely neglected by the critical writers who treated of his contemporaries for three hundred years. An endeavor was made to exclude him from the pantheon of history. But after coming down unnoticed from the sixteenth century to the year 1853, there arose a Veronese poet, Aleardo Aleardi, says a recent eulogist, who deserves well of his city and the confraternity of painters for having published a biography full of the sufflation of poesy and art, in which the unfortunate master is vindicated from the long obloquy of silence.

Alice had adopted the fashion of the Veronese ladies, who in summer discard the hat for a long, black lace veil depending from the hair, and serving also

as a mantilla. It gave a princess-like stateliness to her slender figure, as she moved forward with her easy, gliding motion. Sometimes Detmold accompanied her to the Museo, or called for her to return. He walked beside her with a fond pride. Sometimes he made it consist with his own occupations to repair thither and spend an hour in her society. It was cool in the small and quiet galleries, while the sun poured hotly down upon the quay outside. Here they conversed together in low, sedate tones that breathed again in the memory of Detmold during many a sad day long afterwards. The eyes of the ancient paintings looked out at them with a stiff sympathy. A few other copyists, belonging to the academy below-stairs, were scattered through the galleries at long intervals. Now and then the stillness was broken by slight clatterings, echoing hollowly from a distance, where the custodian occupied himself with small repairs, or mounted upon a ladder to shift the position of a picture.

The work upon which Alice was engaged was a copy of a portion of the portrait of the warrior Pasio Guarienti, by Paul Veronese. The face is ruddy with exposure and comfortable living, and fringed with a grizzled beard; the figure is resplendent in armor of steel, embossed in black and gold.

One day, when Detmold entered, she had just concluded some touches which seemed to meet with her decided approval. The brush was still poised in her hand, a little way back from the canvas, as though its continued proximity were necessary to maintain the charm of a successful result.

"How is the future San Michele—or Palladio—which shall I say?" said she, playfully, turning her head towards him, with her eyes still lingering upon the work, as he came and stood by her easel.

"If you care to consult my taste, suppose you say Giotto or even Pugin. I should have no great fancy for the reputation of one of these Renaissance architects."

"Why not?"

"Mainly because I have no great fancy for their works. The best of them are cold and ugly, and I have seen things of Palladio's at Vicenza that might have been done to order for some of my own customers at Lakeport."

"Oh, the Renaissance. To be sure. It is only Gothic we are to like."

"I wish I had the control of some clients who were as docile as you pretend to be," said the young man, laughing at this thrust at his enthusiasm. "No, people may like Renaissance if they please. I can give æsthetic reasons why I personally do not. At the same time it is possible that the real reason is only because I have not yet exhausted the pleasure I take in Gothic, and am not in search of a novelty. Perhaps there is no such thing as ultimate perfection—or at least ultimate content with it—possible in architecture. No sooner was Gothic developed to its highest point than the world turned away from it at that very moment, and fell in love with the revived classic, its diametrical opposite. After the latter had been extraordinarily perfected, back went the fashion to Gothic. Since then there have been re-revivals of classic and ro-revivals of Gothic, and eclectic minglings together of the two, without end. We like to change the style of our architecture just as we like to change the style of our clothes. Novelty is what we are after, and, in one case as well as in the other, sometimes we retrograde and sometimes we advance. When we hold fast what is good in garments and add to it, without ever going backwards, and pause finally when they are made fully worthy of the dignity of the human figure, perhaps we shall be ready to do the same thing with buildings. A house is only a larger kind of an overcoat, after all. It does not wear out as quickly, but it performs about the same sort of service, and is naturally subject to the same sort of fluctuations."

"That is less hopeful than your usual strain. I do not know whether I shall believe in you, any longer, as the coming inventor of the great American style."

"I am as likely to be it as anybody else, notwithstanding. There is not going to be any. If there is any style at all, after this, it will be a universal one. But how is the future Angelica Kauffmann, or shall I say Rosa Bonheur?"

"If it is equally convenient, suppose you do not retort, and only say Alice Starfield. I was getting on very well when you came in. See if you do not think I have caught the tones in that shaded cheek pretty well. It seems so to me. Please say you think so. You cannot imagine how I have fussed over them, and painted them in and out."

"You certainly have," said Detmold. "Anybody who should find fault with that part of your copy, at least, ought to be drawn and quartered. It is exactly right."

"Do you think so? I am so glad! I wish I could be an immense egotist. I am a little of one now, but I mean perfectly enormous, so as never to have any misgivings."

"I am sure I can think of nobody who has less reason for them," said Detmold.

"That is one of the kind of things for which Mr. Hyson says, 'Pray consider my hat off.' But really, what a comfortable thing it must be to be perfectly satisfied with everything you do. Fame and the commendation of others are nothing to it, because they are irregular and uncertain. Everything is included in self-approbation. If little can be added to it from the outside, nothing can be taken away. Does it make any difference whether you really have genius or not, if you firmly believe you have? A thorough egotist, such as one or two I know of, ought to be happier than Michel Angelo or Napoleon Bonaparte."

"Or our friend Cavazzola, in there."

"Ah, poor Cavazzola! Is not his case truly melancholy? To do something that is really worthy of recognition, and not to get the slightest credit for it for three hundred years, while all the glory there is goes to one's inferiors!"

"I do not know whether it is an instance of the general incapacity of the

human race for original thinking, and its persistency in following authorities through thick and thin, or of the fondness of some modern writers — of whom Signor Aleardo Aleardi, poet as he was, may have been one — for contradicting and taking the opposite side of everything that was considered settled. After such an experience, the merit of this much-neglected light of the school of Verona is at least open to doubt. The real article usually asserts itself in less time so strongly that it cannot be choked off."

"These interminable schools!" cried Alice. "I can make nothing of them. There are not simply some pictures at Verona, but 'the school of Verona.' And the school of Padua and Mantua and Pisa, and I suppose schools of every village and hamlet in the country; besides the schools of the great cities and of all the foreign countries. I shall never make any progress in egotism as long as they puzzle me so."

"Do you know most of the dates?" inquired Detmold.

"What a dreadful question! Of course not. It is more than I can cope with to attempt to find out something of their respective characteristics, without adding any such element of confusion to the task."

"Oh, I mean in a general way."

"No; I do not like dates even in that way."

"I used to find it handy," said Detmold, "to look at the subject chronologically, in a very general way. One naturally has the idea that the schools were all buzzing alongside of each other at the same time, doing the same thing in different manners. But they were very little contemporaneous. They followed in succession. That takes one element out of the complication. Another is got rid of by remembering that the local writers about a place, as Verona, for instance, usually talk of the pictures painted there as belonging to its *school*, when in reality it had no school different from those of half a dozen other places, where the same sort of thing was done. The really tangible schools for the most part

succeeded each other. This Italian art reached its climax about the end of the fifteenth century,—but this is preaching."

"Will you go on, please?"

"Then comes German art in the sixteenth, Flemish and French early in the seventeenth, Spanish later, and English in the eighteenth,—but all following directly from Italian influence. Then the three great schools of Florence, Rome, and Venice, in Italy itself, started unequally, but for a time carried on their respective specialties, namely, form, expression, and color, side by side. Out of them sprang the advanced schools of Bologna, Milan, Parma, and Naples. That is about all there were. Then if you divide the practitioners of the main schools into about three chronological periods, on the basis of capacity,—when they were, you might say, trying in turn to walk, to run, and to fly,—you have the whole thing in a nutshell."

"Then you would not bother about the school of Verona and its precise relations?"

"Not if it puzzled my head very much. I should set it down as an incipient Venetian school, and put in my time some other way to better advantage."

This was the manner of their talk: his, considerate, almost tender, and informing without pretense; hers, sprightly, fanciful, and above all feminine. Sometimes she rose and yielded him her seat for a moment, that he might take observations of the progress of the work from her point of view, while her light drapery rustled on the polished floor about him. Once, for the purpose of some comparison, she had him stand at the opposite side of the room, while from her place she measured his figure by holding up her pencil and keeping one eyelid closed with two taper fingers. At another time he placed himself at a little distance, for her to make a rapid sketch of his head and shoulders in a certain position.

"This is not to be a finished likeness, you know," said she, regarding him quizzically, as the work drew to a close.

"You are not particular about having the nose in, are you?"

"Not at all,—don't mention it. You might omit the eyes and mouth also, if it is any object."

"I have them in already; they are not so hard to do as noses."

Then she showed him a remote resemblance to himself, much flattered. He carried it off, after the emergency for which it was needed was over, and cherished it as one of his principal treasures.

That day it happened he forgot there one of his sketch-books. She took it home with her own materials, and restored it to him on the occasion of his next visit. In turning over its leaves, enjoying the slight drawings full of feeling and delicacy with which it was filled, she came upon a copy of verses upon a scrap of paper, evidently never intended for public inspection. They were in his own handwriting. The paper bore a scribbled date near that of the memorable interview at Paris, in May.

There was every indication that they were his, and the motive of them no other than herself. She wondered at their extravagance, but was touched by it. She said, "Poor fellow!" and shivered a little at their direful suggestions, which she devoutly hoped had never been anything more than the poet's permissible exaggeration.

X.

THE ARENA.

Without bending her attention to the details, Alice supposed that it was in the ordinary course of things that she should marry. She had not as yet cherished any excessive sentimentalism about it. She was not inclined to demand one only ideal being, predestined for her from all time, as she for him. Possibly there were within her potential circle a number of gentlemen of unexceptionable character, fortune, and social position who would make excellent husbands and improve upon acquaintance. It was to some such orderly marriage—perhaps

with one considerably her senior—that she had been accustomed to look forward, if she looked at all. The feeling, therefore, of the two ardent young men, if she could have seen it in its full intensity at this time, would have called forth her wonder and even some consternation. She was ever reluctant to construe quickly indications that might seem to point in this direction. Of the feeling of Castelbarco she had only a faint suspicion, and of its seriousness none whatever. Such as it was, however, it was sufficient to make her more and more averse to his exaggerated politeness, his open admiration, and his gifts.

The aim of Castelbarco was now to find a suitable opportunity to make to Alice his impassioned offer. But it was not easy to secure, since the party at the Torre d'Oro had most of their occupations in common, finding in companionship an added zest. He did not wish to seek a formal audience, through apprehension that its object might be divined and the case decided, perhaps adversely, beforehand. He had much of the experience of Detmold at Paris, aggravated by the chafing of his more impatient nature. Alice was sometimes alone, it is true, at the Museo Civico, and returned unaccompanied; but Castelbarco, whose taste ran very moderately to the fine arts, knew only of the Museo, from some past experience, as a crowded school, where there was no privacy. In the attempts he made to encounter her in the street, he had had the fortune to find her accompanied by Miss Lonsdale, her French *cicerone*, or by Detmold, who seemed to have been drawing at the Museo also.

The pleasant evenings in the parlor of Mrs. Starfield went on as usual. Hyson, returning from a flying visit to Milan, gave an account of some theatrical performance he had witnessed there.

"But why have we no theatres here?" inquired Alice. "It is strange that in so large a city we have yet found nothing of that kind to attract us."

"There are, at the right season, I suppose," answered Hyson; "but in sum-

mer they usually close up, and the actors take a vacation."

"Yes," said Castelbarco, in his elegant stilted diction; "profuse operas and ballets are set forth at the Filarmonico at their fitting seasons,—notably during the Carnival. The dramatic art, also, is sufficiently well exemplified in five others. At present, we have of it nothing save a poor summer theatre in the Arena."

"The plays there are pretty fair, as well as I can make out," remarked Hyson.

"They are not literary or excellent; they are esteemed by us of a low grade," said Castelbarco, with an air of compassion.

"It would be novel and interesting to see one, nevertheless," said Alice.

"Will the Signorina Starfield do me the honor to accept an invitation?" asked Castelbarco, upon whom it flashed that there might be in this the opportunity he coveted.

Alice said, hesitatingly, "Yes—certainly—if the rest will go, I should like to very much."

The idea was accepted as a good one, and it was arranged that the four—Detmold was not present—should go on the following afternoon.

The Arena is a great oval ruin, similar to the Coliseum at Rome in construction and only second to it in size. It has held forty thousand people to welcome the triumphal entry of a king since modern Italy has had the fortune to have one. The arched passages beneath it are gloomy and drip with moisture. Some of them are used for shops of various sorts. In one may be purchased antiquities and the fossil fishes of Monte Bolca. The summer theatre is a shabby little affair of wood, in the open air, with a few rows of benches about it; the whole a mere box set down in the midst of the vast amphitheatre. The scenery, in the searching daylight, was peculiarly wan and ragged.

The performance began at six, and only the concluding portions needed the assistance of lamp-light.

Our friends entered through a soiled

turnstile to a select situation, secured by the payment of a small addition to the billet of ingress. Close by them sat a young priest in a silk habit, accompanied by a pretty, vivacious young lady whom they took to be his sister. The audience consisted largely of soldiers from the garrison, for whose benefit a special low rate is fixed by law.

On all sides stretched back the innumerable rows of lonesome steps which once served as a quarry to whoever would avail himself of the material. Later on the noble monument was the place of deposit for all the garbage of Verona. The Visconti in their time turned an honest penny by renting it out for duels, at twenty-five Venetian lire a head for the privilege.

The sun was still bright, and the spectators sheltered themselves with fans and parasols until it should have gone down behind the edge of the great encompassing wall.

"Poor old battered structure," said Hyson, sympathetically, "how respectable it is yet! I wonder if this is a fair contrast between the ancient and modern style of doing things. There is their theatre, and here is ours. It is like a tooth-pick alongside of a man-of-war, or a penny torpedo in presence of a ton of dynamite."

"They might have had a few magnificent buildings like this, superior to anything of ours," said Miss Lonsdale, "but in what an immense number of respects we surpass them! Think of the comforts, conveniences, and luxuries by which we are surrounded, of which they had no conception!"

"I am not so sure of that," said Hyson. "I thought so once, myself. In my school days I had a dreary idea of the Greeks and Romans as forlorn individuals hanging around in some great temple or coliseum, with no place to go to at night but perhaps a hay-stack or dry-goods box. It is simply because a few great monuments remain, while the surroundings of every-day life, everything that was ephemeral, have perished. But the probability is that they had Paris Opera Houses and Albert Halls, brown-

stone fronts, quail on toast, dresses from Worth's, morning germans, the redowa, and everything else of the first water, like ourselves. It is not reasonable to suppose — even if we had no other means of judging — that the ancients put up a great amphitheatre here and there, and scrimped themselves on everything else, but rather that the rest of their furniture was on a scale corresponding."

"The Arena has associations equally great with those of antiquity," said Castelbarco, to hold his share of the discourse. "It is said to have furnished to Dante, by its vast concentric circles and its exits and entrances at different heights, the plan of his *Inferno*."

"Dante was an old gentleman who had a true conception of what it was to be a poet," remarked Hyson.

"I should think so, indeed," said Castelbarco, in whom this flippant tone produced a displeased expression.

"It was down below, in one of those very archways, that he committed the assault and battery that should endear him to the heart of every author who is interested in accurate piracy, whether there is an adequate copyright law or not."

"I am afraid I do not understand," said Alice. "What was it about?"

"An old party was misquoting his verses," continued Hyson, "a blacksmith, or something that way, singing and blowing his bellows and misquoting away as hard as ever he could. Dante steps in and begins to throw horseshoes, pincers, sledge-hammers, anything that came handy, at his head.

"'Hallo! Stop! Murder!' said the blacksmith.

"'I won't stop,' said Dante.

"'Well, what do you mean? what is it all about?' exclaimed the blacksmith, dodging an anvil."

"Oh, an anvil?" said Alice. "Is your account strictly historical?"

"Well, a grindstone, then," consented the narrator. "'Yes,' says Dante, 'I won't stop.'

"'Why not?' says the blacksmith. 'You will break everything all to pieces.'

"'Just what I want to do,' said Dante; 'you have misquoted my verses,

sir; you have damaged my property, sir. I shall use yours the same way you use mine.'"

But now the curtain rose, and general attention was drawn to the stage. The main feature of the entertainment that awaited them was set forth in the playbill:—

GRAND RECITAL, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS CHARACTER ACTOR	
LUCIANO BOLDRINI.	
The dramatic company Emanuel-Castali, under the direction of the renowned manager Giovanni Emanuel, will present	
A POLITICIAN OF THE DAY,	
COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS BY CESARE CASTALI, HIS VERY LATEST.	
PERSONS.	
The Candidate,	L. Boldrini.
Rosita,	E. Cartali.
The Burgomaster,	F. Tilche.
The Doctor,	C. Tamberlani.
Lucian,	S. Meschini.
The Viscount Fabris,	G. Gagliardi.
The General Corio,	G. Prodoti.
Frangolo,	N. Pasquall.
Gasparo,	P. Ruppi.
Adelaide,	A. Boldrini.
Carmosina,	R. Emanuel.

The comedy was preceded by a broad farce which depicted the impositions of a charlatan at a country fair. He gave out that he cured all diseases and infirmities without pain. "Without pain! without pain!" he shouted, striding up and down with a prodigious swagger. "Who will be the next to submit a headache, a toothache, a cancer, a distorted limb, to the unfailing skill of the celebrated Doctor Abracadabra, who has practiced in the families of all the crowned heads of Europe, Asia, Africa, Sicily, and the United States of America? Without pain! without pain!"

His final exploit was to draw for an astonished rustic, by means of a string attached to the ball of a pistol, which he fired off, a huge wooden tooth, but little less in size than his head.

The little party from the Torre d'Oro were seated with the ladies in the centre and the gentlemen upon each side. Castelbarco was next to Alice. He could speak to her in low tones without being overheard. Her perfumed muslin robe touched him. Her small gloved hands lay crossed in her lap. He held above her a parasol, the tempered light

through which suffused her complexion with a soft radiance that might have been thought to emanate from within. He ventured a number of compliments, the delicacy of which was perhaps lost in transit through an unfamiliar tongue, since they came forth almost offensively overpowering. She could give by her presence, he said, merit equal to the best to the rude representation they were witnessing. Her beauty, also, was capable of redeeming the homeliness of such or any other surroundings. An ingenious compliment may imply matters which if directly stated are nauseating.

"I must tell you that I am not in the least vain, Mr. Castelbarco," said Alice. "When I hear such things I never believe them."

"But if they are truly meant, dear Miss Alice, and not mere empty sayings," said he, honestly.

"So much the worse," she replied.

In the Politician of the Period was shown a gentleman — personated by the renowned character actor Luciano Boldrini himself — who was endeavoring to secure an election to Parliament. The wife of the renowned character actor, the Signora Boldrini, played Dolores, his daughter. She had several lovers, all of whom and their influence the candidate tried to secure in his favor by alternate encouragement of their aspirations. It would appear from the Politician of the Period that the exercise of the suffrage in Italy, limited as it is, is scarcely more free from demagogism and truckling subserviency than among ourselves. The candidate remitted old debts, loaned money, bought goods freely that he had not the slightest need of, forced his family to brim over with affability to persons they detested, made promises for the future regardless of all normal capability of fulfilment, and after all was — lamentable result — defeated.

The pace of the dialogue seemed bewilderingly rapid, but with the aid of interpretations of Castelbarco they were able to follow it with considerable satisfaction.

One of the lovers of Dolores, called

Ruppi on the bill, — he came so near to it that Hyson named him Guppy, — was a shambling youth who when refused by the object of his admiration wept abjectly, using a vast expanse of red hand-kerchief, at which the audience were much amused.

“It would be interesting to know,” said Hyson, speculatively, “just why we laugh at this one and sympathize with the other two. He is a well-meaning, honest fellow. Here he is, thrown off his centre, completely upset in his dearest project. He does not dress as well or strut as loftily as the high-toned ones, but I will venture to say that his misery is just as keen as theirs.”

“He is a ridiculous, impertinent fellow,” said Castelbarco.

“Of course we know his misery will not last long; that is one reason,” said Miss Lonsdale. “He makes us laugh, and so we think very little of him. Perhaps we really ought to think more of him on that account, because he has done us a service. Humorists get a good deal of consideration, but I have sometimes thought not the kind, after all, to which they are entitled. They lighten the burdens of life so much that it would be fair to look upon them as physicians and systematic philanthropists. To say nothing of the great writers who are humorists and something more, I think Artemas Ward, Mark Twain, and the Danbury News Man have a much better claim to statues than a great many who get them.”

“Miss Lonsdale and I have turned philosophers,” said Hyson. “That is my opinion. I am in favor of the statues. I even go further. I wish to see a bust of the Jumping Frog in Central Park and a colossal group of the Nelson Street man putting up his stove-pipe on the Pincian.”

“But Mary was serious,” said Alice, bending forward to look at him, reproachfully.

“So am I, I assure you,” said Hyson.

For the last act of the piece the foot-lights and a chandelier were lighted. The stage was a spot of brightness, while all about remained obscure. At

the conclusion the audience strolled out under the old arches and over the old pavements much in the same way as the Roman subjects of two thousand years before, perhaps exchanging not greatly different gossip; the tall soldiers might have belonged to the tenth legion of Germanicus instead of to Victor Emmanuel’s foot-guards. The visitors lingered, and with the permission of an attendant climbed the measured grade of the ancient steps to see the lights of the city and its silhouetted outlines from the top of the wall. While they gazed, the great tawny disk of the moon emerged above the hills. A military band began to play in the piazza below.

They descended and passed up the Via Leoncino, the Via Leoni, the Via Sebastiano, the Via Capello, — the foreign streets whose names fall so softly from the tongue. After the heats of the day, all was animation. Fruits, ices, *mischio*, could not be dispensed rapidly enough at the cafés. The fountain splashed in the Piazza Erbe. Hyson kissed his hand to the statue, in passing.

“She seems to me a faithful old guardian, standing there in all sorts of weathers,” said he. “Out-of-doors seems less lonesome.”

“If we could only have a glimpse of the tombs of the Scaligers by moonlight, before returning,” suggested Miss Lonsdale; “it is such a lovely night.”

“Let us first take some ices,” proposed Hyson.

They passed under the Volta da Barbaro, an archway signalized by the murder of an estimable prince in its shade. The greater part of the Piazza de’ Signori was in shadow. The moon began to wage with the brilliant lights of the café a calm contest in which it knew it should, later in the night, be victorious.

“This is the spot where I first met Detmold, whom I had not seen before for years,” began Hyson, as they sipped their ices; “and also, now that I think of it, my friend Antonio, who did me the honor to take me for a lunatic.”

“Oh no, not a lunatic!” protested Castelbarco.

"I was tired, from being cramped up all day in a railway carriage, and indulged in some amateur elocution,—that is all. The place impressed me, when I first came into it, like the stage of a theatre."

"It is theatrical; I have often remarked it. Is it a dagger as I see before me?" mocked Alice, waving her spoon, with an infinitesimal portion of ice in it, and then placing it between her white teeth.

"Good!" said Hyson. "You have a genius for tragedy. I engage you for my stock company."

"There is Mr. Detmold!" exclaimed Miss Lonsdale, as a shapely figure arose at a table near by.

"So it is," said Alice; "and papa and mamma, too, as comfortable as possible. It is evident that *our* company is not necessary to their happiness."

But the others observed them also, and the two parties amalgamated.

"Come," said Hyson, "you shall all join my company. Your daughter, Mr. Starfield, is a queen of tragedy. You shall be the heavy father, Detmold the young leading man, Miss Lonsdale the first walking lady and *confidante*, Antonio the"—with a good-natured sarcasm at the expense of the serious young man—"the light comedian, Miss Alice the young heroine and loveress, and Hyson," slapping himself complacently on the breast, "the villain."

"Perhaps you flatter yourself," said Alice. "Are you sure you are wicked enough?"

"There ought to be an Italian villain, according to all the precedents," said Miss Lonsdale. "Our travelers always represent the country as full of wickedness."

"I will not resign in anybody's favor. I know my own qualifications, I suppose.

Besides, I do not agree with our travelers if they say that. I have not met a much straighter and honester set of people anywhere than these Italians,—and I do not say it under compulsion from my friend Castelbarco, either."

The party presently arose and moved on under another archway to the tombs of the Scaligers.

These tombs of a splendid line of princes are in a small paved court by the side of a church. A lofty grill, which is a miracle of the metal-worker's art, surrounds them. The sarcophagus of the first of the line is as simple as the origin of its occupant,—a hardy soldier who carved his way to fortune with his sword. Can Grande, the fifth in descent, who received Dante at the most magnificent court in Italy, rides upon his warhorse, in full armor. But the crowning glory of the whole, the monument that embodies the essence of Gothic richness more fully than any other, is raised above the ashes of one who gained and preserved their inheritance to his sons by a double fratricide. It springs high into the air and supports upon its pinnacle an equestrian statue. Its whole mass is fretted with such complicated loveliness of canopies, gables, niches, sculptured saints, armorial bearings, crockets, flowers, and finials, as if it would charm Heaven into forgetfulness of the awful guilt of its founder. The inclosure was shut at that hour. Our friends stood without and conversed softly. In such a scene Detmold spoke with involuntary eloquence. The moonlight played amid the rich tangle of sculpture, and here and there threw out the spider lines of the grating like a pattern of lace-work against some deep shadow within. The sculptured warriors reposed upon their tombs with folded hands, as if in an enchanted sleep.

W. H. Bishop.

ANOTHER ROSARY OF SONNETS.

I.

The Two Rivers.

I.

SLOWLY the hour-hand of the clock moves round;
 So slowly that no human eye hath power
 To see it move! Slowly in shine or shower
 The painted ship above it, homeward bound,
 Sails, but seems motionless, as if aground;
 Yet both arrive at last; and in his tower
 The slumberous watchman wakes and strikes the hour,
 A mellow, measured, melancholy sound.
 Midnight! the outpost of advancing day!
 The frontier town and citadel of night!
 The watershed of Time, from which the streams
 Of Yesterday and To-morrow take their way,
 One to the land of promise and of light,
 One to the land of darkness and of dreams!

II.

O River of Yesterday, with current swift
 Through chasms descending, and soon lost to sight,
 I do not care to follow in thy flight
 The faded leaves that on thy bosom drift!
 O River of To-morrow, I uplift
 Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the night
 Wanes into morning, and the dawning light
 Broadens, and all the shadows fade and shift!
 I follow, follow, where thy waters run
 Through unfrequented, unfamiliar fields,
 Fragrant with flowers and musical with song;
 Still follow, follow; sure to meet the sun,
 And confident, that what the future yields
 Will be the right, unless myself be wrong.

III.

Yet not in vain, O River of Yesterday,
 Through chasms of darkness to the deep descending,
 I heard thee sobbing in the rain, and blending
 Thy voice with other voices far away.
 I called to thee, and yet thou wouldest not stay,
 But turbulent, and with thyself contending,
 And torrent-like thy force on pebbles spending,
 Thou wouldest not listen to a poet's lay.

Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,
 Regrets and recollections of things past,
 With hints and prophecies of things to be,
 And inspirations, which, could they be things,
 And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
 Were our good angels,—these I owe to thee.

IV.

And thou, O River of To-morrow, flowing
 Between thy narrow adamantine walls,
 But beautiful, and white with waterfalls,
 And wreaths of mist, like hands the pathway showing;
 I hear the trumpets of the morning blowing,
 I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and calls,
 And see, as Ossian saw in Morven's halls,
 Mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning, going!
 It is the mystery of the unknown
 That fascinates us; we are children still,
 Wayward and wistful; with one hand we cling
 To the familiar things we call our own,
 And with the other, resolute of will,
 Grope in the dark for what the day will bring.

II.

St. John's, Cambridge.

I STAND beneath the tree whose branches shade
 Thy western window, Chapel of St. John!
 And hear its leaves repeat their benison
 On him whose hand thy stones memorial laid;
 Then I remember one of whom was said
 In the world's darkest hour, "Behold thy son!"
 And see him living still, and wandering on
 And waiting for the advent long delayed.
 Not only tongues of the apostles teach
 Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
 And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,
 And say in language clear as human speech,
 "The peace of God, that passeth understanding,
 Be and abide with you forevermore!"

III.

The Broken Oar.

ONCE upon Iceland's solitary strand
 A poet wandered with his book and pen,
 Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen,
 Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.

[March,

The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,
 The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken,
 And from the parting cloud-rack now and then
 Flashed the red sunset over sea and land.
 Then by the billows at his feet was tossed
 A broken oar; and carved thereon he read,
 " Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee;"
 And like a man who findeth what was lost,
 He wrote the words, then lifted up his head,
 And flung his useless pen into the sea.

Henry W. Longfellow.

CRUDE AND CURIOUS INVENTIONS AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

XI.

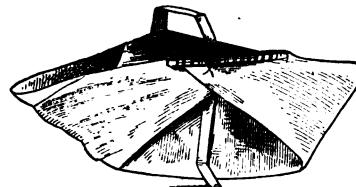
VI. WATER VESSELS, WOODEN WARE, AND POTTERY.

AMONG the earliest needs of man must have been baskets and water-vessels. Baskets we have already considered; but man could not always be within an arm's length of a brook, and he must needs have a cup or the equivalent of a bucket.

The Andamaner, with his coat of mud, is by common consent at the foot of the scale of humanity, and no one thought sufficiently of him to exhibit the shell, calabash, or cocoa-nut which serves for his drinking-cup, or the bamboo which forms his water-vessel. The *coco-demer* of the Seychelles, the plantain-leaf of the Australian, the bark bucket of the Iroquois Indian, the conch of the Mexican Gulf Indian, and the calabash of the Mohave were exhibited in their places, together with a multitude of other curious vessels involving more constructive ability.

In the South Australian exhibit in the Main Building was a bucket made of a folded plantain leaf. The word "south" in that part of the world has a cooler signification than with us, but the colo-

ny of South Australia runs clear across the island to the Bay of Carpentaria, a range of twenty-six degrees of latitude, and extends twelve degrees within the tropics. The plantain leaf is cheap and water-tight, and, though perishable, is



(Fig. 264.) Plantain-Leaf Bucket. South Australian Exhibit.

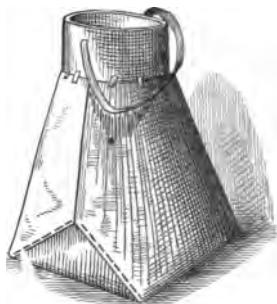
easily replaced; the work expended on it is not enough to make it valuable. It is folded up of a single leaf, corner folds being made without cutting gores. It will hold two and a half gallons of water.

The water-vessel of Timor, which is one of the nearest islands northeast of Australia, is made from an entire unopened leaf of the palm. The bamboo is, however, the usual water-jar of Malaysia. This was shown in the Netherlands colonies exhibit from the island of Java. The oil-vessels of tropical Australia are bamboos and turtle bladders. Among some of the Australian tribes the skull of a deceased person is used by the

nearest relative as a drinking - vessel. It is slung from the owner's neck by a cord of bulrush fibre, and carried everywhere. It is filled with water through the foramen, and is plugged with a wisp of grass.

The water-vessels of the Fijians are of bamboo and baked earthen vessels glazed with *kauri* gum.

Figures 265 and 266 are two sap buckets of birch bark, differing somewhat in construction, but each made of a single sheet of birch bark folded up at the corners. One has a hoop on top, forming a



(Fig. 265.) Birch Bark Sap Bucket. Iroquois Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

neck. Both have bark bails. They are used as sap-pails on the northern frontier of the United States and in Canada, where birch and maple abound. The examples shown are of Iroquois Indian manufacture.

The Sandwich Islanders exhibited a number of the utensils of common life,



(Fig. 266.) Bark Sap Bucket. St. Regis Iroquois. National Museum Exhibit.

and among them the water-vessels, Figures 267, 268. The former is a three-pint calabash bottle, the gourd being in

a sling of finely-plaited grass or split bark fibre. Figure 268 represents a much larger one from the same island.



(Fig. 267.) Calabash Bottle. Hawaiian Exhibit. It is called a printed water-gourd, *Hue-wai paoche*, and holds two and a half gallons; the sling is of coir.

The objects which properly fall within the range of the present article might be arranged in either of three orders: relative crudity, purpose, or geographical occurrence. The latter is as good as any, perhaps, and will be generally observed. We pass from the islands of the Pacific to the African continent, which has proved so fertile in objects adapted to our present subject of study.

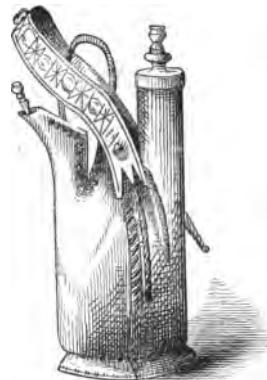
The collection brought from Central



(Fig. 268.) Water-Gourd. Hawaiian Exhibit.

Africa by Long Bey, of the Egyptian service, and exhibited in the Main Building, contained the black bottle, Figure 269, made of heavy leather sewed at the seams and having spouts for filling and drinking, each with an ivory stopper. It is slung by a brown leathern band, which has a black binding ornamented with green stripes. This plan of having two openings, like a tea-pot, is found in other places: for instance, two vessels from Mesopotamia, shown in the Turkish exhibit and to be noticed presently. The Niam-niams of the head-waters of the

Nile are very ingenious in carving wooden furniture and dishes from several of



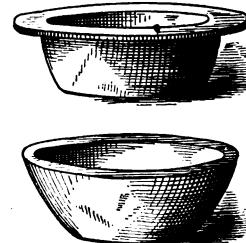
(Fig. 269.) African Leather Bottle. Egyptian Exhibit.

the *Rubiaceæ*. King Munza's largest meat dish, five feet long and hewn from a single block, was kindly lent to Mr. Schweinfurth by the king to wash the traveler's clothes in. The king wore extravagant shirts of fig-bark, which would not bear the wash-tub. The Monbuttoos are said to be the only Africans who use a single edge graving tool which allows the forefinger to be rested on its back, permitting more delicacy of execution. The Bongos of the Upper Nile make horn spoons of good design.

Passing to the Gold Coast collection in the English colonies exhibit, we find a number of domestic utensils, usually made of a white wood and cut out of the solid block. Figure 270 is a palm-oil ladle, of white wood, and has a (Fig. 270.) Palm-Oil Ladle. Gold Coast Exhibit. capacity of one quart. Its total length is twenty-two inches, and the bowl has a diameter of seven inches. The noggin used by the maple-sugar makers of the West is a similar instrument, but holds three times as much. The bowl of the noggin is

made out of a knot of maple or walnut, and, being well shaped and smooth, furnishes as handsome a ladle as one might wish to see. The Gold Coast exhibit, which now belongs to the British Museum, contained several wooden bowls from a foot to eighteen inches in diameter, hollowed by knives and scoopers out of solid wood. One of them had ornaments made with a hot iron; the others were mostly stained black. Another wooden spoon (Figure 272) shown in the same collection evinces the imitative tendency of the people, the handle being carved to represent the stock of a flint-lock musket; even the letters carved on the original are reproduced.

The Fans of the Gaboon make water-

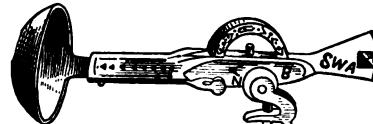


(Fig. 271.) Wooden Bowls of Africa. Gold Coast Exhibit.

vessels of large reeds, coated within and without with a vegetable gum laid on while hot. This imparts a disagreeable flavor to the water until the vessel has been used for some time; perhaps they care but little for that, and may come to like it, as the Romans did the resinous taste derived from their wine jars, which were made of baked clay without glazing and water-proofed with pitch.

The Makololo of the Zambezi are adepts at carved work, making wooden pots with lids, and jars and bowls of all sizes.

We come now to South Africa. The



(Fig. 272.) African Wooden Spoon. Gold Coast Exhibit.

Kafirs are the most energetic, ingenious, and cruel of the tribes of that region.

They possess vessels of wood, earthenware, and woven grass. The Kafir makes excellent milk and beer pots, apparently choosing basket-work for the former and wood for the latter. The milk-pail is dug out of a solid block of willow-wood, chopped to shape on the outside and excavated by an *assegai* on the inside, which is fourteen inches deep and four inches across the mouth. The outside is usually ornamented with a hot iron. In making, it is buried in the earth, so that the man can have the use of both hands in scooping out the interior. It has two projecting ears, to en-

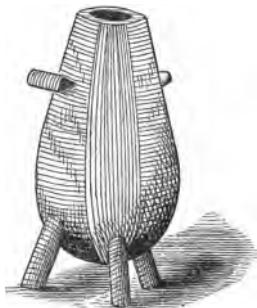
animal for a water-vessel, and sometimes even the intestines. The ever-ready *assegai*, which is the javelin and



(Fig. 275.) Kafir Milk Pot. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

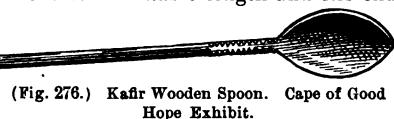
the knife of the Kafirs, is used also in making wooden spoons, upon which they lavish great pains, and which are used in eating the mush that constitutes their principal food.

None of the other tribes of South Africa show the ingenuity of the Kafirs. The Banyeti and Hottentots, however, carve wooden vessels: the former make large wooden jars with very neat lids; the Hottentot jars and bowls are of willow wood, roughed out with the native axe and hollowed with bent knives. They are rubbed with fat to prevent splitting; they hold from one quart to five gallons. The Hottentot substitute for a spoon is a brush made from the stem of a fibrous plant (*umphobo*), which is cut to a suitable length and one end



(Fig. 273.) Kafir Milk Jar. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

able the man who is milking to hold it with his knees. The vessel in which the Kafir makes and keeps his beer is a basket, and should he make it of wood he still imitates the basket pattern. The millet is ground and steeped, and the wort fermented. It would not probably be considered palatable by us, but, as it has the desired intoxicating effect, it is probably



(Fig. 276.) Kafir Wooden Spoon. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.



(Fig. 274.) Wooden Milk Jar. Cape of Good Hope Exhibit.

as good for them as any other. The Kafirs sometimes use the paunch of an

frayed out by pounding. The milk bag of the Bechuanas is made from a piece of the skin of an ox, quagga, or zebra; it is almost two feet in length and one in width. It is of one piece, turned over and sewed along the meeting edges. Openings at the top and bottom are closed by conical plugs. Through the upper and larger opening fresh milk is poured into the bag and coagulated milk removed; through the lower one whey is drawn off. Milk is always soured before use. The Bosjesman uses the paunch of an animal for a water bag, or the emptied shell of an ostrich egg. The Balakahari, who have neither pot-

terry nor metal, use ostrich eggs and skins to carry water from the pools in the desert. The shells are carried in a net on the back. We can find nothing ranking beneath the gaunt inhabitant of the

"Pathless depths of the parched Karroo," and so turn to Asia.

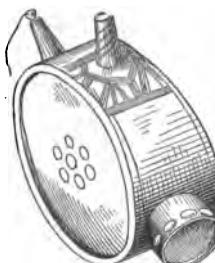
The wooden vessel used for carrying water in Mesopotamia was shown in the Turkish exhibit in the Main Building. Figure 277 consists of a section of a



(Fig. 277.) Wooden Water Bottle of Bagdad. Turkish Exhibit.

of staves and hoops, seems not to be in common use in Asia, outside of China and Japan. Still, it is not a modern contrivance. The Roman cask (*cupa*, Greek *κύπελλον*), consisting of wooden staves (*tabule*) and bound with hoops (*circuli*), was used for wine, vinegar, and oil, for storage and transportation. Its diminutives (*cupula*, *cupella*) correspond to our firkin, keg, etc. (Fig. 278.) Anatolian Water Cask. Turkish Exhibit

The Koonawa-rese, on the upper Sutlej, have no clay fit for pots, and use wooden vessels hollowed out of blocks and strengthened with iron hoops, somewhat like the *cogs* of the Scotch Highlanders. In Sikkim, troughs for baths are obtained by hollowing a section of tree trunk; the water is heated by throwing in hot stones



with bamboo tongs. More massive and lasting is the stone trough made by order of Dootoogaimoonoo of Ceylon, in the second century B. C., still existing in the ruins of the palace of Anurádhapura. It is sixty-three feet in length, three and one half in width, and two feet ten inches in depth. It was prepared to hold drink for the priests! The Singhalese water-pot has a spout for pouring water in a stream into the mouth without touching the lips. India has vessels of all kinds: iron, bronze, brass, earthenware, calabash, cocoa-nut, and skins. The water for the Columbo garrison was, until lately, brought on the backs of bullocks in leatheren vessels, known as *puckally bags*. Small leatheren bags carried on the march are called *beasties*, a term picked up, probably, from the Scotch troops in the fort. The Japanese have basket-covered bottles and a multitude of other vessels, from the crudest bamboo bucket to the most elaborate productions of bronze and porcelain.

If we turn from Asia to America, we shall perceive the same variety of things, but without sameness. In the British colonies collection there was a gourd bottle from Trinidad (Figure 279) in slings of rattan. It is a common form in the (Fig. 279.) Gourd Bottle. West India islands. Trinidad. English Colonies Exhibit. The calabash is eighteen inches high; the stopper is of agave pith. Coming over the hot sea



(Fig. 279.) Gourd Bottle. West India islands. Trinidad. English Colonies Exhibit.



(Fig. 280.) Conch Shell Drinking-Cup. Alabama. National Museum Exhibit.

of the Caribs and the Mexican Gulf, we find a conch drinking-cup of the Alabama Indians. The interior portion of

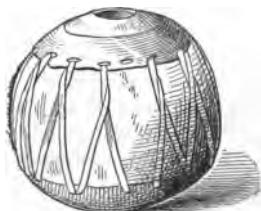
the shell has been cut out, leaving the larger portion of the longest whorl and



(Fig. 281.) Gourd Bottle of Mohaves. National Museum Exhibit.

the lip. It had a ceremonial use among the southern Indians, in the administration of the "black drink" referred to in the writings of explorers of a century since. Such were placed upon and in the mounds of the chiefs and Micos to whom they had belonged.

Earthenware vessels will be considered presently, as they were shown in sufficient number and variety to merit a separate grouping. Passing over the pottery of the Mexican and Pueblo Indians shown in the National Museum, Government Building, we notice two calabashes of the Mohave Indians of Arizona. Figure 281 is a calabash bottle made of a hard-shelled gourd inclosed in bark cords. It has a handle of wood. Figure 282 is a round calabash inclosed



(Fig. 282.) Mohave Calabash. National Museum Exhibit.

in raw-hide straps. These vessels are used for carrying water and holding seeds.

Figure 283 is a rude ladle or dipper of buffalo horn from the Pi-Utes of Southern Utah. Such utensils are made by softening the horn in embers or hot ashes, spreading the base, and drawing the tip out into a long handle. Some-

what allied in material, but of a rather unusual kind, is the small spoon (Figure 284) made of the upper mandible of the lesser puffin.

They are made by the Ya-ku-tuts and Nush-e-gay Indians. Figure 285 is a mush paddle obtained among the Hoopah Indians, Hoopah Valley, Klamath River, California. Figure 286 is a small spoon

made of a marrow bone by an individual of the same tribe. Bone is a favorite material for the purpose, and the remains of bone utensils are found in ancient graves and barrows. Several small bone spoons were disinterred by Dr.



(Fig. 283.) Buffalo Horn Dipper. Pi-Utes. National Museum Exhibit.

Schliemann in the excavations at Hissarlik in Asia Minor.

Figure 287 is a more ambitious affair,



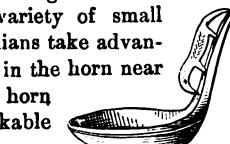
(Fig. 284.) Spoon of Puffin's Bill. National Museum Exhibit.

a ladle made from a horn of the mountain sheep (big-horn, *Ovis montana*): the handle ornament is like the fetich of the African, not alone in disposition but in form. In making these utensils, as also a great variety of small vessels, the Indians take advantage of a curve in the horn near the head. The horn is rendered workable

by immersion in water boiled by means of heated stones.

The nearly vertical position of the handle is found in some others of the illustrations, and resembles the Roman *simpulum*, a ladle to dip wine out of a deep jar (*crater*).

Passing westward to the Pacific and



(Fig. 285.) Mush Stick of Hoopah Indians. National Museum Exhibit.

of Chinook Indians.

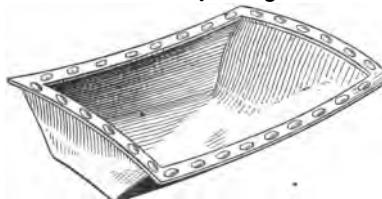
National Museum Exhibit.

following the coast to Alaska, we find a number of vessels and utensils of markedly different character from any of the preceding, among the Makah Indians



(Fig. 288.) Makah Food Tray. National Museum Exhibit.

of Washington Territory and Puget's Sound; and the Haidahs of British Columbia and Alaska. Figure 288 is a Makah food tray hollowed out of a solid block of yew, and has at the end the peculiar device common to the group of tribes in that vicinity. Figure 289 is a



(Fig. 289.) Wooden Tray of Makahs. National Museum Exhibit.

wooden tray, having the characteristic ornamentation by *oliva* shells sunken into holes made for them in the upper edge of the tray; they are tapped in by a pestle-shaped stone hammer, and each shows the mark of the blow, being nearly all broken. The food dish of the Makahs (Figure 290) is also of yew



(Fig. 290.) Food Dish of Makah Indians. Washington Territory. National Museum Exhibit.

and carved from the solid wood. The specimen is from Nesah Bay, Washington Territory. The characteristic orna-



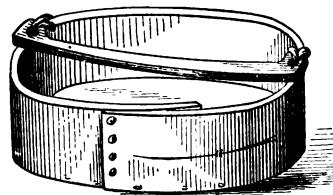
(Fig. 291.) Makah Horn Spoon. National Museum Exhibit.

mentation is very marked and elaborate, and the carving superior to anything

else we have offered in this section. Figure 291 is a horn spoon of the Makahs of Puget Sound. It is carved, and inlaid with the *haliotis* shell (sea ear).

The cooking vessels of the Ahns of Vancouver's Island are also hollowed out of wood, and the meat or fish is boiled therein by throwing in hot stones

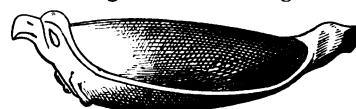
Figure 292 departs from the previously illustrated utensils of the vicinity. It



(Fig. 292.) Wooden Vessel of Northwest Coast. National Museum Exhibit.

is a *kantag*, or large wooden vessel made of one broad, bent slab of spruce, with a massive bottom inserted and secured by pegs. These vessels are used for the great ceremony of purification, which takes place once in six months among many of the northwest tribes.

Proceeding northward along the Pa-



(Fig. 293.) Haidah Dinner Bowl. National Museum Exhibit.

cific we reach the widely-spread Haidahs who occupy the coast of British Columbia and part of Alaska. The presence of the Russian power in Alaska is manifested in one feature of the ornamentation — the eagle. A rattle illustrated in a former number of this series had the two-headed eagle, in which the

origin of ornament was more definitely indicated than in the monocephalous dinner bowls of Alaska. Figure 293 is a wooden dish, scooped from a solid block. It is from British Columbia. Figure 294 is a Haidah tray of white wood from the southern portion of Alaska. It is carved to represent a swan, and has wings fancifully painted blue. Figure 295 is a boat-shaped train-oil dish

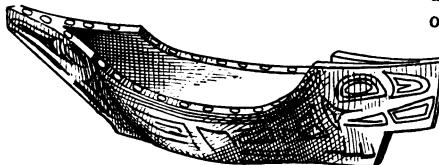
of yew; the characteristic ornament of *haliotus* shells is seen on the edge of the tray.

The horn spoon (Figure 296) of the Haidahs is lashed to a wooden handle.



(Fig. 294.) Haidah White Wood Tray. National Museum Exhibit.

With the end pointed it might be like the Roman *cochlear*, a spoon with a bowl



(Fig. 295.) Haidah Oil Dish. National Museum Exhibit.

at one end and a point at the other, for eating eggs and shell-fish.

Figure 297 is a wooden tray made by the Haidahs of Sitka. It involves an



(Fig. 296.) Haidah Horn Spoon. National Museum Exhibit.

entirely different mode of construction from any others here shown. The sides are made of one piece, cut away thin at



(Fig. 297.) Haidah Wooden Tray. National Museum Exhibit.

the corners, steamed and bent around so as to form the four sides, which are then pegged to the bottom piece.

The Kake Indians (a tribe of Haidahs), of Koro Island, Alaska, furnish us with two further illustrations, after which we may quit the Pacific coast. Figure

298 is a carved yew-wood oil vessel made in imitation of a rapacious bird, and with



(Fig. 298.) Yew-Wood Oil Dish of Koro Island. National Museum Exhibit.

its edge inlaid with *haliotus* shells. Figure 299 is a mush stick or berry scoop elaborately ornamented. An appropriate companion to the sap buckets (Figures 265, 266) is the wooden dipper or noggin of the Iroquois (Figure 300) in the same collection. It is formed from a maple or oak knot. The utensil is mentioned by Carver and other early travelers as being hollowed out by fire and finished with sharp stones, probably flakes. Steel tools are now used. The hook on the handle serves to suspend it.

One illustration, this time from New Zealand, and we have done with wooden



(Fig. 299.) Kake Mush Stick. National Museum Exhibit.

utensils. Figure 301, in fact, is not a utensil, but a carved wooden box, and so the association with the foregoing is reasonable. It shows the style of ornamentation of the Maoris, which may also be seen on their canoes, paddles, clubs, and spears, all of which are elaborately carved. The

(Fig. 300.) Iroquois Dipper. National Museum Exhibit.

carving of the boxes is done by the chiefs themselves; their use is to hold the tail



(Fig. 301.) Carved Wooden Box. New Zealand Exhibit.

feathers of the bird called by the natives *E Elia* (*Neomorphia Gouldii*). It is al-

lied to the hoopoes; the tail feathers are dark glossy green tipped with white; they are worn by the chiefs in their hair.

Pottery. What had the Centennial to show of the crude in pottery? The proximately perfect work of China, Japan, Dresden, and Sèvres does not concern us now. We are studying the savages of the present day, in order to understand what were the methods of our forefathers in very early times; to judge how the art grew among our uncultivated progenitors, by watching how rude man acquits himself now.

Africa is our first field. Its northeastern corner gave arts and manufactures to Greece when as yet the name of the continent was Libya, and the country of Egypt was considered a part of Asia. "Libya begins where Egypt ends." (Herod. iv, xli.) Times have changed, and the word "African" has come to be synonymous with barbaric. We find much there to suit our present purpose.

Earthen vessels are made by working clay with water to develop its plasticity, and subsequently baking them. When well made they consist of something besides clay; but as no clay in its natural state is free from sand, and some clays are already well mixed with what is useful for ordinary ware, so the earthenware of some tribes is relatively good while that of others is fragile. Again, to make good ware the green vessels are baked and then burnt; few savage tribes understand this, and they generally content themselves with a hot fire of brushwood and have no idea of a kiln. Consequently, the best of their make is comparatively poor. There are three kinds: sun-dried, baked, burnt. The Africans understand the two former. The Egyptians used adobes in the Pyramid of Hawara, and sun-dried clay jars for liquids and ovens. Their granaries were also of clay, built up of the plastic material or of bricks. In the Upper Nile country the same practice prevails now.

The Golo (Upper Nile) corn granary is, perhaps, the most graceful of its class. The actual receptacle for the grain is

made of clay, and in the form of a goblet; it is covered with a conical roof of straw, which forms a movable lid. To preserve it from rats it is mounted on a stem pedestal, which is secured by buttresses at the base. The Niam-niams at the extreme head of the river have a similar large earthen pot, which is sometimes made of chopped straw and mud. In it they keep their *eleusine* and some maize. The sorghum, or doura, is not known among them, although common lower down the river. The Nubian granary is a shallow pit sunken in the ground and plastered.

It is not, however, large and rough earthen structures alone that we find in the Nile lands. The Egyptian commissioners apparently selected the bizarre and glittering, and gave us but few of the common utensils of the people. Figure 302 is a large earthenware jar from Upper Egypt.

It is rough as to its material and manufacture, but possesses merit in form. The Dyooors of the Upper Nile make large earthen vessels as accurately as if turned upon a wheel. The

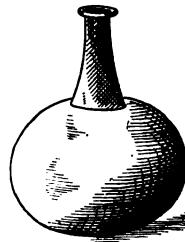


(Fig. 302.) Earthen Jar. Egyptian Exhibit.

Bongos excel in making pots, some as large as three feet in diameter. They are burnt in the open air. They have no handles, but the outside is roughened by triangular, zigzag, and spiral lines and patterns. The water bottles are flat ovoids and are carried on the head, a circlet of leaves or of plaited straw intervening. Their gourd platters and bottles have dark triangular markings. Clay bowls for pipes are made of fanciful patterns, men's heads for instance. Figure 303 is a black clay bottle from Soudan. It holds one and a half gallons and the neck is ornamented by cross lines made on the plastic clay. Good pottery is made above Soudan among the Niam-niams, and in the land

of the cannibal race, the Monbuttoos, on the Welle River south of the Nile watershed. The Niam-niam earthen vessels are very symmetrical, from the water-flasks of enormous size down to the pretty little drinking-cups. Like the other tribes of the Nile, they fail to wash out the mica and add sand to the clay; the heat being insufficient to vitrify the sand, the ware is frangible. The (Fig. 303.) Clay Bottle of Soudan. Egyptian women are the potters, the men the smiths and musicians. The cannibal Monbuttoos are good potters.

The Gold Coast of Africa was represented among other English colonies in



(Fig. 303.) Clay Bottle of Soudan. Egyptian Exhibit.

the Main Building, and showed a number of native earthen pots and bowls of which Figures 304 and 305 are illustrations. The former is used for boiling palm-nuts



(Fig. 304.) African Palm-Oil Pot. Gold Coast Exhibit.

for oil. It is eighteen inches in diameter and has a partial glazing, probably from a sprinkling of salt in the fire. It is very rough and crude. Figure 305

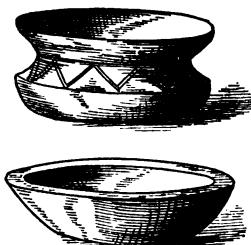
shows two earthen bowls for gold washing. The upper one is black, the color being merely on the surface. The shape is peculiar, and the outside is ornamented with circular lines and other markings made in the plastic clay. The flaring rim serves as a handle. Many different sizes and shapes were shown. The Fans of the Gaboon make excellent cooking-pots of earthenware without a wheel; these are round and shallow like milk-pans. The Fans also make clay pipe bowls, and earthen water-bottles and vessels for palm wine shaped like the classic *amphoræ*. The vessels are molded by hand, dried in the sun, and burned in a fire.

The Africans of Lake Shriwa, in the Zambesi country, make cooking, water, and grain pots ornamented with the graphite found in the hills.

The Kafir pottery is made by the women exclusively, and on a plan derived from their basket-making. Rolls made of the clay of ant-hills broken up and kneaded are laid upon each other in a spiral form, and the layers pinched together with the finger and thumb as the work proceeds. The black earthen vessels used by the Basutos for beer-pots are made in the same way, and baked by a fire of dry cow-dung in the open air. The Damaras use cooking-pots of clay. The Banyeti excel in pottery and iron smithing.

The Kafir granary is a pit dug in the cattle inclosure and plastered with puddled clay. The opening is just large enough to admit a man, is a little below the surface, is hermetically sealed, and hidden by a covering of earth. The wheat granary of the Barolongs is an enormous earthenware jar placed in the least exposed part of the hut. The Ovambo granary is a jar on supports with a conical thatched roof; the jars are made of palm leaves and clay.

Pottery is made extensively in Madagascar. Jars are used for holding and carrying water in every household. They are polished with a substance resembling graphite. The rice granary of the island is a beehive-shaped clay tower sixteen feet high, with an aperture at



(Fig. 305.) African Gold-Washing Bowl. Gold Coast Exhibit.

the top closed by a stone. It is ascended with a ladder.

The art of making pottery is native in but few of the Polynesian Islands. Fiji is the most notable exception. The possession of earthenware carried with it the knowledge of boiling, which was quite a new thing to the natives of most of these islands. The principal use of pottery in Fiji is for cooking; the pots are made to hold from five to forty gallons. They are of two colors, red and brown, from red and blue clays tempered with sand. Their apparatus is a cushion, a flat stone, wooden scrapers, a round stone to hold against the sides of the vessel, and a sharp stick. They do not use a wheel, but lay up the clay by hand in rings like the Utah Indians and the Kafirs. The vessels are symmetrical, elaborately ornamented, and are made in divers curious forms: several vessels united and the interiors connected, others discharging through hollow handles, and hollow spheres with rising, hollow, arching handles united at top; some resemble the Peruvian, shown hereafter. Some are as large as a hogshead, furnished with a number of openings for filling and discharging; they are also made with covers and with holes in the lids. After drying in the sun they are ranked on the ground and a fire of dry leaves and other light stuff is made over them to bake them. This is not very perfectly done, and the ware is coarse and somewhat fragile. The glazing is done as among the ancient Romans, by rubbing the pots while still warm and bibulous with resin; gum kauri is used in Fiji.

The Pelew islanders make pots (Fig. 306.) Kuch Vessel. National Museum Exhibit. of earthenware of an oval shape for cooking, but they are of poor quality.

Coming to North America we find the National Museum exhibit in the Government Building rich in Indian pottery

from the Southwest. Figure 306 is a conical dark earthen vessel, which is interesting as showing the probable form of the most primitive earthen vessels, taking for their mold or their model the V-shaped cooking baskets so common among savages. Figure 307 represents the potter's stone and paddle of the Mohaves of Arizona; the former is held within the vessel while the plastic clay is patted by the latter. The Mohaves

store their grain and (Fig. 307.) Potter's Stone and Paddle. Mohaves.

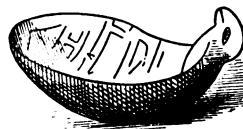
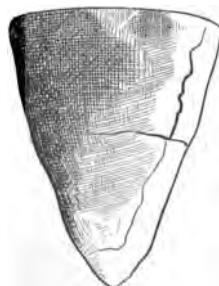
large earthen jars and osier baskets. Figure 308 is an earthen spoon or ladle rudely formed in imitation of a bird, and

ornamented inside with red paint. The Pimo pottery is all red or brown, the latter a blending of

black and red; the forms and sizes are various: jars, bottles, basins, saucers, cups, ranging in capacity from six gallons to half a pint. They are ornamented and painted with black lines arranged in geometrical figures.

The terracotta vessels exhumed from mounds at St. George, Utah, are peculiar in (Fig. 309.) Earthen Vessel. the mode of Utah. National Museum Exhibit. making and the

evidences of the process left on the ware. The clay is made into a sort of rope, and is coiled up roll on roll, each being secured to the one below it by pinching with the finger and thumb, or similar means. Each of the three shown in Figures 309, 310, 311, has some peculiarity



(Fig. 308.) Mohave Earthen Spoon. National Museum Exhibit.



of appearance; in some the pinch marks are rubbed out, in others disguised. Kafirs and Fijians, as has been mentioned, use the same process of building up rolls of clay into shape. Figure 312 is a rude, three-cornered, small-necked, dark clay vessel for carrying water. It may be called a canteen. It is from a mound near St. George, Utah. Figure 313 is a deep bulging vessel, rudely ornamented



(Fig. 310.) Terra-Cotta Vessel. Utah. National Museum Exhibit.

with finger marks and ridges in patterns near the rim, and glazed with a vegetable gum. The southwestern Indians generally glaze their earthenware with *mescal* gum, which is laid on while the vessel is

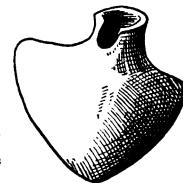
(Fig. 311.) Terra-Cotta Jar. Utah. National Museum Exhibit.

still hot from burning. This varnish is quite durable and serves to make the ware impervious to water.

Figure 314 is a rude cooking vessel of clay from the Mandan Indians of Fort Berthold. It resembles in its material, form, and ornamentation those formerly in use among the more Eastern tribes.

At the beginning of the present century they were observed by Carver among the Nadowessioux or Sioux.

The terra-cotta seed-pot (Figure 315) of the Yaquima Indians, Mexico, is made apparently in imitation of an animal's distended paunch, the veins and thick membranes being represented upon it. Figure 316 is a flat, bladder-shaped canteen, provided with loops, to which is attached a twisted cord for suspension about the person. In the dwelling of



(Fig. 312.) Three-cornered Earthen Canteen. Utah. National Museum Exhibit.

nearly every Moqui or Shimmo, two or three of these canteens may be found suspended from the rafters. The double-handled canteen shape is shown in ancient Egypt. Figure 317 is a curious pitcher from the San Blas Indians of Mexico. It is peculiar in its close resemblance to a large class of earthen vessels found in the *chul-pus* or tomb-towers of Peru. It has two apertures, one on either side of the nearly circular hollow handle.

(Fig. 313.) Indian Jar. National Museum Exhibit.

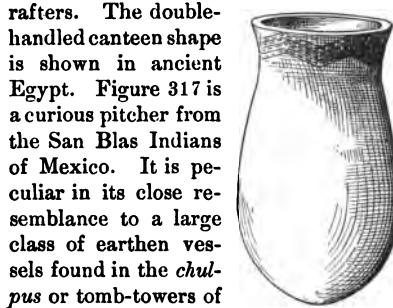
Figure 318 is a light-colored earthen vessel for water,

made to resemble a mountain sheep by the Zunis of New Mexico. The pots of *lapis ollaris* collected by Schumacher from the

(Fig. 314.) Mandan Cooking Pot. National Museum Exhibit.

islands off the coast of Lower California, — Santa Rosa, Santa Barbara, etc., — were hollowed out of the soft stone, and were a marked feature of the Indian exhibit.

The collection of black pottery from Peru was large and varied. The shapes

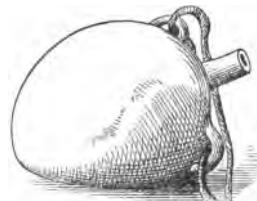


(Fig. 315.) Terra-Cotta Seed Pot. Yaquimas. National Museum Exhibit.

are most curious and will be sufficiently indicated by the Figures 319-323 without detailed description.

The similarity of many of the gro-

tesque terra-cotta vessels from the lower strata of the excavations of Hissarlik, in Asia Minor, and those of Peru is striking enough.



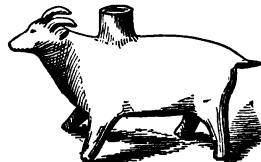
(Fig. 316.) Earthenware Canteen. Shimmos. National Museum Exhibit.

ing enough. Some of the pottery of old Ilium (if Schliemann's localization be correct) was turned on a wheel and some



(Fig. 317.) San Blas Water Vessel. National or bitumen. Museum Exhibit. white filling in the ornamentation is white clay. The excavations yielded pig-shaped and hippopotamus-shaped vessels. The nine enormous

molded by hand. The clay contains iron, and the degree of burning has affected the color. The black ware is believed to have derived its color from carbon in the form of lamp-black



(Fig. 318.) Zuni Water Vessel. National Museum Exhibit.

mous earthen jars found below the temple of Athena were nearly six feet high and over four feet in diameter. The



(Fig. 319.) Peruvian Terra Cotta. Peruvian Exhibit.

dolum, a large earthenware vessel of the Romans, held eighteen *amphoræ*, equal to

twenty-one and a half modern Roman barrels. It was used for storing produce, either liquid or dry. Some excavated



(Fig. 320.) Peruvian Terra Cotta. Peruvian Exhibit.

at Antium had sides three inches thick and abundantly large enough to serve in the "Forty Thieves" adventure. Di-



(Fig. 321.) Peruvian Terra Cotta. Peruvian Exhibit.

ogenes seems to have lived in one; the translation "tub" is a misnomer. The Roman *olla* was a large wide-mouthed flat-bottomed jar with a lid; it was used

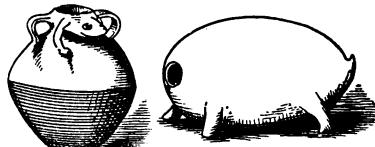


(Fig. 322.) Peruvian Terra Cotta. Peruvian Exhibit.

for storing grapes and also for cooking, like the French *pot-à-feu*.

The potter's kiln is shown in Egyptian paintings, and was also quite anciently known in Asia and Europe. It is

mentioned in the reply to Arcesilaus of the Pythian oracle, "If you happen to find a furnace filled with earthen vessels,



(Fig. 323.) Peruvian Terra Cotta. Peruvian Exhibit.

do not suffer them to be baked." (Herod. iv., clxiii.) The potter's wheel has been used in India and Ceylon from time im-



(Fig. 324.) Peruvian Chair. Peruvian Exhibit. memorial. To speak of the pottery, wheels, and kilns of China and Japan would be outside of our scheme.

Figure 324 is an earthen throne from

Peru. It resembles in the shape of its seat and arms the Roman *sellae curulis*, but has a different style of support.

The Uaupés of Brazil make large quantities of earthenware vessels of clay from the river mixed with the ashes of the



(Fig. 325.) Native Pottery from Paraguay. Argentine Republic Exhibit

caripé bark, and baked in a temporary furnace.

Earthen vessels from the Argentine Republic are shown in Figure 325, and resemble the Peruvian.

Edward H. Knight.

"GOOD TIMES."

Two happy words like far-off chimes
Sound cheerily to men, "Good Times."
Half-hushed in distance though they seem,
Their peal calls back hope gone astray,
And sings of help not far away, —
A daily trust, a nightly dream.

Ah when, ah how, shall be fulfilled
This deep desire, of God instilled?

Mock not the yearning of our race,
 The forethought of some final good,
 Which first flashed into human mood
 When sword-flames blanched the first man's face!

For poet, warrior, saint, and king
 Have served those chimes "Good Times" that ring,
 In strength of deed and song and prayer:
 And shall we say that, serpent-like,
 Man on himself must turn and strike
 The fangs of death, in last despair?

Despairing that the earth should know
 An ending of the reign of woe?
 Nay, hearken! Still that song, "Good Times"!
 Through storm and shine, from sea to sea,
 That music, wrought invisibly,
 Floats still, to fill all lands and climes.

Like bells of churches built for Christ, —
 The meek, rejected, sacrificed,
 The Promised and the Promiser, —
 Like holy bells, this glad refrain
 Shall greet the coming year again,
 And set fond hearts with joy astir.

Yet dream not that the goal is won.
 A thousand courses round the sun
 Have steeped the world in broader light;
 But woe is me! — look back, look back:
 The fairest seasons in our track
 Are but dead leaves, and dim as night.

And lo, where echoing spires arise
 And kiss, to-day, the morning skies,
 To-night the shapes of wrong and shame —
 A quicksand shoal of faces — pass
 And wither from the glare of gas
 Back to the wild haunts whence they came.

What though the wheels of trade go round
 And streets are full of jocund sound?
 The weather-vane of work and play
 And gusty grief can make no law:
 But One long since the plan foresaw
 And fashioned bright or dark our day.

Ah, man, your church-bells and your praise
 And all your fortunate-seeming ways
 Shall scarcely bring you to the mark!
 Of truth of book and good of gold
 What worth, unless your heart shall hold
 The everlasting morning's spark?

George Parsons Lathrop.

A LOST LOVER.

FOR a great many years it had been understood in Longfield that Miss Horatia Dane once had a lover, and that he had been lost at sea. By little and little, in one way and another, her acquaintances had found out or made up the whole story, and Miss Dane stood in the position, not of an unmarried woman exactly, but rather of having spent most of her life in a long and lonely widowhood. She looked like a person with a history, strangers often said (as if we each did not have a history), and her own unbroken reserve about this romance of hers gave everybody the more respect for it.

The Longfield people paid willing deference to Miss Dane; her family had always been one that could be liked and respected, and she was the last that was left in the old home of which she was so fond. This was a high, square house, with a row of pointed windows in its roof, a peaked porch in front, with some lilac-bushes around it, and down by the road was a long, orderly procession of poplars, like a row of sentinels standing guard. She had lived here alone since her father's death, twenty years before. She was a kind, just woman, whose pleasures were of a stately and sober sort, and she seemed not unhappy in her loneliness, though she sometimes said gravely that she was the last of her family, as if the fact had a great sadness for her.

She had some middle-aged and elderly cousins living at a distance, and they came occasionally to see her; but there had been no young people staying in the house for many years until this summer, when the daughter of her youngest cousin had written to ask if she might come to make a visit. She was a motherless girl of twenty, both older and younger than her years. Her father and brother, who were civil engineers, had taken some work upon the line of a railway in the far Western country. Nelly had

made many long journeys with them before and since she had left school, and she had meant to follow them now after she had spent a fortnight with the old cousin whom she had not seen since her childhood. Her father had laughed at the visit as a freak, and had warned her of the dullness and primness of Longfield; but the result was that the girl found herself very happy in the comfortable home. She was still her own free, unfettered, lucky, and sunshiny self, and the old house was so much pleasanter for the girlish face and life that Miss Horatia had, at first timidly and then most heartily, begged her to stay for the whole summer, or even the autumn, until her father was ready to come East. The name of Dane was very dear to Miss Horatia, and she grew fonder of her guest: when the village people saw her glance at the girl affectionately, as they sat together in the family pew of a Sunday, or saw them walking together after tea, they said it was a good thing for Miss Horatia; how bright she looked; and no doubt she would leave all her money to Nelly Dane, if she played her cards well.

But we will do Nelly justice and say that she was not mercenary; she would have scorned such a thought. She had grown to have a great love for her cousin Horatia, and she liked to please her. She idealized her, I have no doubt; and her repression, her grave courtesy and rare words of approval had a great fascination for a girl who had just been used to people who chattered, and were upon most intimate terms with you directly, and could forget you with equal ease. And Nelly liked having so admiring and easily pleased an audience as Miss Dane and her old servant Melissa. She liked to be queen of her company; she had so many gay, bright stories of what had happened to herself and her friends; beside, she was clever with her needle, and had all those practical

gifts which elderly women approve so heartily in girls. They liked her pretty clothes; she was sensible and economical and busy; they praised her to each other and to the world; for stubborn old Andrew, the man, to whom even Miss Horatia spoke deferentially, would do anything she asked. Nelly would by no means choose so dull a life as this for the rest of her days, but she enjoyed it immensely for the time being. She instinctively avoided all that would shock the grave dignity and old-school ideas of Miss Dane; and somehow she never had felt happier or better satisfied with life. I think it was because she was her best and most lady-like self. It was not long before she knew the village people almost as well as Miss Dane did, and she became a very great favorite, as a girl so easily can who is good-natured and pretty, and well versed in city fashions; who has that tact and cleverness that come to such a nature from going about the world and knowing many people.

She had not been in Longfield many weeks before she heard something of Miss Dane's love story; for one of her new friends said, in a confidential moment, "Does your cousin ever speak to you about the young man to whom she was engaged to be married?" and Nelly answered no, with great wonder, and not without regret at her own ignorance. After this she kept her eyes and ears open for whatever news of this lover's existence might be found.

At last it happened one day that she had a good chance for a friendly talk with Melissa,—for who should know about the family affairs better than she? Miss Horatia had taken her second-best parasol, with the deep fringe, and had gone majestically down the street to do some morning errands which she could trust to no one. Melissa was shelling peas at the shady backdoor-step, and Nelly came strolling round from the garden, along the clean-swept flag-stones, and sat down to help her. Melissa moved along, with a grim smile, to make room for her. "You need n't bother yourself," said she. "I've nothing else to

do; you 'll green your fingers all over;" but she was evidently pleased to have company.

"My fingers will wash," said Nelly, "and I've nothing else to do, either; please push the basket this way a little, or I shall scatter the pods, and then you will scold." She went to work busily, while she tried to think of the better way to find out the story she wished to hear.

"There!" said Melissa, "I never told Miss H'ratia to get some citron, and I settled yesterday to make some pound-cake this forenoon, after I got dinner along a piece. She 's most out o' mustard, too; she 's set about having mustard to eat with her beef, just as the old colonel was before her. I never saw any other folks eat mustard with their roast beef; but every family has their own tricks. I tied a thread round my left-hand little finger purpose to remember that citron, before she came down this morning. I hope I ain't losing my fac'ties." It was seldom that Melissa was so talkative as this at first. She was clearly in a talkative mood.

"Melissa," asked Nelly, with great bravery, after a minute or two of silence, "who was it that my cousin Horatia was going to marry? It 's odd that I should n't know; but I don't remember father's ever speaking of it, and I should n't think of asking her."

"I s'pose it 'll seem strange to you," said Melissa, beginning to shell the peas a great deal faster, "but as many years as I have lived in this house with her,—her mother, the old lady, fetched me up,—I never knew Miss H'ratia to say a word about him. But there, she knows I know, and we 've got an understanding on many things we never talk over as some folks would. I 've heard about it from other folks. She was visiting her great-aunt in Salem when she met with him. His name was Carrick, and it was presumed they were going to be married when he came home from the voyage he was lost on. He had the promise of going out master of a new ship. They did n't keep company long; it was made up of a sudden, and folks

here didn't get hold of the story till some time after. I've heard some that ought to know say it was only talk, and they never were engaged to be married no more than I am."

"You say he was lost at sea?" asked Nelly.

"The ship never was heard from; they supposed she was run down in the night out in the South Seas, somewhere. It was a good while before they gave up expecting news, but none ever come. I think she set everything by him, and took it very hard losing of him. But there, she'd never say a word; you're the freest-spoken Dane I ever saw, but you may take it from your mother's folks. I know he gave her that whale's tooth with the ship drawn on it that's on the mantel-piece in her room; she may have a sight of other keepsakes, for all I know, but it ain't likely;" and here there was a pause, in which Nelly grew sorrowful as she thought of the long waiting for tidings of the missing ship, and of her cousin's solitary life. It was so odd to think of prim Miss Horatia's being in love with a sailor; there was a young lieutenant in the navy whom Nelly herself liked dearly, and he had gone away on a long voyage. "Perhaps she's been just as well off," said Melissa. "She's dreadful set, y'r cousin H'rattia is, and sailors is high-tempered men. I've heard it hinted that he was a fast fellow, and if a woman's got a good home like this, and's able to do for herself, she'd better stay there. I ain't going to give up a certainty for an uncertainty, — that's what I always tell 'em," added Melissa, with great decision, as if she were besieged by lovers; but Nelly smiled inwardly as she thought of the courage it would take to support any one who wished to offer her companion his heart and hand. It would need desperate energy to scale the walls of that garrison.

The green peas were all shelled presently, and Melissa said, gravely, that she should have to be lazy now until it was time to put in the meat. She was n't used to being helped unless there was extra work, and she calculated to have

one piece of work join on to another. However, it was no account, and she was obliged for the company; and Nelly laughed merrily as she stood washing her hands in the shining old copper basin at the sink. The sun would not be round that side of the house for a long time yet, and the pink and blue morning-glories were still in their full bloom and freshness. They grew over the window, twined on strings exactly the same distance apart. There was a box crowded full of green houseleeks down at the side of the door; they were straying over the edge, and Melissa stooped stiffly down with an air of disapproval at their undiness. "They straggle all over everything," said she, "and they're no kind of use, only Miss's mother she set everything by 'em. She fetched 'em from home with her when she was married; her mother kep' a box, and they came from England. Folks used to say they was good for bee stings." Then she went in to the inner kitchen, and Nelly went slowly away along the flag-stones to the garden from whence she had come. The garden-gate opened with a tired creak and shut with a clack, and she noticed how smooth and shiny the wood was where the touch of so many hands had worn it. There was a great pleasure to this girl in finding herself among such old and well-worn things. She had been for a long time in cities or at the West, and among the old fashions and ancient possessions of Longfield it seemed to her that everything had its story, and she liked the quietness and unchangeableness with which life seemed to go on from year to year. She had seen many a dainty or gorgeous garden, but never one that she had liked so well as this, with its herb bed and its broken rows of currant bushes, its tall stalks of white lilies and its wandering rosebushes and honeysuckles, that had bloomed beside the straight paths for so many more summers than she herself had lived. She picked a little nosegay of late red roses, and carried it into the house to put on the parlor table. The wide hall door was standing open, with its green outer blinds closed,

and the old hall was dim and cool. Miss Horatia did not like a glare of sunlight, and she abhorred flies with her whole heart. Nelly could hardly see her way through the rooms, it had been so bright out of doors; but she brought the tall champagne glass of water from the dining-room and put the flowers in their place. Then she looked at two silhouettes which stood on the mantel in carved ebony frames. They were portraits of an uncle of Miss Dane's and his wife. Miss Dane had thought Nelly looked like this uncle the evening before. She could not see the likeness herself, but the pictures suggested something else, and she turned suddenly and went hurrying up the stairs to Miss Horatia's own room, where she remembered to have seen a group of silhouettes fastened to the wall. There were seven or eight, and she looked at the young men among them most carefully, but they were all marked with the name of Dane: they were Miss Horatia's brothers, and our friend hung them on their little brass hooks again with a feeling of disappointment. Perhaps her cousin had a quaint miniature of the lover, painted on ivory and shut in a worn red morocco case; she hoped she should get a sight of it some day. This story of the lost sailor had a wonderful charm for the girl. Miss Horatia had never been so interesting to her before. How she must have mourned for the lover, and missed him, and hoped there would yet be news from the ship! Nelly thought she would tell her her own little love story some day, though there was not much to tell yet, in spite of there being so much to think about. She built a little castle in Spain, as she sat in the front window-seat of the upper hall, and dreamed pleasant stories for herself until the sharp noise of the front-gate latch waked her; and she looked out through the blind to see her cousin coming up the walk.

Miss Horatia looked hot and tired, and her thoughts were not of any fashion of romance. "It is going to be very warm," said she. "I have been worrying ever since I have been gone because I forgot to ask Andrew to pick

those white currants for the minister's wife. I promised that she should have them early this morning. Would you go out to the kitchen and ask Melissa to step in for a moment, my dear?"

Melissa was picking over red currants to make a pie, and rose from her chair with a little unwillingness. "I guess they could wait until afternoon," said she, as she came back. "Miss H'ratia's in a fret because she forgot about sending some white currants to the minister's. I told her that Andrew had gone to have the horses shod and would n't be back till near noon. I don't see why part of the folks in the world should kill themselves trying to suit the rest. As long as I have n't got any citron for the cake, I suppose I might go out and pick 'em," added Melissa, ungraciously. "I'll get some to set away for tea, anyhow."

Miss Dane had a letter to write after she had rested from her walk, and Nelly soon left her in the dark parlor and went back to the sunshiny garden to help Melissa, who seemed to be taking life with more than her usual disapproval. She was sheltered by an enormous gingham sun-bonnet.

"I set out to free my mind to your cousin H'ratia, this morning," said she, as Nelly crouched down at the opposite side of the bush where she was picking; "but we can't agree on that p'int, and it's no use. I don't say nothing; you might's well ask the moon to face about and travel the other way as to try to change Miss H'ratia's mind. I ain't going to argue it with her, it ain't my place; I know that as well as anybody. She'd run her feet off for the minister's folks any day, and though I do say he's a fair preacher, they have n't got a speck o' consideration nor fac'ltiy; they think the world was made for them, but I think likely they'll find out it was n't; most folks do. When he first was settled here I had a fit o' sickness, and he come to see me when I was getting over the worst of it. He did the best he could; I always took it very kind of him; but he made a prayer, and he kep' sayin' 'this aged handmaid,' I should think a dozen

times. Aged handmaid!" said Melissa, scornfully, "I don't call myself aged yet, and that was more than ten years ago; I never made pretensions to being younger than I am, but you'd 'a' thought I was a topplin' old creatur' going on a hundred."

Nelly laughed; Melissa looked cross and moved on to the next currant bush. "So that's why you don't like the minister?" But the question did not seem to please.

"I hope I never should be set against a preacher by such as that," and Nelly hastened to change the subject, but there was to be a last word. "I like to see a minister that's solid minister right straight through, not one of these veneered folks. But old parson Croden spoilt me for setting under any other preaching."

"I wonder," said Nelly, after a little, "if cousin Horatia has any picture of that Captain Carrick?"

"He was n't captain," said Melissa. "I never heard that it was any more than they talked of giving him a ship next voyage."

"And you never saw him? he never came here to see her?"

"Bless you, no! She met with him at Salem, where she was spending the winter, and he went right away to sea. I've heard a good deal more about it of late years than I ever did at the time. I suppose the Salem folks talked about it enough. All I know is, there was other good matches that offered to her since and could n't get her, and I suppose it was on account of her heart's being buried in the deep with *him*;" and this unexpected bit of sentiment, spoken in Melissa's grummest tone, seemed so funny to her young companion that she bent very low to pick from a currant twig close to the ground, and could not ask any more questions for some time.

"I have seen her a sight o' times when I knew she was thinking about him," Melissa went on, pleasantly, this time with a tenderness in her voice that touched Nelly's heart. "She's been dreadful lonesome. She and the old colonel, her father, was n't much com-

pany to each other, and she always kep' everything to herself. The only time she ever said a word to me was one night six or seven years ago this Christmas; they got up a Christmas-tree in the vestry, and she went, and I did, too; I guess everybody in the whole church and parish that could crawl turned out to go. The children they made a dreadful racket. I'd ha' got my ears took off if I had been so forth-putting when I was little. I was looking round for Miss H'ratia 'long at the last of the evening, and somebody said they'd seen her go home. I hurried, and I could n't see any light in the house, and I was afraid she was sick or something. She come and let me in, and I see she had been a-cryin'. I says, 'Have you heard any bad news?' but she said no, and began to cry again, real pitiful. 'I never felt so lonesome in my life,' said she, 'as I did down there; it's a dreadful thing to be left all alone in the world.' I did feel for her, but I could n't seem to say a word. I put some pine chips I had handy for morning on the kitchen fire, and I made her up a cup o' good hot tea quick's I could, and took it to her, and I guess she felt better; she never went to bed till three o'clock that night. I could n't shut my eyes till I heard her come up-stairs. There, I set everything by Miss H'ratia. I have n't got no folks, either; I was left an orphan over to Deerfield, where Miss's mother come from, and she took me out o' the town farm to bring up. I remember when I come here I was so small I had a box to stand up on when I helped wash the dishes. There's nothing I ain't had to make me comfortable, and I do just as I'm a mind to, and call in extra help every day of the week if I give the word; but I've had my lonesome times, and I guess Miss H'ratia knew."

Nelly was very much touched by this bit of a story; it was a new idea to her that Melissa should have so much affection and be so sympathetic. People never will get over being surprised that chestnut burs are not as rough inside as they are outside, and the girl's heart warmed toward the old woman who had

spoken with such unlooked-for sentiment and pathos. Melissa went to the house with her basket, and Nelly also went in, but only to put on another hat and see if it were straight, in a minute spent before the old mirror, and then she hurried down the long elm-shaded street to buy a pound of citron for the cake. She left it on the kitchen table when she came back, and nobody ever said anything about it, only there were two delicious pound-cakes — a heart and a round — on a little blue china plate beside Nelly's plate at tea.

After tea Nelly and Miss Dane sat in the front door-way, the elder woman in a high-backed arm-chair and the younger on the door-step. The tree-toads and crickets were tuning up heartily, the stars showed a little through the trees, and the elms looked heavy and black against the sky. The fragrance of the white lilies in the garden blew through the hall. Miss Horatia was tapping the ends of her fingers together. Probably she was not thinking of anything in particular; she had had a very peaceful day, with the exception of the currants, and they had, after all, gone to the parsonage some time before noon. Beside this, the minister had sent word that the delay made no trouble, for his wife had unexpectedly gone to Downton to pass the day and night. Miss Horatia had received the business letter for which she had been looking for several days; so there was nothing to regret deeply for that day, and there seemed to be nothing for one to dread on the morrow.

"Cousin Horatia," asked Nelly, "are you sure you like having me here? are you sure I don't trouble you?"

"Of course not," said Miss Dane, without a bit of sentiment in her tone; "I find it very pleasant having young company. Though I am used to being alone, and I don't mind it so much as I suppose you would."

"I should mind it very much," said the girl, softly.

"You would get used to it, as I have," said Miss Dane. "Yes, dear, I like having you here better and better; I hate to

think of your going away;" and she smoothed Nelly's hair as if she thought she might have spoken coldly at first, and wished to make up for it. This rare caress was not without its effect.

"I don't miss father and Rob so very much," owned Nelly, frankly, "because I have grown used to their coming and going; but sometimes I miss people — Cousin Horatia, did I ever say anything to you about George Forest?"

"I think I remember the name," answered Miss Dane.

"He is in the navy, and he has gone a long voyage, and — I think everything of him; I missed him awfully, but it is almost time to get a letter from him."

"Does your father approve of him?" asked Miss Dane, with great propriety. "You are very young yet, and you must not think of such a thing carelessly. I should be so much grieved if you threw away your happiness."

"Oh, we are not really engaged," said Nelly, who felt a little chilled. "I suppose we are, too, only nobody knows yet. Yes, father knows him as well as I do, and he is very fond of him. Of course I should not keep it from father, but he guessed at it himself. Only it's such a long cruise, Cousin Horatia, — three years, I suppose, away off in China and Japan."

"I have known longer voyages than that," said Miss Dane, with a quiver in her voice; and she rose suddenly and walked away, this grave, reserved woman, who seemed so contented and so comfortable. But when she came back she asked Nelly a great deal about her lover, and learned more of the girl's life than she ever had before. And they talked together in the pleasantest way about this pleasant subject, which was so close to Nelly's heart, until Melissa brought the candles at ten o'clock, that being the hour of Miss Dane's bed-time.

But that night Miss Dane did not go to bed at ten; she sat by the window in her room, thinking. The moon rose late, and after a little while she blew out her candles, which were burning low. I suppose that the years which had come and gone since the young sailor had sailed

away on that last voyage of his had each added to her affection for him. She was a person who clung the more fondly to youth as she left it the further behind.

This is such a natural thing: the great sorrows of our youth sometimes become the amusements of our later years; we can only remember them with a smile. We find that our lives look fairer to us, and we forget what used to trouble us so much, when we look back. Miss Dane certainly had come nearer to truly loving the sailor than she had any one else, and the more she had thought of it the more it became the romance of her life. She no longer asked herself, as she often had done in middle life, whether if he had lived and had come home she would have loved and married him. She had minded less and less year by year, knowing that her friends and neighbors thought her faithful to the love of her youth. Poor, gay, handsome Joe Carrick! how fond he had been of her, and how he had looked at her that day he sailed away out of Salem harbor on the ship *Grandee!* If she had only known that she never should have seen him again, poor fellow!

But, as usual, her thoughts changed their current a little at the end of her reverie. Perhaps, after all, loneliness was not so hard to bear as other sorrows; she had had a pleasant life; God had been very good to her, and had spared her many trials and granted her many blessings. She would try and serve him better. "I am an old woman now," she said to herself. "Things are better as they are; God knows best, and I never should have liked to be interfered with."

Then she shut out the moonlight and lighted her candles again, with an almost guilty feeling. "What should I think if Nelly sat up till nearly midnight looking out at the moon?" thought she. "It is very silly, but it is such a beautiful night. I should like to have her see the moon shining through the tops of the trees;" but Nelly was sleeping the sleep of the just and sensible in her own room.

Next morning at breakfast Nelly was a little conscious of there having been uncommon confidences the night before, but Miss Dane was her usual calm and somewhat formal self, and proposed their making a few calls after dinner, if the weather were not too hot. Nelly at once wondered what she had better wear. There was a certain black grenadine which Miss Horatia had noticed with approval, and she remembered that the lower ruffle needed hemming, and made up her mind that she would devote most of the time before dinner to that and to some other repairs. So after breakfast was over she brought the dress down-stairs, with her work-box, and settled herself in the dining-room. Miss Dane usually sat there in the morning; it was a pleasant room, and she could keep an unsuspected watch over the kitchen and Melissa, who did not need watching in the least. I dare say it was for the sake of being within the sound of a voice.

Miss Dane marched in and out that morning: she went up-stairs and came down again, and she was busy for a while in the parlor. Nelly was sewing steadily by a window where one of the blinds was a little way open and tethered in its place by a string. She hummed a tune to herself over and over: —

"What will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?"
and old Melissa, going to and fro at her work in the kitchen, grumbled out bits of an ancient psalm-tune, at intervals. There seemed to be some connection between these fragments in her mind; it was like a ledge of rock in a pasture, that sometimes runs under the ground and then crops out again. I think it was the tune of *Windham*.

Nelly found there was a good deal to be done to the grenadine dress when she looked it over critically, and she was very diligent. It was quiet in and about the house for a long time, until suddenly she heard the sound of heavy footsteps coming in from the road. The side-door was in a little entry between the room where Nelly sat and the kitchen; and the new-comer knocked loudly. "A tramp," said Nelly to herself, while

Melissa came to open the door, wiping her hands hurriedly on her apron.

"I wonder if you could n't give me something to eat," said the man.

"I suppose I could," answered Melissa. "Will you step in?" Beggars were very few in Longfield, and Miss Dane never wished anybody to go away hungry from her house. It was off the grand highway of tramps, but they were by no means unknown.

Melissa searched among her stores, and Nelly heard her putting one plate after another on the kitchen table, and thought that the breakfast promised to be a good one if it was late.

"Don't put yourself out," said the man, as he moved his chair nearer. "I put up at an old barn three or four miles above here, last night, and there did n't seem to be very good board there."

"Going far?" inquired Melissa concisely.

"Boston," said the man. "I'm a little too old to travel afoot. Now if I could go by water it would seem nearer. I'm more used to the water. This is a royal good piece o' beef. I suppose you could n't put your hand on a mug of cider?" This was said humbly, but the tone failed to touch Melissa's heart.

"No, I could n't," said she, decisively; so there was an end of that, and the conversation seemed to flag for a time.

Presently, Melissa came to speak to Miss Dane, who had just come downstairs. "Could you stay in the kitchen a few minutes?" she whispered. "There's an old creatur' there that looks foreign: he came to the door for something to eat, and I gave it to him; but he's miser'ble looking, and I don't like to leave him alone. I'm just in the midst o' dressing the chickens. He'll be through pretty quick, according to the way he's eating now."

Miss Dane followed her without a word, and the man half rose and said, "Good morning, madam," with unusual courtesy, and when Melissa was out of hearing he spoke again: "I suppose you have n't any cider?" to which his hostess answered, "I could n't give you any this morning," in a tone that left no room

for argument. He looked as if he had had a great deal too much to drink already.

"How far do you call it from here to Boston?" he asked, and was told that it was eighty miles. "I'm a slow traveler," said he; "sailors don't take much to walking." Miss Dane asked him if he had been a sailor. "Nothing else," replied the man, who seemed much inclined to talk; he had been eating like a hungry dog, as if he were half starved, — a slouching, red-faced, untidy-looking old man, with some traces of former good looks still to be discovered in his face. "Nothing else. I ran away to sea when I was a boy, and I followed it until I got so old they would n't ship me even for cook." There was something in his being for once so comfortable, perhaps it was being with a lady like Miss Dane, who pitied him, that lifted his thoughts a little from their usual low level. "It's drink that's been the ruin of me," said he. "I ought to have been somebody. I was nobody's fool when I was young. I got to be mate of a first-rate ship, and there was some talk o' my being captain before long. She was lost that voyage, and three of us were all that was saved; we got picked up by a Chinese junk. She had the plague aboard of her, and my mates died of it and I was sick; it was a hell of a place to be in. When I got ashore I shipped on an old bark that pretended to be coming round the Cape, and she turned out to be a pirate. I just went to the dogs. I've been from bad to worse ever since."

"It's never too late to mend," said Melissa, who came into the kitchen just then for a string to tie the chickens.

"Lord help me, yes, it is," said the sailor. "It's easy for you to say that; I'm too old. I ain't been master of this craft for a good while," and he laughed at his melancholy joke.

"Don't say that," said Miss Dane.

"Well, now, what could an old wrack like me do to earn a living, and who'd want me if I could? You would n't. I don't know when I've been treated so decent as this before. I'm all broke down;" but his tone was no longer sin-

cere; he had fallen back on his profession of beggar.

"Could n't you get into some asylum or — there 's the Sailors' Snug Harbor; is n't that for men like you? It seems such a pity for a man of your years to be homeless and a wanderer. Have n't you any friends at all?" and here, suddenly, Miss Dane's face altered, and she grew very white; something startled her. She looked as one might who saw a fearful ghost.

"No," said the man; "but my folks used to be some of the best in Salem. I have n't shown my head there this good while. I was an orphan. My grandmother brought me up. Why, I did n't come back to the States for thirty or forty years. Along at the first of it I used to see men in port that I used to know, but I always dodged 'em, and I was way off in outlandish places. I've got an awful sight to answer for. I used to have a good wife when I was in Australia. I don't know where I have n't been, first and last. I was always a hard fellow. I've spent as much as a couple o' fortunes, and here I am. Devil take it!"

Nelly was still sewing in the dining-room, but soon after Miss Dane had gone out to the kitchen one of the doors between had slowly closed itself with a plaintive whine. The round stone that Melissa used to keep it open had been pushed away. Nelly was a little annoyed; she liked to hear what was going on, but she was just then holding her work with great care in a place that was hard to sew, so she did not move. She heard the murmur of voices, and thought after a while that the old vagabond ought to go away by this time. What could be making her cousin Horatia talk so long with him? It was not like her, at all. He would beg for money, of course, and she hoped Miss Horatia would not give him a single cent.

It was some time before the kitchen door opened, and the man came out with clumsy, stumbling steps. "I'm much obliged to you," he said, "and I don't know but it is the last time I'll get treated as if I was a gentleman. Is

there anything I could do for you round the place?" he asked hesitatingly, and as if he hoped that his offer would not be accepted.

"No," answered Miss Dane. "No, thank you. Good-by," and he went away.

I said he had been lifted a little above his low life; he fell back again directly, before he was out of the gate. "I'm blessed if she did n't give me a ten-dollar bill!" said he. "She must have thought it was a one. I'll get out o' call as quick as I can; hope she won't find it out and send anybody after me." Visions of unlimited drinks and other things in which the old sailor found pleasure flitted through his stupid mind. "How the old lady stared at me once!" he thought. "Wonder if she was anybody I used to know? 'Downton?' I don't know as I ever heard of the place;" and he scuffed along the dusty road, and that night he was very drunk, and the next day he went wandering on, God only knows where!

But Nelly and Melissa both had heard a strange noise in the kitchen, as if some one had fallen, and had found that Miss Horatia had fainted dead away. It was partly the heat, she said, when she saw their anxious faces as she came to herself; she had had a little headache all the morning; it was very hot and close in the kitchen, and the faintness had come upon her suddenly. They helped her walk into the cool parlor presently, and Melissa brought her a glass of wine; and Nelly sat beside her on a footstool, as she lay on the sofa, and fanned her. Once she held her cheek against Miss Horatia's hand for a minute, and she will never know as long as she lives what a comfort she was that day.

Every one but Miss Dane forgot the old sailor-tramp in this excitement that followed his visit. Do you guess already who he was? But the certainty could not come to you with the chill and horror it did to Miss Dane. There had been something familiar in his look and voice from the first, and then she had suddenly known him, her lost lover. It was an awful change that the years

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had made in him; he had truly called himself a wreck. He was like some dreary wreck, in its decay and utter ruin, its miserable ugliness and worthlessness, falling to pieces in the slow tides of a lifeless southern sea.

And he had once been her lover, Miss Dane thought many times in the days that came after. Not that there was ever anything asked or promised between them, but they had liked each other dearly, and had parted with deep sorrow. She had thought of him all these years so tenderly; she had believed always that his love had been greater than her own, and never once had doubted that the missing ship *Grandee* had carried with it down into the sea a heart that was true to her.

By little and little this all grew familiar, and she accustomed herself to the knowledge of her new secret. She shuddered at the thought of the misery of a life with him, and she thanked God for sparing her such shame and despair. The distance between them seemed immense. She had been a person of so much consequence among her friends, and so dutiful and irreproachable a woman. She had not begun to understand what dishonor is in the world; her life had been shut in by safe and orderly surroundings. It was a strange chance that had brought this wanderer to her door. She remembered his wretched untidiness. She would not have liked even to touch him. She had never imagined him grown old; he had always been young to her. It was a great mercy he had not known her; it would have been a most miserable position for them both; and yet she thought, with sad surprise, that she had not known she had changed so entirely. She thought of the different ways their roads in life had gone; she pitied him; she cried about him more than once, and she wished that she could know he was dead. He might have been such a brave, good man, with his strong will and resolute courage. God forgive him

for the wickedness which his strength had been made to serve. "God forgive him!" said Miss Horatia to herself, sadly, over and over again. She wondered if she ought to have let him go away and so have lost sight of him; but she could not do anything else. She suffered terribly on his account; she had a pity such as God's pity must be for even his willful sins.

So her romance was all over with; yet the town's-people still whispered it to strangers, and even Melissa and Nelly never knew how she had lost her lover in so strange and sad a way in her latest years. Nobody observed much change; but Melissa noticed that the whale's tooth had disappeared from its place in Miss Horatia's room, and her old friends said to each other that she began to show her age a great deal; she seemed really like an old woman now; she was not the woman she had been a year ago.

This is all of the story; but I so often wish when a story comes to an end that I knew what became of the people afterward. Shall I tell you that Miss Horatia clings more and more fondly to her young cousin Nelly; and that Nelly will stay with her a great deal before she marries, and sometimes afterward, when the lieutenant goes away to sea? Shall I say that Miss Dane seems as well satisfied and comfortable as ever, though she acknowledges she is not so young as she used to be, and somehow misses something out of her life? It is the contentment of winter rather than that of summer; the flowers are out of bloom now for her, and under the snow. And Melissa, will not she always be the same, with a quaintness and freshness and toughness like a cedar-tree, to the end of her days? Let us hope they will live on together and be untroubled this long time yet, the two good women; and let us wish Nelly much pleasure, and a sweet soberness and fearlessness as she grows older and finds life a harder thing to understand and a graver thing to know.

Sarah O. Jewett.

MR. STEDMAN'S POETRY.

Of the younger American poets, let me say those under forty-five years of age, Mr. Stedman may fairly be held to rank among the very few foremost (just now I shall not vex the reader or myself to decide what poets deserve to be placed before him, or who is to follow nearest after him) in native gift, poetical accomplishment, and public reputation. Without turning at once to his writings, I may observe that his name alone has come to suggest to many an atmosphere of manly effort and wholesome achievement,—not always of the nicest poetic art, but nearly always in the direction of the best and most lasting. As a general thing he seems to think that to stay at home is to go far enough, for his representative subjects are American, although he does not disguise his knowledge of the long-builded supremacy and authority of English literature, his chief foreign sin appearing in a too frequent betrayal of Tennyson's floating musk in his singing-garments. His voice is oftenest, I believe, in the major key; there are few small sentimentalities to be observed in his poems, early or late; we feel in them the assurance of full-grown, vigorous, and courageous, though tender and gentle, manhood.

Mr. Stedman began life as a journalist; this may account for the ready disposition shown by him to take up contemporary interests and events as themes for his verse,—his habit from the first,—to which, doubtless, he owes much of the familiar currency of his poetry, for he has generally written of such subjects in an intelligible and attractive manner. Yet he has always or nearly always retained a proper sense of the dignity of the poet's office in treating them; and he has also cherished a scholar's nice pride in holding himself aloof from the vulgar devices that secure some writers the quick newspaper rounds of applause to-day, at the price of dead silence beyond the jurisdiction of those

hurried censors of the daily press whose voice is forgotten at midnight.

Before the appearance of his recent volume,¹ Mr. Stedman had published, in all, three distinct books of verse, the contents of which were comprehended in a single-volume edition of his poems issued four years ago. In this collective volume the poems of his first book, *Lyrics and Idylls*, are embraced under the head of Early Poems. These early poems include several among the most attractive that he has written: the first of the collection, however, *The Diamond Wedding*, seems hardly worthy of remark, except that while it was among the earliest of its author's occasional pieces it created what is called "a sensation" in the city journals when it first appeared. It had reference to a certain marriage at New York, in 1860, between a wealthy Cuban and a young American lady. It is a light satire, written in the stanza and style of Hood's *Miss Kilmansegg*, with considerable vivacity, a slight infusion of wit, and, of course, a moral. Mr. Stedman preserved it, perhaps, not because of his own mature approval, but because its ghost would haunt him anyhow; and besides, his older friends and early readers would probably have insisted on missing it.

Among the most satisfactory of Mr. Stedman's early pieces is *Bohemia: A Pilgrimage*, which, slightly recalling Tennyson's *Recollections of the Arabian Nights* in its form of stanza, is a pleasing, imaginative picture, full of airy, shifting landscapes and of kaleidoscopic changes, with the joys and sorrows, lights and shadows, of that sort of literary sojourn in fairyland,—a life where the conventional laws of society and many other uncomfortable things do not until the day after to-morrow obtrude themselves. The *Ballad of Lager Bier* is a bright and joyous piece, full of gay

¹ *Hawthorne and other Poems.* By E. C. Stedman. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1878

humor and pleasant German-romantic suggestions. The Freshet, especially in its outward frame-work, recalls the manner of Tennyson's college-student idyls, in which well-cultivated Mother Nature is approached face to face by young gentlemen in kid gloves; but the inside poem has a real New England flavor of experience, being the pathetic story (doubtless a true one) of a young husband and wife's death, in sight of all their companions powerless to save them, by the sweeping away of a bridge from which they were watching the breaking up of ice in a spring freshet. This is related, for the most part, in simply good strong blank verse, very effectively. Mr. Stedman's Penelope was manifestly taken out of the side of Tennyson's Ulysses wide-awake; yet it may be said of Ulysses itself that it would never have been written if Dante had not given the suggestions on which it is founded. Mr. Stedman's poem has merit of invention within itself: it is nowhere recorded, I believe, that the long-waiting wife of Ulysses, in her old age, perceived the restlessness of her much-wandering husband, and desired the privilege of accompanying him upon any last adventure. Penelope celebrates the constancy and heroic devotion of woman; it presents an ideal of proper wifehood, just as Ulysses supplies one of far-seeking, restless manhood, determined

"To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars."

Another piece with a classical subject, but treated in a more strictly classical manner, with no modern application or moral, may here be mentioned, although it occurs in a somewhat later period of Mr. Stedman's writing; I mean Alectryōn. It is a rendering, with full details of incident, of the Greek fable, wherein, for his remissness as a sentinel, the youth Alectryōn is changed by the god Arēs, his master, into the

"Cock,
That evermore, remembering his fault,
Heralds with warning voice the coming Day."

Alectryōn, throughout, is well and vigorously wrought, containing fine imag-

inative passages and such strong, resonant lines as these spoken by Arēs:—

"Hēphæstos, the lame cuckold, unto whose
Misshapen squallor Zeus hath given my queen,
To-night seeks Lemnos, and his sooty vault
Roofed by the roaring surge; wherein, betimes,
He and his Cyclopes pound the ringing iron,
Forging great bolts for Zeus, and welding mail,
White-hot, in shape for Heroes and the Gods."

No more sincerely classical piece than Alectryōn, in manner and feeling, occurs, so far as I know, in English poetry.

How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry is another of the early poems by Mr. Stedman; it shows his youthful sympathy with the "blind old Samson of our land," and with the wrongs which goaded John Brown to the final movement which, it may be believed, largely helped to precipitate the Southern rebellion and the downfall of slavery. It is nervous and forcible, not without pathos, but with some humorous touches natural at the time, and it ends with a prophetic strain which—since it was written before the Charlestown execution—was informed with genuine second-sight; it proves that to Mr. Stedman, if to any one, must be attributed the suggestion of the song describing the marching on of John Brown's soul:—

"But, Virginians, don't do it! for I tell you that
the flagon,
Filled with blood of Old Brown's offspring, was
first poured by Southern hands;
And each drop from Old Brown's life-veins, like
the red gore of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful Fury, hissing through
your slave-worn lands!
And Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever, when you've
nailed his coffin down!"

Mr. Stedman's two longest poems are Alice of Monmouth: an Idyl of the Great War, and The Blameless Prince; each of which gave the title to a separate volume (both including collections of briefer poems) in its original publication. The story in Alice of Monmouth was invented, doubtless, in order that the author might present some war-experiences of his own eyes and ears, at Washington and in Virginia, during the first and second years of the Southern rebellion, in the second winter of which the poem was written.

The story is well conceived and well adapted for poetic treatment.

Many years after my first reading of this poem, in the atmosphere which gave it birth, it seems, on newly reading it, very touching in parts, and it must be found strongly moving by many, to whom it will bring back old trials and awaken the tenderness of old griefs. The story is unfortunately told, however, in a series of poetic chapters or divisions in various measures; in this respect bearing a resemblance to Tennyson's *Maud*, which is also occasionally echoed. It therefore fails somewhat of continuous narrative interest and effect. Some of the divisions of the poem are vigorously and vividly written; some of them have much delicate beauty of feeling and description; others are carelessly, indeed flimsily, constructed. The peace and quietness of the New Jersey life and landscape (with which Mr. Stedman was also familiar) is contrasted finely with the strange and novel life, landscapes, and experiences in the region of war.

This poem reproduces more truly than it is found elsewhere, so far as I know, the atmosphere of Washington during the first and second winters of the war: its neighboring battles and rumors of battles; the moving back and forth of troops, with artillery; its great outlying camps; its life, and the death-in-life of the hospitals, etc. There is good realistic power shown in one or two battle scenes: for example, the color-sergeant's camp-fire history of the cavalry skirmish in which Colonel Hugh van Ghelt was wounded. It is an accurate report, I should say, of the movement of cavalry, throughout. It interests one strongly, and stirs the latent soldier's blood in him. There are some short, crisp trochaic rhyme lines which give the very jolt of the brisk night-trot they describe. How much better Mr. Stedman might have made the entire poem we can imagine with regret. He was in too great haste to produce a long poem founded on the war, and during the heat and hurry of the time itself. The story presents, as has been said, a good ground-work of

material, but its best use is suggested rather than fully accomplished.

The *Blameless Prince* is hardly pleasing in its story, yet this is, perhaps, not one that can be called improbable; Doubtless many princes, as well as many men in humbler public position or in private life, go extolled for virtues that show themselves on the well-dressed surface, — indeed, with lives for the most part beneficent, — while they are themselves aware of, and not always inwardly shamed by or remorseful of, an undertow of vice which even their friends and families do not suspect. The queen of Mr. Stedman's *Blameless Prince* does not discover, until she is about to consecrate a costly memorial in honor of his blameless character, and make it the witness of her lasting grief and love, that another woman (whom he had met when first on his way to marry herself, then unknown by him, or only vaguely remembered from his childhood) has all along possessed in private the love pledged in public to her own royal person. The passage in which the poet relates the meeting in the abbey between the queen and the penitent, dying paramour of the dead prince, and receives her terrible confession, is perhaps the most powerful in the poem; it has much dramatic force. The queen's faith in the dead prince's love for herself alone holds out long; it gives way only when the dying woman produces, first, a signet-ring, given her by the prince at their last parting (which was intended as a final one, he having grown weary of his inward reproach; his accidental death at once made it final), and, after that, his youthful miniature, hung about her neck at their first parting many years previous and before his marriage. Now, the poor queen, convinced, curses the paramour, flies from her presence, and as her chariot moves away the passing-bell is heard tolling for the other's death. The shock of her dreadful knowledge overwhelms the queen, who returns to her palace skeptical of all goodness and truth, and shuts herself up with her absorbing misery. But when the morrow comes she nerves herself to act her

part in the ceremony of unveiling the prince's statue. Her assumed calm is credited to a proper royal pride, and
 "Upon her front the people only read
 Pale grief that clung forever to the dead."

But when at length she draws the veil and her husband's image stands forth, and she reads an unexpected inscription which says, —

"Of all great things this prince achieved his part,
 Yet wedded love to him was worth them all."

she is unable to endure the burden of her woe, her heart breaks, she falls dead; and the poem ends with a single stanza, saying, —

"Her people made her beauteous relics room
 Within the chamber where her consort slept.
 There rest they side by side. Around the tomb
 A thousand matrons solemn vigil kept.
 Long ages told the story of her reign,
 And sang the nuptial love that had no stain."

The story of The Blameless Prince is fairly well managed throughout, holding the reader with interest, though perhaps it is impeded too much here and there by the author's own reflections on love, marriage, and morals. The verse, in six-line stanzas, iambic pentameter, throughout, like those I have quoted, is generally well wrought, rich, and strong, though sometimes needlessly harsh; and occasionally the rhyme which often steers a line to happy results compels an unhappy one, here and there creating an obscurity which makes it necessary to read and re-read the stanza to be assured of the poet's meaning; even then one does not always get it. Mr. Stedman seems to have been most successful in those parts of his work that required the more passionate and dramatic expression; the whole latter half of the poem is much superior to the other half. In the first part he is dealing with sentiment and romance; afterwards he is possessed with the stronger forces of passion, and the elements of romance are mixed with tragedy. We find tender landscapes and all the gentle charms of sight and sound in the earlier stanzas; later, we lose sight of these and become interested simply in the persons of the story. The Blameless Prince suggests, by its manner somewhat, and somewhat by its matter, one or two of William Morris's

renditions of old legends; but I think that, while Mr. Stedman is perhaps hardly so rich as that English poet in his diction, he has handled parts of his poem with a power which Morris has not indicated in any of his "stretched metre of an antique song." Morris's people are misty; they "come like shadows, so depart." Mr. Stedman's personages, on the contrary, are realized with vital distinctness. His story is hardly a pleasing one, I have said, yet it is highly poetical; and though closed in the atmosphere of distance and placed in another age, its real human element is not foreign nor of the past. The moral is disheartening, to say the least.

With one class of his poems, it seems to me, Mr. Stedman has earned the title of poet-laureate of our great commercial metropolis, as no other, unless it were Halleck, who did it in a lesser and slighter manner, has ever done. In two or three pieces he has given charming glimpses into the background of New York city history. Peter Stuyvesant's New Year's Call celebrates a feigned social episode in the reign of Peter the Headstrong (celebrated in prose by Irving), in the course of which the old Holland soldier is represented as having a vision of the municipal glory yet to be. The picture of the colonial manners and customs is sketched in a light and very pleasant manner.

Another piece, entitled *Fuit Ilium* (I am not sure but an English title would have been more desirable, though one recognizes the peculiar flavor of the Latin phrase from Virgil), is a poem which, at the same time that it describes the destruction of a colonial mansion in the city to make room for the progress of modern business, happily conveys the romantic aspects of New York society during the Revolutionary period, and, in the passing away of the old house materially, finely hints the downfall of a family and the evanescence of its associations and traditions with the social system contemporary. I know of no poem of the kind comparable to this one.

Pan in Wall Street, another of these poems of the commercial metropolis, may

be said to be the one classic inspiration of the great money market. It is full of brightness and vivacity; it is sweet with all happy, far-off suggestions which are the remotest opposites of modern business; it contains, it is true, the motley crowd of Wall Street, the loud, obstreperous roar of bulls and bears,—those financial beasts of prey,—with the gentle intrusion, however, of Sicilian shepherds out of Theocritus and the strain of old-world music from the "sweet do-nothing days" of pastoral poetry. Readers of *The Atlantic* are familiar with this poem, as it was originally printed in these pages.

The three poems last named, indeed, appear to me among the very best of Mr. Stedman's productions; they are thoroughly his own, and each in its way is delightful. I do not pretend to understand Israel Freyer's *Bid for Gold*; it is also a New York city piece.

Of Mr. Stedman's Poems of Nature it may be said that Mr. Stedman is hardly ever at his best as a poet of nature. One of these is introduced with a quotation, saying,—

" O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!"

It is not the poet's fault, perhaps, that he has not lived with Nature, and only visits her at fitful seasons. The poems in the class above named are often artificial in tone, with constant allusion to the world, not forgetting it and reposing in the repose of nature. I dare say that, like Lamb, Hood, and others, our poet loves better "the sweet security of streets." Yet there is a true sense of natural beauty and delight in Woods and Waters, a melodious and eloquent piece. Holyoke Valley is a tender and pensive reminiscence of early life and school-days. Perhaps Refuge in Nature—not classed with the above, however—is the best piece having reference to a love for and satisfaction in nature.

Among Mr. Stedman's Miscellaneous Poems are several of a strikingly imaginative character: Spoken at Sea, The Assault by Night, and The Hillside Door,

for example. The first named has a weird, ghostly impression, like Uhland's *The Black Knight*, translated by Longfellow; it refers to the sudden appearance of the cholera on board the steamship *Virginia*, in 1866. The Assault by Night recalls, by likeness of subject (the poems are entirely different in treatment) Forcey the Willson's poem of *The Eneemy*, once quoted in *The Atlantic*.

Of other mentionable poems, The Duke's Exequy suggests Longfellow's treatment of a mediæval theme; the subject is finely picturesque, and it is fitly presented. Montagu is a pretty ballad from a romantic incident in the life of Henry VIII.'s queen, Katherine; it is brightly and lightly told, with a touch of gay pathos at the close. I will also name The Doorstep as a lovely little romance of boyhood love, recalled with the fond regret of lost youth; and Country Sleighting, which presents a good, wholesome picture of rustic winter enjoyments.

Of the very few sonnets Mr. Stedman has written, one addressed to Bayard Taylor, with a copy of Homer's *Iliad*, has a touch of heroic vigor, and moves to its close with the resonance of a man in armor. Another, which I shall beg leave to repeat here, is found among his Early Poems; it is beautiful and touching; few sweeter words were ever addressed by a poet to his mother:—

A MOTHER'S PICTURE.

She seemed an angel to our infant eyes!
Once, when the glorifying moon revealed
Her who at evening by our pillow kneeled,—
Soft-voiced and golden-haired, from holy skies
Flown to her loves on wings of Paradise.—
We looked to see the pinions half concealed.
The Tuscan vines and olives will not yield
Her back to me, who loved her in this wise,
And since have little known her, but have grown
To see another mother tenderly
Watch over sleeping children of my own.
Perchance the years have changed her: yet alone
This picture lingers; still she seems to me
The fair young angel of my infancy.

I have already spoken generally of Mr. Stedman's Occasional Poems. That on Fort Sumter has, I believe, the distinction of being the first piece of value written on the earliest aggression of the Southern rebellion. Wanted—a Man had a popular appositeness at the time it

appeared (in September, 1862); it was the cry of a whole anxiously impatient people; and it is a fair example of Mr. Stedman's clear and vigorous treatment of current political themes.

Hitherto, only such poems have been named as occur in Mr. Stedman's collective volume; but into its last-mentioned class, Occasional Poems, would properly fall, in a new edition, the principal contents of his recent volume; for, besides its initial poem, Hawthorne, — written to be read before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University last June, — the pieces entitled News from Olympia, Kearney at Seven Pines, Custer, The Comedian's Last Night, and The Lord's-Day Gale, making, with two or three others, the larger bulk of the volume, were each the result of some contemporary suggestion in person, incident, or event. In the poem on Hawthorne the poet invites his muse — accompanied by the Harp of New England Song, which he apostrophizes — to perform the critic's function in sketching the life, character, and work of the New England novelist, concerning whom it is not happily or truly said that "prose like his was poesy's high tone." Prose is prose always, no matter how poetical, and Hawthorne's prose was not, whether or not it sometimes had the tone of poetry. There is a stately movement throughout this production; it has strong, terse, imaginative lines and passages; but as a poem it is rather in passages than as a whole that it pleases.

The loneliness, seclusion, obscurity, of Hawthorne's earlier life are well suggested, and his education in the presence of New England nature is happily indicated. The different aspects of Hawthorne's character, too, are fairly illustrated with reference to certain of his persons in whom those aspects are reflected. Still, it is in the frequent graphic allusions to the figures from early New England history and life pictured in the novelist's works that one finds the best of Mr. Stedman's poems: for example, such lines as follow, describing generally the New Englanders upon Hawthorne's pages: —

"A quaint and stately throng:
Grave men of God who made the olden law,
Fair maidens, meet for love, —
All living types that to the coast belong
Since Carver from the prow thy headlands saw."

That last line is a fine, clear-cut one, condensing a whole chapter of history. And here is a stanza in which Hawthorne's wizard power over the ancient New England ghost-world is very strikingly illustrated: —

"What sibyl to him bore
The secret oracles that move and haunt?
At night's dread noon he scanned the enchanted
glass,
Ay, and himself the warlock's mantle wore,
Nor to the thronging phantoms said Avant,
But waved his rod and bade them rise and pass;
Till thus he drew the lineaments of men
Who fought the old colonial battles three,
Who with the lustihood of Nature warred
And made her docile, — then
Wrestled with Terror and with Tyranny,
Twin wardens of the scaffold and the sword."

Another striking stanza well condenses the weird memories that Hawthorne's tales of the Province House and some of his witch-stories leave in the reader's mind, while the succeeding one indicates the dark and haunting influence of the novelist's genius: —

"Within the Province House
The ancient governors hold their broidered state, —
Still gleam the lights, the shadows come and go;
Here once again the powdered guests carouse,
The masquerade lasts on, the night is late.
Thrice waves a mist-invoking wand, and lo,
What troubled sight! What summit bald and steep
Where stands a ladder 'gainst the accursed tree?
What dark processions thither slowly climb?
Anon, what lost ones keep
Their midnight tryst with forms that evil be,
Around the witch-fire in the forest grim."

"Clearly the master's plan
Revealed his people, even as they were:
The prayerful elder and the winsome maid,
The errant roisterer, the Puritan,
Dark Pyncheon, mournful Hester, — all are there
But none save he in our own time so laid
His summons on man's spirit; none but he,
Whether the light thereof were clear or clouded,
Thus on his canvas fixed the human soul,
The thoughts of mystery,
In deep hearts by this mortal guise enshrouded,
Wild hearts that like the church-bells ring
and toll."

The close of the poem recalls the beginning, with its assumption that Hawthorne was "the one New Englander;" and, whether or not this is disputable, it seems hardly fit that the several elder living New England poets should be so reviewed and dwarfed by comparison.

Of other occasional poems in Mr. Stedman's new volume, that on Kearney at Seven Pines has his usual vigor of tone, with quickening touches of heroic spirit. The Comedian's Last Night is more in Mr. Stedman's acknowledged demesne; it is lively and has something of the gay-surfaced pathos that associates itself with an actor who finds his part must pass into other hands, and is loath to give it up; that for him the play is finally played, but yet the last applause rings in his ears and is sweet. Here are the closing stanzas:—

" Yes, thank you, boy, I 'll take your chair
One moment, while I catch my breath.
D'ye hear the noise they 're making there?
 'T would warm a player 's heart in death.
How say you now? Whate'er they write,
We 've put that bitter gibe to shame;
I knew, I knew there burned to-night
Within my soul the olden flame!
Stand off a bit: that final round, —
I 'd hear it ere it dies away
The last, last time! — there 's no more sound:
So end the player and the play.

" The house is cleared. My senses swim;
I shall be better, though, anon, —
One stumbles when the lights are dim, —
 'T is growing late: we must be gone.
Well, braver luck than mine, old friends!
A little work and fame are ours
While Heaven health and fortune lends,
And then — the coffin and the flowers!
The scattered garments? let them lie:
Some fresher actor (I 'm not vain)
Will dress anew the part; but I —
I shall not put them on again."

A more ambitious piece is The Lord's-Day Gale, in which the poet describes, with realistic power, a storm which occurred in the Bay of St. Lawrence, in August, 1873, destroying many fishing-vessels from Gloucester, Massachusetts, with their crews. The coming on of the storm and its terrible progress, with resulting shipwreck, are vividly pictured in several of its stanzas. This terrible stroke of Providence far away is pathet-

ically and finely contrasted, in a stanza which follows, with the peace and gentleness of the Sabbath evening at the home of the lost fishermen:—

" The bedtime bells in Gloucester Town
That Sabbath night rang soft and clear;
The sailors' children laid them down, —
Dear Lord! their sweet prayers couldst thou
hear?
 'T is said that gently blew the winds;
The goodwives, through the seaward blinds,
Looked down the bay and had no fear."

The piece called The Discoverer may also be called an occasional poem, if, as would seem, it had its origin in the death of a "little kinsman" of the poet; it is one of the most simply pleasing pieces in Mr. Stedman's new book. It is written with a sort of happy, wayward artlessness that is very winning, and it is singularly cheerful and sweet in its suggestion of a child's gentle removal, when

" A winged pilot steered his bark
Through the portals of the dark,
Past hoary Mimir's well and tree,
Across the unknown sea."

I do not know who first called Mr. Stedman the American Praed. Somebody, I dare say, who had never read more than one piece of Mr. Stedman's and probably two by Praed. I should venture to select the piece entitled Edged Tools as the one specimen used to misname the American poet. But I have never read anything in Praed to prove that he was anything more than a clever and witty versifier. Mr. Stedman is, undoubtedly, a poet,—a poet whose most original vein is, perhaps, in light and essentially lyrical poems, but possessing occasional imaginative power, fine fancy, some dramatic vigor, true and tender sentiment, the quality of poetic passion, with knowledge to command and artistic skill to treat worthily many of the higher themes of poetry.

J. J. Piatt.

THE LOVES OF ALONZO FITZ CLARENCE AND ROSANNAH ETHELTON.

It was well along in the forenoon of a bitter winter's day. The town of Eastport, in the State of Maine, lay buried under a deep snow that was newly fallen. The customary bustle in the streets was wanting. One could look long distances down them and see nothing but a dead-white emptiness, with silence to match. Of course I do not mean that you could *see* the silence,—no, you could only hear it. The sidewalks were merely long, deep ditches, with steep snow walls on either side. Here and there you might hear the faint, far scrape of a wooden shovel, and if you were quick enough you might catch a glimpse of a distant black figure stooping and disappearing in one of those ditches, and reappearing the next moment with a motion which you would know meant the heaving out of a shovelful of snow. But you needed to be quick, for that black figure would not linger, but would soon drop that shovel and scud for the house, thrashing itself with its arms to warm them. Yes, it was too venomously cold for snow shovelers or anybody else to stay out long.

Presently the sky darkened; then the wind rose and began to blow in fitful, vigorous gusts, which sent clouds of powdery snow aloft, and straight ahead, and everywhere. Under the impulse of one of these gusts, great white drifts banked themselves like graves across the streets; a moment later, another gust shifted them around the other way, driving a fine spray of snow from their sharp crests, as the gale drives the spume flakes from wave-crests at sea; a third gust swept that place as clean as your hand, if it saw fit. This was fooling, this was play; but each and all of the gusts dumped some snow into the sidewalk ditches, for that was business.

Alonzo Fitz Clarence was sitting in his snug and elegant little parlor, in a lovely blue silk dressing-gown, with cuffs

and facings of crimson satin, elaborately quilted. The remains of his breakfast were before him, and the dainty and costly little table service added a harmonious charm to the grace, beauty, and richness of the fixed appointments of the room. A cheery fire was blazing on the hearth.

A furious gust of wind shook the windows, and a great wave of snow washed against them with a drenching sound, so to speak. The handsome young bachelor murmured,—

“ That means, no going out to-day. Well, I am content. But what to do for company? Mother is well enough, aunt Susan is well enough; but these, like the poor, I have with me always. On so grim a day as this, one needs a new interest, a fresh element, to whet the dull edge of captivity. That was very neatly said, but it does n't mean anything. One does n't *want* the edge of captivity sharpened up, you know, but just the reverse.”

He glanced at his pretty French mantel clock.

“ That clock 's wrong again. That clock hardly ever knows what time it is; and when it does know, it lies about it, — which amounts to the same thing. Alfred!”

There was no answer.

“ Alfred! . . . Good servant, but as uncertain as the clock.”

Alonzo touched an electrical bell-button in the wall. He waited a moment, then touched it again; waited a few moments more, and said,—

“ Battery out of order, no doubt. But now that I have started, I *will* find out what time it is.” He stepped to a speaking-tube in the wall, blew its whistle, and called, “ Mother!” and repeated it twice.

“ Well, *that* 's no use. Mother's battery is out of order, too. Can't raise anybody down-stairs, — that is plain.”

He sat down at a rose-wood desk, leaned his chin on the left-hand edge of it, and spoke, as if to the floor: "Aunt Susan!"

A low, pleasant voice answered, "Is that you, Alonzo?"

"Yes. I'm too lazy and comfortable to go down-stairs; I am in extremity, and I can't seem to scare up any help."

"Dear me, what is the matter?"

"Matter enough, I can tell you!"

"Oh, don't keep me in suspense, dear! What is it?"

"I want to know what time it is."

"You abominable boy, what a turn you did give me! Is that all?"

"All,—on my honor. Calm yourself. Tell me the time, and receive my blessing."

"Just five minutes after nine. No charge,—keep your blessing."

"Thanks. It would n't have impoverished me, aunty, nor so enriched you that you could live without other means." He got up, murmuring, "Just five minutes after nine," and faced his clock. "Ah," said he, "you are doing better than usual. You are only thirty-four minutes wrong. Let me see . . . let me see. . . . Thirty-three and twenty-one are fifty-four; four times fifty-four are two hundred and thirty-six. One off, leaves two hundred and thirty-five. That's right."

He turned the hands of his clock forward till they marked twenty-five minutes to one, and said, "Now see if you can't keep right for a while . . . else I'll raffle you!"

He sat down at the desk again, and said, "Aunt Susan!"

"Yes, dear."

"Had breakfast?"

"Yes indeed, an hour ago."

"Busy?"

"No,—except sewing. Why?"

"Got any company?"

"No, but I expect some at half past nine."

"I wish I did. I'm lonesome. I want to talk to somebody."

"Very well, talk to me."

"But this is very private."

"Don't be afraid,—talk right along; there's nobody here but me."

"I hardly know whether to venture or not, but"—

"But what? Oh, don't stop there! You know you can trust me, Alonzo,—you know you can."

"I feel it, aunt, but this is very serious. It affects me deeply,—me, and all the family,—even the whole community."

"Oh, Alonzo, tell me! I will never breathe a word of it. What is it?"

"Aunt, if I might dare"—

"Oh, please go on! I love you, and can feel for you. Tell me all. Confide in me. What is it?"

"The weather!"

"Plague take the weather! I don't see how you can have the heart to serve me so, Lon."

"There, there, aunty dear, I'm sorry; I am, on my honor. I won't do it again. Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, since you seem so sincere about it, though I know I ought n't to. You will fool me again as soon as I have forgotten this time."

"No, I won't, honor bright. But such weather, oh, such weather! You've got to keep your spirits up artificially. It is snowy, and blowy, and gusty, and bitter cold! How is the weather with you?"

"Warm and rainy and melancholy. The mourners go about the streets with their umbrellas running streams from the end of every whalebone. There's an elevated double pavement of umbrellas stretching down the sides of the streets as far as I can see. I've got a fire for cheerfulness, and the windows open to keep cool. But it is vain, it is useless: nothing comes in but the balmy breath of December, with its burden of mocking odors from the flowers that possess the realm outside, and rejoiced in their lawless profusion whilst the spirit of man is low, and flaunt their gaudy splendors in his face whilst his soul is clothed in sackcloth and ashes and his heart breaketh."

Alonzo opened his lips to say, "You ought to print that, and get it framed,"

but checked himself, for he heard his aunt speaking to some one else. He went and stood at the window and looked out upon the wintry prospect. The storm was driving the snow before it more furiously than ever; window shutters were slamming and banging; a forlorn dog, with bowed head and tail withdrawn from service, was pressing his quaking body against a windward wall for shelter and protection; a young girl was plowing knee-deep through the drifts, with her face turned from the blast, and the cape of her water-proof blowing straight rearward over her head. Alonzo shuddered, and said with a sigh, "Better the slop, and the sultry rain, and even the insolent flowers, than this!"

He turned from the window, moved a step, and stopped in a listening attitude. The faint, sweet notes of a familiar song caught his ear. He remained there, with his head unconsciously bent forward, drinking in the melody, stirring neither hand nor foot, hardly breathing. There was a blemish in the execution of the song, but to Alonzo it seemed an added charm instead of a defect. This blemish consisted of a marked flattening of the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh notes of the refrain or chorus of the piece. When the music ended, Alonzo drew a deep breath, and said, "Ah, I never have heard *In the Sweet By and By* sung like that before!"

He stepped quickly to the desk, listened a moment, and said in a guarded, confidential voice, "Aunty, who is this divine singer?"

"She is the company I was expecting. Stays with me a month or two. I will introduce you. Miss" —

"For goodness' sake, wait a moment, aunt Susan! You never stop to think what you are about!"

He flew to his bed-chamber, and returned in a moment perceptibly changed in his outward appearance, and remarking, snappishly, —

"Hang it, she would have introduced me to this angel in that sky-blue dressing-gown with red-hot lappels! Women never think, when they get a going."

He hastened and stood by the desk, and said eagerly, "Now, aunty, I am ready," and fell to smiling and bowing with all the persuasiveness and elegance that were in him.

"Very well. Miss Rosannah Ethelton, let me introduce to you my favorite nephew, Mr. Alonzo Fitz Clarence. There! You are both good people, and I like you; so I am going to trust you together while I attend to a few household affairs. Sit down, Rosannah; sit down, Alonzo. Good-by; I shan't be gone long."

Alonzo had been bowing and smiling all the while, and motioning imaginary young ladies to sit down in imaginary chairs, but now he took a seat himself, mentally saying, "Oh, this is luck! Let the winds blow now, and the snow drive, and the heavens frown! Little I care!"

While these young people chat themselves into an acquaintanceship, let us take the liberty of inspecting the sweater and fairer of the two. She sat alone, at her graceful ease, in a richly furnished apartment which was manifestly the private parlor of a refined and sensible lady, if signs and symbols may go for anything. For instance, by a low, comfortable chair stood a dainty, top-heavy work-stand, whose summit was a fancifully embroidered shallow basket, with vari-colored crewels, and other strings and odds and ends, protruding from under the gaping lid and hanging down in negligent profusion. On the floor lay bright shreds of Turkey red, Prussian blue, and kindred fabrics, bits of ribbon, a spool or two, a pair of scissors, and a roll or so of tinted silken stuffs. On a luxurious sofa, upholstered with some sort of soft Indian goods wrought in black and gold threads interwebbed with other threads not so pronounced in color, lay a great square of coarse white stuff, upon whose surface a rich bouquet of flowers was growing, under the deft cultivation of the crochet needle. The household cat was asleep on this work of art. In a bay-window stood an easel with an unfinished picture on it, and a palette and brushes on a chair beside it. There were books



everywhere: Robertson's Sermons, Tennyson, Moody and Sankey, Hawthorne, Rab and his Friends, cook-books, prayer-books, pattern-books,—and books about all kinds of odious and exasperating pottery, of course. There was a piano, with a deck-load of music, and more in a tender. There was a great plenty of pictures on the walls, on the shelves of the mantel-piece, and around generally; where coignes of vantage offered were statuettes, and quaint and pretty gim-cracks, and rare and costly specimens of peculiarly devilish china. The bay-window gave upon a garden that was ablaze with foreign and domestic flowers and flowering shrubs.

But the sweet young girl was the daintiest thing those premises, within or without, could offer for contemplation: delicately chiseled features, of Grecian cast; her complexion the pure snow of a japonica that is receiving a faint reflected enrichment from some scarlet neighbor of the garden; great, soft blue eyes fringed with long, curving lashes; an expression made up of the trustfulness of a child and the gentleness of a fawn; a beautiful head crowned with its own prodigal gold; a lithe and rounded figure, whose every attitude and movement were instinct with native grace.

Her dress and adornment were marked by that exquisite harmony that can come only of a fine natural taste perfected by culture. Her gown was of a simple magenta tulle, cut bias, traversed by three rows of light blue flounces, with the selvage edges turned up with ashes-of-roses chenille; overdress of dark bay tarleton, with scarlet satin lambrequins; corn-colored polonaise, *en panier*, looped with mother-of-pearl buttons and silver cord, and hauled aft and made fast by buff-velvet lashings; basque of lavender reps, picked out with valenciennes; low neck, short sleeves; maroon-velvet necktie edged with delicate pink silk; inside handkerchief of some simple three-ply ingrain fabric of a soft saffron tint; coral bracelets and locket-chain; coiffure of forget-me-nots and lilies of the valley massed around a noble calla.

This was all; yet even in this subdued

attire she was divinely beautiful. Then what must she have been when adorned for the festival or the ball?

All this time she has been busily chatting with Alonzo, unconscious of our inspection. The minutes still sped, and still she talked. But by and by she happened to look up, and saw the clock. A crimson blush sent its rich flood through her cheeks, and she exclaimed,—

“There, good-by, Mr. Fitz Clarence; I must go now!”

She sprang from her chair with such haste that she hardly heard the young man's answering good-by. She stood radiant, graceful, beautiful, and gazed, wondering, upon the accusing clock. Presently her pouting lips parted, and she said,—

“Five minutes after eleven! Nearly two hours, and it did not seem twenty minutes! Oh, dear, what will he think of me!”

At the self-same moment Alonzo was staring at *his* clock. And presently he said,—

“Twenty-five minutes to three! Nearly two hours, and I did n't believe it was two minutes! Is it possible that this clock is humbugging again? Miss Ethelton! Just one moment, please. Are you there yet?”

“Yes, but be quick; I'm going right away.”

“Would you be so kind as to tell me what time it is?”

The girl blushed again, murmured to herself, “It's right down cruel of him to ask me!” and then spoke up and answered with admirably counterfeited unconcern, “Five minutes after nine.”

“Oh, thank you! You have to go now, have you?”

“Yes.”

“I'm sorry.”

No reply.

“Miss Ethelton!”

“Well?”

“You—you're there yet, ain't you?”

“Yes; but please hurry. What did you want to say?”

“Well, I—well, nothing in particular. It's very lonesome here. It's asking a great deal, I know, but woul-

you mind talking with me again by and by, — that is, if it will not trouble you too much?"

"I don't know — but I'll think about it. I'll try."

"Oh, thanks! Miss Ethelton? . . . Ah me, she's gone, and here are the black clouds and the whirling snow and the raging winds come again! But she said *good-by!* She didn't say good morning, she said *good-by!* . . . The clock was right, after all. What a lightning-winged two hours it was!"

He sat down, and gazed dreamily into his fire for a while, then heaved a sigh and said, —

"How wonderful it is! Two little hours ago I was a free man, and now my heart's in San Francisco!"

About that time Rosannah Ethelton, propped in the window-seat of her bed-chamber, book in hand, was gazing vacantly out over the rainy seas that washed the Golden Gate, and whispering to herself, "How different he is from poor Burley, with his empty head and his single little antic talent of mimicry!"

II.

Four weeks later Mr. Sidney Algrenon Burley was entertaining a gay luncheon company, in a sumptuous drawing-room on Telegraph Hill, with some capital imitations of the voices and gestures of certain popular actors and San Franciscan literary people and Bonanza grandees. He was elegantly upholstered, and was a handsome fellow, barring a trifling cast in his eye. He seemed very jovial, but nevertheless he kept his eye on the door with an expectant and uneasy watchfulness. By and by a nobby lackey appeared, and delivered a message to the mistress, who nodded her head understandingly. That seemed to settle the thing for Mr. Burley; his vivacity decreased little by little, and a dejected look began to creep into one of his eyes and a sinister one into the other.

The rest of the company departed in due time, leaving him with the mistress, to whom he said, —

"There is no longer any question about it. She avoids me. She continually excuses herself. If I could see her, if I could speak to her only a moment, — but this suspense!"

"Perhaps her seeming avoidance is mere accident, Mr. Burley. Go to the small drawing-room up-stairs and amuse yourself a moment. I will dispatch a household order that is on my mind, and then I will go to her room. Without doubt she will be persuaded to see you."

Mr. Burley went up-stairs, intending to go to the small drawing-room, but as he was passing "aunt Susan's" private parlor, the door of which stood slightly ajar, he heard a joyous laugh which he recognized; so without knock or announcement he stepped confidently in. But before he could make his presence known he heard words that harrowed up his soul and chilled his young blood. He heard a voice say, —

"Darling, it has come!"

Then he heard Rosannah Ethelton, whose back was toward him, say, —

"So has yours, dearest!"

He saw her bowed form bend lower; he heard her kiss something, — not merely once, but again and again! His soul raged within him. The heart-breaking conversation went on: —

"Rosannah, I knew you must be beautiful, but this is dazzling, this is blinding, this is intoxicating!"

"Alonzo, it is such happiness to hear you say it. I know it is not true, but I am *so* grateful to have you think it is, nevertheless! I knew you must have a noble face, but the grace and majesty of the reality beggar the poor creation of my fancy."

Burley heard that rattling shower of kisses again.

"Thank you, my Rosannah! The photograph flatters me, but you must not allow yourself to think of that. Sweetheart?"

"Yes, Alonzo."

"I am so happy, Rosannah."

"Oh, Alonzo, none that have gone before me knew what love was, none that come after me will ever know what happiness is. I float in gorgeous cloud-

land, a boundless firmament of enchanted and bewildering ecstasy!"

"Oh, my Rosannah! — for you are mine, are you not?"

"Wholly, oh, wholly yours, Alonzo, now and forever! All the day long, and all through my nightly dreams, one song sings itself, and its sweet barden is, 'Alonzo Fitz Clarence, Alonzo Fitz Clarence, Eastport, State of Maine!'"

"Curse him, I've got his address, any way!" roared Burley, inwardly, and rushed from the place.

Just behind the unconscious Alonzo stood his mother, a picture of astonishment. She was so muffled from head to heel in furs that nothing of herself was visible but her eyes and nose. She was a good allegory of winter, for she was powdered all over with snow.

Behind the unconscious Rosannah stood "aunt Susan," another picture of astonishment. She was a good allegory of summer, for she was lightly clad, and was vigorously cooling the perspiration on her face with a fan.

Both of these women had tears of joy in their eyes.

"So ho!" exclaimed Mrs. Fitz Clarence, "this explains why nobody has been able to drag you out of your room for six weeks, Alonzo!"

"So ho!" exclaimed aunt Susan, "this explains why you have been a hermit for the past six weeks, Rosannah!"

The young couple were on their feet in an instant, abashed, and standing like detected dealers in stolen goods awaiting Judge Lynch's doom.

"Bless you, my son! I am happy in your happiness. Come to your mother's arms, Alonzo!"

"Bless you, Rosannah, for my dear nephew's sake! Come to my arms!"

Then was there a mingling of hearts and of tears of rejoicing on Telegraph Hill and in Eastport Square.

Servants were called by the elders, in both places. Unto one was given the order, "Pile this fire high with hickory wood, and bring me a roasting-hot lemonade."

Unto the other was given the order, "Put out this fire, and bring me two

palm-leaf fans and a pitcher of ice-water."

Then the young people were dismissed, and the elders sat down to talk the sweet surprise over and make the wedding plans.

Some minutes before this Mr. Burley rushed from the mansion on Telegraph Hill without meeting or taking formal leave of anybody. He hissed through his teeth, in unconscious imitation of a popular favorite in melodrama, "Him shall she never wed! I have sworn it! Ere great Nature shall have doffed her winter's ermine to don the emerald gauds of spring, she shall be mine!"

III.

Two weeks later. Every few hours, during some three or four days, a very prim and devout-looking Episcopal clergyman, with a cast in his eye, had visited Alonzo. According to his card, he was the Rev. Melton Hargrave, of Cincinnati. He said he had retired from the ministry on account of his health. If he had said on account of ill health, he would probably have erred, to judge by his wholesome looks and firm build. He was the inventor of an improvement in telephones, and hoped to make his bread by selling the privilege of using it. "At present," he continued, "a man may go and tap a telegraph wire which is conveying a song or a concert from one State to another, and he can attach his private telephone and steal a hearing of that music as it passes along. My invention will stop all that."

"Well," answered Alonzo, "if the owner of the music could not miss what was stolen, why should he care?"

"He should n't care," said the Reverend.

"Well?" said Alonzo, inquiringly.

"Suppose," replied the Reverend, "suppose that, instead of music that was passing along and being stolen, the burden of the wire was loving endearments of the most private and sacred nature?"

Alonzo shuddered from head to heel. "Sir, it is a priceless invention," said he; "I must have it at any cost."

But the invention was delayed somewhere on the road from Cincinnati, most unaccountably. The impatient Alonzo could hardly wait. The thought of Rosannah's sweet words being shared with him by some ribald thief was galling to him. The Reverend came frequently and lamented the delay, and told of measures he had taken to hurry things up. This was some little comfort to Alonzo.

One forenoon the Reverend ascended the stairs and knocked at Alonzo's door. There was no response. He entered, glanced eagerly around, closed the door softly, then ran to the telephone. The exquisitely soft, remote strains of the Sweet By and By came floating through the instrument. The singer was flattening, as usual, the five notes that follow the first two in the chorus, when the Reverend interrupted her with this word, in a voice which was an exact imitation of Alonzo's, with just the faintest flavor of impatience added,—

"Sweetheart?"

"Yes, Alonzo?"

"Please don't sing that any more this week, — try something modern."

The agile step that goes with a happy heart was heard on the stairs, and the Reverend, smiling diabolically, sought sudden refuge behind the heavy folds of the velvet window curtains. Alonzo entered and flew to the telephone. Said he,—

"Rosannah, dear, shall we sing something together?"

"Something *modern?*" asked she, with sarcastic bitterness.

"Yes, if you prefer."

"Sing it yourself, if you like!"

This snappishness amazed and wounded the young man. He said,—

"Rosannah, that was not like you."

"I suppose it becomes me as much as your very polite speech became you, Mr. Fitz Clarence."

"Mister Fitz Clarence! Rosannah, there was nothing immodest about my speech."

"Oh, indeed! Of course, then, I misunderstood you, and I most humbly beg your pardon, ha-ha-ha! No doubt you said, 'Don't sing it any more *to-day*!'"

"Sing *what* any more *to-day*?"

"The song you mentioned, of course. How very obtuse we are, all of a sudden!"

"I never mentioned any song."

"Oh, you *did* *n't*!"

"No, I *did* *n't*!"

"I am compelled to remark that you *did*."

"And I am obliged to reiterate that I *did* *n't*."

"A second rudeness! That is sufficient, sir. I will never forgive you. All is over between us."

Then came a muffled sound of crying. Alonzo hastened to say,—

"Oh, Rosannah, unsay those words! There is some dreadful mystery here, some hideous mistake. I am utterly earnest and sincere when I say I never said anything about any song. I would not hurt you for the whole world . . . Rosannah, dear? . . . Oh, speak to me, won't you?"

There was a pause; then Alonzo heard the girl's sobs retreating, and knew she had gone from the telephone. He rose with a heavy sigh and hastened from the room, saying to himself, "I will ransack the charity missions and the haunts of the poor for my mother. She will persuade her that I never meant to wound her."

A minute later, the Reverend was crouching over the telephone like a cat that knoweth the ways of the prey. He had not very many minutes to wait. A soft, repentant voice, tremulous with tears, said,—

"Alonzo, dear, I have been wrong. You *could* not have said so cruel a thing. It must have been some one who imitated your voice in malice or in jest."

The Reverend coldly answered, in Alonzo's tones,—

"You have said all was over between us. So let it be. I spurn your professed repentance, and despise it!"

Then he departed, radiant with fiend-

ish triumph, to return no more with his imaginary telephonic invention forever.

Four hours afterward, Alonzo arrived with his mother from her favorite haunts of poverty and vice. They summoned the San Francisco household; but there was no reply. They waited, and continued to wait, upon the voiceless telephone.

At length, when it was sunset in San Francisco, and three hours and a half after dark in Eastport, an answer came to the oft-repeated cry of "Rosannah!"

But, alas, it was aunt Susan's voice that spake. She said, —

"I have been out all day; just got in. I will go and find her."

The watchers waited two minutes — five minutes — ten minutes. Then came these fatal words, in a frightened tone, —

"She is gone, and her baggage with her. To visit another friend, she told the servants. But I found this note on the table in her room. Listen: 'I am gone; seek not to trace me out; my heart is broken; you will never see me more. Tell him I shall always think of him when I sing my poor Sweet By and By, but never of the unkind words he said about it.' That is her note. Alonzo, Alonzo, what does it mean? What has happened?"

But Alonzo sat white and cold as the dead. His mother threw back the velvet curtains and opened a window. The cold air refreshed the sufferer, and he told his aunt his dismal story. Meantime his mother was inspecting a card which had disclosed itself upon the floor when she cast the curtains back. It read, "Mr. Sidney Algernon Burley, San Francisco."

"The miscreant!" shouted Alonzo, and rushed forth to seek the false Reverend and destroy him; for the card explained everything, since in the course of the lovers' mutual confessions they had told each other all about all the sweethearts they had ever had, and thrown no end of mud at their failings and foibles, — for lovers always do that. It has a fascination that ranks next after billing and cooing.

IV.

During the next two months, many things happened. It had early transpired that Rosannah, poor suffering orphan, had neither returned to her grandmother in Portland, Oregon, nor sent any word to her save a duplicate of the woful note she had left in the mansion on Telegraph Hill. Whosoever was sheltering her — if she was still alive — had been persuaded not to betray her whereabouts, without doubt; for all efforts to find trace of her had failed.

Did Alonzo give her up? Not he. He said to himself, "She will sing that sweet song when she is sad; I shall find her." So he took his carpet sack and a portable telephone, and shook the snow of his native city from his arctics, and went forth into the world. He wandered far and wide and in many States. Time and again, strangers were astounded to see a wasted, pale, and woe-worn man laboriously climb a telegraph pole in wintry and lonely places, perch sadly there an hour, with his ear at a little box, then come sighing down, and wander wearily away. Sometimes they shot at him, as peasants do at aeronauts, thinking him mad and dangerous. Thus his clothes were much shredded by bullets and his person grievously lacerated. But he bore it all patiently.

In the beginning of his pilgrimage he used often to say, "Ah, if I could but hear the Sweet By and By!" But toward the end of it he used to shed tears of anguish and say, "Ah, if I could but hear something else!"

Thus a month and three weeks drifted by, and at last some humane people seized him and confined him in a private mad-house in New York. He made no moan, for his strength was all gone, and with it all heart and all hope. The superintendent, in pity, gave up his own comfortable parlor and bed-chamber to him and nursed him with affectionate devotion.

At the end of a week the patient was able to leave his bed for the first time. He was lying, comfortably pillowled, on a

sofa, listening to the plaintive Misericord of the bleak March winds, and the muffled sound of tramping feet in the street below, — for it was about six in the evening, and New York was going home from work. He had a bright fire and the added cheer of a couple of student lamps. So it was warm and snug within, though bleak and raw without; it was light and bright within, though outside it was as dark and dreary as if the world had been lit with Hartford gas. Alonzo smiled feebly to think how his loving vagaries had made him a maniac in the eyes of the world, and was proceeding to pursue his line of thought further, when a faint, sweet strain, the very ghost of sound, so remote and attenuated it seemed, struck upon his ear. His pulses stood still; he listened with parted lips and bated breath. The song flowed on, — he waiting, listening, rising slowly and unconsciously from his recumbent position. At last he exclaimed, —

“ It is! it is she! Oh, the divine flatted notes!”

He dragged himself eagerly to the corner whence the sounds proceeded, tore aside a curtain, and discovered a telephone. He bent over, and as the last note died away he burst forth with the exclamation, —

“ Oh, thank Heaven, found at last! Speak to me, Rosannah, dearest! The cruel mystery has been unraveled; it was the villain Burley who mimicked my voice and wounded you with insolent speech!”

There was a breathless pause, a waiting age to Alonzo; then a faint sound came, framing itself into language, —

“ Oh, say those precious words again, Alonzo!”

“ They are the truth, the veritable truth, my Rosannah, and you shall have the proof, ample and abundant proof!”

“ Oh, Alonzo, stay by me! Leave me not for a moment! Let me feel that you are near me! Tell me we shall never be parted more! Oh, this happy hour, this blessed hour, this memorable hour!”

“ We will make record of it, my Rosannah; every year, as this dear hour chimes from the clock, we will celebrate

it with thanksgivings, all the years of our life.”

“ We will, we will, Alonzo!”

“ Four minutes after six, in the evening, my Rosannah, shall henceforth —

“ Twenty-three minutes after twelve, afternoon, shall” —

“ Why, Rosannah, darling, where are you?”

“ In Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. And where are you? Stay by me; do not leave me for a moment. I cannot bear it. Are you at home?”

“ No, dear, I am in New York, — a patient in the doctor’s hands.”

An agonizing shriek came buzzing to Alonzo’s ear, like the sharp buzzing of a hurt gnat; it lost power in traveling five thousand miles. Alonzo hastened to say, —

“ Calm yourself, my child. It is nothing. Already I am getting well under the sweet healing of your presence. Rosannah?”

“ Yes, Alonzo? Oh, how you terrified me! Say on.”

“ Name the happy day, Rosannah!”

There was a little pause. Then a diffident small voice replied, “ I blush — but it is with pleasure, it is with happiness. Would — would you like to have it soon?”

“ This very night, Rosannah! Oh, let us risk no more delays. Let it be now! — this very night, this very moment!”

“ Oh, you impatient creature! I have nobody here but my good old uncle, a missionary for a generation, and now retired from service, — nobody but him and his wife. I would so dearly like it if your mother and your aunt Susan” —

“ Our mother and our aunt Susan, my Rosannah.”

“ Yes, our mother and our aunt Susan, — I am content to word it so if it pleases you; I would so like to have them present.”

“ So would I. Suppose you telegraph aunt Susan. How long would it take her to come?”

“ The steamer leaves San Francisco day after to-morrow. The passage is eight days. She would be here the 31st of March.”

"Then name the 1st of April: do, Rosannah, dear."

"Mercy, it would make us April fools, Alonzo!"

"So we be the happiest ones that that day's sun looks down upon in the whole broad expanse of the globe, why need we care? Call it the 1st of April, dear."

"Then the 1st of April it shall be, with all my heart!"

"Oh, happiness! Name the hour, too, Rosannah."

"I like the morning, it is so blithe. Will eight in the morning do, Alonzo?"

"The loveliest hour in the day, — since it will make you mine."

There was a feeble but frantic sound for some little time, as if wool-lipped, disembodied spirits were exchanging kisses; then Rosannah said, "Excuse me just a moment, dear; I have an appointment, and am called to meet it."

The young girl sought a large parlor and took her place at a window which looked out upon a beautiful scene. To the left one could view the charming Nuuanu Valley, fringed with its ruddy flush of tropical flowers and its plumed and graceful cocoa palms; its rising foot-hills clothed in the shining green of lemon, citron, and orange groves; its storied precipice beyond, where the first Kamehameha drove his defeated foes over to their destruction, — a spot that had forgotten its grim history, no doubt, for now it was smiling, as almost always at noonday, under the glowing arches of a succession of rainbows. In front of the window one could see the quaint town, and here and there a picturesque group of dusky natives, enjoying the blistering weather; and far to the right lay the restless ocean, tossing its white mane in the sunshine.

Rosannah stood there, in her filmy white raiment, fanning her flushed and heated face, waiting. A Kanaka boy, clothed in a damaged blue neck-tie and part of a silk hat, thrust his head in at the door, and announced, "'Frisco haole!'"

"Show him in," said the girl, straightening herself up and assuming a mean-

ing dignity. Mr. Sidney Algernon Burley entered, clad from head to heel in dazzling snow, — that is to say, in the lightest and whitest of Irish linen. He moved eagerly forward, but the girl made a gesture and gave him a look which checked him suddenly. She said, coldly, "I am here, as I promised. I believed your assertions, I yielded to your importunities, and said I would name the day. I name the 1st of April, — eight in the morning. Now go!"

"Oh, my dearest, if the gratitude of a life-time!" —

"Not a word. Spare me all sight of you, all communication with you, until that hour. No, — no supplications; I will have it so."

When he was gone, she sank exhausted in a chair, for the long siege of troubles she had undergone had wasted her strength. Presently she said, "What a narrow escape! If the hour appointed had been an hour earlier — Oh, horror, what an escape I have made! And to think I had come to imagine I was loving this beguiling, this truthless, this treacherous monster! Oh, he shall repent his villainy!"

Let us now draw this history to a close, for little more needs to be told. On the 2d of the ensuing April, the Honolulu Advertiser contained this notice: —

MARRIED. — In this city, by telephone, yesterday morning, at eight o'clock, by Rev. Nathan Hays, assisted by Rev. Nathaniel Davis, of New York, Mr. Alonzo Fitz Clarence, of Eastport, Maine, U. S., and Miss Rosannah Ethelton, of Portland, Oregon, U. S. Mrs. Susan Howland, of San Francisco, a friend of the bride, was present, she being the guest of the Rev. Mr. Hays and wife, uncle and aunt of the bride. Mr. Sidney Algernon Burley, of San Francisco, was also present, but did not remain till the conclusion of the marriage service. Captain Hawthorne's beautiful yacht, tastefully decorated, was in waiting, and the happy bride and her friends immediately departed on a bridal trip to Lahaina and Haleakala.

The New York papers of the same date contained this notice:—

MARRIED.—In this city, yesterday, by telephone, at half past two in the morning, by Rev. Nathaniel Davis, assisted by Rev. Nathan Hays, of Honolulu, Mr. Alonzo Fitz Clarence, of Eastport, Maine, and Miss Rosannah Ethelton, of Portland, Oregon. The parents and several friends of the bridegroom were present, and enjoyed a sumptuous breakfast and much festivity until nearly sunrise, and then departed on a bridal trip to the Aquarium, the bridegroom's state of health not admitting of a more extended journey.

Toward the close of that memorable day, Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Fitz Clarence were buried in sweet converse concerning the pleasures of their several bridal tours, when suddenly the young wife exclaimed: "O, Lonny, I forgot! I did what I said I would."

"Did you, dear?"

"Indeed I did. I made *him* the April fool! And I told him so, too! Ah, it was a charming surprise! There he stood, sweltering in a black dress suit, with the mercury leaking out of the top of the thermometer, waiting to be married.

You should have seen the look he gave when I whispered it in his ear! Ah, his wickedness cost me many a heartache and many a tear, but the score was all squared up, then. So the vengeful feeling went right out of my heart, and I begged him to stay, and said I forgave him everything. But he would n't. He said he would live to be avenged; said he would make our lives a curse to us. But he can't, *can* he, dear?"

"Never in this world, my Rosannah!"

Aunt Susan, the Oregonian grandmother, and the young couple and their Eastport parents are all happy at this writing, and likely to remain so. Aunt Susan brought the bride from the Islands, accompanied her across our continent, and had the happiness of witnessing the rapturous meeting between an adoring husband and wife who had never seen each other until that moment.

A word about the wretched Burley, whose wicked machinations came so near wrecking the hearts and lives of our poor young friends, will be sufficient. In a murderous attempt to seize a crippled and helpless artisan who he fancied had done him some small offense, he fell into a caldron of boiling oil and expired before he could be extinguished.

Mark Twain.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT.

OH, well may Essex sit forlorn
Beside her sea-blown shore;
Her well beloved, her noblest born,
Is hers in life no more!

If early from the mother's side
Her favored child went forth,
Her pride so amply justified
Is in a hero's birth.

No lapse of years can render less
Her memory's sacred claim;



No fountain of forgetfulness
Can wet the lips of fame.

A grief alike to wound and heal,
A thought to soothe and pain,
The sad, sweet pride that mothers feel
To her must still remain.

Good men and true she has not lacked,
And brave men yet shall be;
The perfect flower, the crowning fact,
Of all her years was he!

As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage,
What worthier knight was found
To grace in Arthur's golden age
The fabled Table Round?

A voice, the battle's trumpet-note,
To welcome and restore;
A hand, that all unwilling smote,
To heal and build once more!

A soul of fire, a tender heart
Too warm for hate, he knew
The generous victor's graceful part
To sheathe the sword he drew.

The more than Sidney of our day,
Above the sin and wrong
Of civil strife, he heard alway
The angels' Advent song!

When Earth, as if on evil dreams,
Looks back upon her wars,
And the white light of Christ outstreams
From the red disk of Mars,

His fame who led the stormy van
Of battle well may cease,
But never that which crowns the man
Whose victory was Peace.

Mourn, Essex, on thy sea-blown shore
Thy beautiful and brave,
Whose failing hand the olive bore,
Whose dying lips forgave!

Let age lament the youthful chief,
And tender eyes be dim;
The tears are more of joy than grief
That fall for one like him!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

A FRENCH POET OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

IN reading the history of what are notorious as corrupt periods, it seems to me that one ought to exercise a certain skepticism in behalf of humanity. If this poor world of ours is not quite so good as we should like it in our better moods, I think it is not so wholly bad, either, as it appears when we consider the lost condition of our neighbors. The satirists, who are for the most part great liars, are unhappily the best painters of contemporary manners, and History—a good, stupid, honest enough Muse—is too often dazzled by their brilliancy, and, resorting to them as authority, unconsciously applies their vivid colors to morals, and finally presents a type which is not really representative of the epoch. If society were what history or the morning paper paints it during some period of decadence, or after some “carnival of vice,” society would incontinently drop to pieces of its own rotteness. But the truth must be that in every corrupt age there is a vast amount of quiet virtue and purity, which form the real life of the community. Possibly one age differs from another rather in the appearance than in the fact of wickedness; the corrupt age is that in which immorality is the fashion, and we all know how many people are content with merely seeming to be of the fashion, while the great majority do not care to be of the fashion at all. A vicious court gives a vicious tone to gay society and the dependents of gay society in a capital, but even there the largest life remains untainted, and in the provinces only the idlest rich and the idlest poor are tainted. One can fancy the indignation of a good average Roman citizen at being told that certain historical pictures illustrate his character in the time of the later emperors; perhaps even an average Byzantine might justly resent the attribution of the historical iniquity of Constantinople to himself and his family; and a New Yorker of the reign of Mr.

Tweed, if he survived in spirit five hundred years hence, could rightfully reject the historical inference that a million New Yorkers, his contemporaries, were mostly thieves and ruffians, or shameless slaves, the culpable prey of municipal plunderers.

In all literature there is hardly a sweet-er picture of domestic innocence and virtue than that which Jean François Marmontel gives of his early home in Limousin in the times of Louis XV., a prince whose vices cast a putrescent shimmer over the whole face of society. In no time could the same family have lived a worthier life, and apparently they were not exceptionally blameless among their neighbors. The tone of the humble community, poor, industrious, thrifty, was good, and it is not credible that the local gentry were much worse people than their tenants and dependents. In fact, the conditions portrayed and indicated are such as the optimist may dwell upon with consolation, and the charming interior, so to call it, which Marmontel has produced in the first chapter of his memoirs is one to delight alike the æsthetic and the moral sense. The father is a tailor by trade, — a man silent, reserved, grave, but full of the tenderest affection; the mother a woman of natural refinement and force of character, perfect housekeeper and conscientious parent, devout, intelligent, enthusiastic. Around these are grouped the good children, affectionate and obedient; the indulgent grandmother who keeps house and who pets them and feasts the children; the good aunts who help the mother and contribute in many ways to the comfort and prosperity of the family.

“The property on which we all subsisted was very small. Order, domestic arrangement, labor, a little trade, and frugality kept us above want. Our little garden produced nearly as many vegetables as the consumption of the



family required; the orchard afforded us fruit, and our quinces, our apples, and our pears, preserved with the honey of our bees, were, in winter, most exquisite breakfasts for the good old women and children. They were clothed by the small flock of sheep that folded at St. Thomas. My aunts spun the wool and the hemp of the field that furnished us with linen; and on the evenings, when, by the light of a lamp supplied with oil by our nut-trees, the young people of the neighborhood came to help us to dress our flax, the picture was exquisite. The harvest of the little farm secured us subsistence; the wax and honey of the bees, to which one of my aunts carefully attended, formed a revenue that cost but little; the oil pressed from our green walnuts had a taste and smell that we preferred to the flavor and perfume of that of the olive. Our buckwheat cakes, moistened, smoking hot, with the good butter of Mont d'Or, were a delicious treat to us. I know not what dish would have appeared to us better than our turnips and our chestnuts; and on a winter evening, while these fine turnips were roasting round the fire, and we heard the water boiling in the vase where our chestnuts were cooking, so relishing and so sweet, how did our hearts palpitate with joy! I well remember, too, the perfume that a fine quince used to exhale when roasting under the ashes, and the pleasure our grandmother used to have in dividing it among us. The most moderate of women made us all gluttons. Thus, in a family where nothing was lost, trivial objects united made plenty, and left but little to expend in order to satisfy all our wants. In the neighboring forests there was an abundance of dead wood, of little value; there my father was permitted to make his annual provision. The excellent butter of the mountain and the most delicate cheese were common, and cost but little; wine was not dear, and my father himself drank of it soberly."

There are some reasons for suspecting the picture slightly flattered. It is the fond reminiscence of an old man look-

ing back over a varied and troubled career to his peaceful childhood, and it is the lesson of a father to his children, — of a father who has been all his life a sentimentalist, and who has written many moral tales for the edification of youth. Nevertheless, it bears marks of sincerity, and Marmontel was not so reluctant to paint other episodes of his life in darker colors that we need suppose he intentionally brightened this. The reader may safely take pleasure in it, I believe, as an idyl equally truthful and charming, and may trust it as another proof of the fact that there is no time or country so vicious but one may live virtuously in it. Not only do we here see a virtuous home in the France of Louis XV., but we find greater domestic peace under the same roof than it would be easy to find in those homes of the Anglo-Saxon race where aunts and grandmothers help to form the family circle; nay, there were great-grandmothers who sat on either side of the hearth, and there were grand-aunts as well as aunts to help compose the affectionate household of the Marmontels. The state of society in which it existed was apparently as simple and blameless as that of any old-fashioned New England community; and the mother of Marmontel had all the zeal of the best sort of American mother for her son's education and advancement in life. He repaid her intelligent love with the tenderest and most constant affection, and the ties of this early home were honored and cherished by the successful *littérateur* no less than by the ardent and devoted youth, who after his father's death became the stay of the whole family, educating his brothers, as he afterwards portioned his sister, out of the gifts of his good fortune or the gains of his toil.

Marmontel has told his story in one of the most entertaining books in the world, and whoever would know his story in full could not do himself a greater pleasure than to read that delightful autobiography. It is not merely Marmontel's story, but it is a study of life and manners from which one can learn more of the career of a literary

man under the *ancien régime* than from perhaps any other. It was once very much read, in all languages, and there are still enthusiasts for it, though it has now fallen into that kind of abeyance which seems to await, from time to time, good books of every kind; and it is chiefly the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation whom I risk wearying with a twice-told tale in giving a sketch of the hero's life and character. The church was naturally the path of advancement openest to a country youth of poor family, and Marmontel was soon in that habit of *abbé* which has clothed so much literary and political ambition in all Latin countries; yet he was not so soon destined for the church but he had time to fall in love with a pretty and good young girl of his village, or rather to enamor himself of her voluntarily, so as to be like the rest in that simple society, which, like our own, permitted their innocent passions to the village youths and maids. Marmontel's treatment of this affair, with the tragedy of his aunt's interference, and his own consequent desolation, and then, finally, the young girl's hurt affection and dignity when he appears before her in his *abbé*'s dress, is all very touching. He was going to be a priest, and he came very near being a Jesuit, but his mother's strenuous opposition decided him against that order, and before he was ready to enter the church he had tasted the sweets of literary success in winning the prizes at certain *Floral Games*, or rhetorical contests, of the Academy of Toulouse, and he had been in correspondence with Voltaire, who advised him to come to Paris and adopt literature as his profession. It ended as such a question must with a man of Marmontel's sentimental, undevout temperament: he became a poet and not a priest. He became a tragic poet and the fashion; he gained money, much of which he gave to his family, and he kept himself undraped through whatever wrong he did, having always the grace to be ashamed of his sins, which was not the case with too many of his contemporaries. He was at heart,

too, a modest man; he perceived, earlier than criticism, that he was not a great poet, but a very mediocre playwright, and he duly made favor with the powers that were for a public office, upon which he retired from literary activity for several years. When he returned to letters it was as the editor of the official journal, the *Mercury of France*, to which, owing his place to Madame Pompadour, he began to contribute his *Moral Tales*. Thereafter, he remained place-holder and poet, in a quiet way, all his life. Chosen, after long opposition, to the French Academy, he became the perpetual secretary of that body; he wrote tragedies and operas, now all forgotten, and when the days of the great Revolution came he remained a conscientious and moderate royalist. He became a member of the electoral assembly, in which he opposed the good conscience and the gentle voice of an obsolescent literary man to the fiery convictions and the resistless demagogic of the republican leaders; a new election unseated him, and he gladly retired to the country. During the Terror he remained quiet, not to say obscure; but in 1797 he was sent to the national assembly, and he there defended the right of Catholic worship, which with all other forms of the Christian religion had been forbidden by the Revolution. He was made member of the Council of Ancients, and he remained at Paris in the exercise of his duties till his election was declared void, when he went back to his cottage at Ablonville. There he died suddenly of apoplexy on the 31st of December, 1799, in his seventy-seventh year.

He was but twenty-three when he first came up from his provincial capital to Paris in 1745, with not so much, even, as a tragedy in his pocket, but with the assurance of the great M. Voltaire's friendship, and with the promise of employment by the comptroller-general of finance. Alas (such is the sense of the great M. Voltaire's greeting to his young friend, whom he embraces with delight), the comptroller-general who has promised those fine things is just



out of favor, and Marmontel must shift for himself. Try the theatre, suggests M. Voltaire; try comedy; at the worst, try tragedy; and the young man, with mingled resolution and misgiving, applies himself (somewhat mechanically) to the art by which he is to thrive or fail. He has the rustic virtue of frugality, and it is amusing and touching to read how he prepares to husband the few *livres* remaining to him from the sale of a silver lyre, the prize of one of his literary contests before a provincial academy.

"I went and took a lodg ing at three half-crowns a month, near the Sorbonne, at a cook's house in Mason Street, where I had a tolerably good dinner for nine-pence. I used to reserve a part of it for my supper, and I lived well. However, my six guineas would not have gone very far. But I found an honest bookseller who offered to buy the manuscript of my translation of *The Rape of the Lock*, and who gave me twelve guineas for it, but in promissory notes, and these notes were at long dates. A Gascon, whose acquaintance I had made at a coffee-house, discovered for me, in the street of St. André-des-Arts, a gro-

cer, who consented to take my notes in payment, provided I would purchase goods of him to that amount. I bought twelve guineas' worth of sugar of him; and after having paid him I entreated him to resell it for me. I lost but little by it; and with my six guineas of Montauban, and my eleven pounds fifteen shillings of my sugar, I was enabled to go on till the harvest of academic prizes, without borrowing of any one. Eight months of my lodging and my eating would only amount together to eleven guineas and a half. I had, therefore, near six guineas left for my other expenses. This was quite enough; for, by keeping in bed, I should burn less wood in winter. I might therefore go on with my literary labors till midsummer, without inquietude; and, if I gained the prize at the academy, which was twenty guineas, I should get through the year."

Under these severe conditions his talent acted promptly; his *Dionysius the Tyrant*, quickly finished and offered to the theatre, involved him in lasting displeasures with one great actress and won him the lifelong favor of another;¹ what

me, I declare to you, and I declare to him, that, if I accept the part, it shall only be from your hand." With these words she threw the manuscript on the toilet-table in the box, and left me there.

"I was then twenty-four, and I found myself tête-à-tête with the most beautiful woman in the world. Her trembling hands clasped mine, and I may say that her fine eyes were fixed like suppliants on mine. 'What then have I done to you,' said she, with her gentle voice, 'to deserve the humiliation and the grief you cause me? When M. de Voltaire requested for you a free admission to this theatre, it was I who spoke for you. When you read your tragedy, no one was more alive to its beauties than I. I listened attentively to the part of Arétie; and I was too much affected by it not to flatter myself that I should play it as I felt it. Why then deprive me of it? It belongs to me by the right of seniority, and perhaps by some other title. You do me an injury by giving it to any other, and I doubt whether you benefit yourself. Believe me, it is not the noise of labored declamation that suits this character. Reflect well on it. My own success is dear to me, but yours is not less so, and it would be a grateful pleasure to me to have contributed to it.'

"I confess that the effort I made over myself was painful. My eyes, my ears, my heart, were exposed without defense to the gentlest of enchantments. Charmed by all my senses, moved to the bottom of my heart, I was in immediate danger of falling at the knees of her who seemed disposed to receive me kindly. But the fate of my work de-

¹ Marmontel's account of his attempt to reconcile Mademoiselle Gau ssin to his preference for Mademoiselle Clairon is one of the most amusing and characteristic passages of his history: "When the performers had granted me a free admission to the theatre, Mademoiselle Gau ssin had been the most eager to solicit in my favor. It was she who played the parts of princesses; she excelled particularly in all tender parts, and such as required only the simple expression of love and grief. Beautiful, and of the most touching kind of beauty, with a tone of voice that went to the heart, and a look that when in tears had an inexpressible charm, her simplicity, when well placed, defied criticism. . . . Never did the jealousy of talent inspire more hatred than the beautiful Gau ssin bore the young Clairon. The latter had not the same charm in her face; but, in her, the features, the voice, the look, the action, and above all the dignity, the energy of character, all accorded to express violent passion and elevated sentiment. . . . In a character of force, dignity, and enthusiasm, such as that of Arétie, I could not hesitate between her and her rival; and, in spite of my repugnance to disoblige the one, I determined to offer it to the other. The indignation of Mademoiselle Gau ssin could not contain itself. . . . Mademoiselle Clairon became angry in her turn, and obliged me to follow her into the box of her rival; and there, without having told me what she was going to do: 'Here, Mademoiselle,' said she, 'I bring him to you, and to let you see whether I have beguiled him, whether I have even solicited the preference he has given

profited more, it won him the public applause and made his way in the great world upon which he had so adventurously launched himself. In that world he continued thenceforward to live, prosperously for the most part, and cheerfully nearly always. He did not live blamelessly nearly always, but he had his compunctions, as I have said; he repented of his follies, and in the memoir written for his children, at the suggestion of his wife, he owns his errors with contrition, and has no doubt but they were bad. The good in him triumphed; he never confounded evil with it; and in the end, the world-worn man had a heart in which the vital distinctions between right and wrong were kept as clear as in the days of his unsullied youth. It is impossible not to like Marmontel; he is so gentle, so kindly, so true to his friends, so constant to his humble family, so manly with all his suppleness, so devoted to good with all his transgressions. It was indeed a strange world of which he was a part,—a world full of many more than the ordinary contradictions, of license without liberty, of elegance and refinement without delicacy, of superstition without belief, of authority without respect. Sooner or later the figures of the time distinguished in society and in literature appear in Marmontel's picture, sketched with a subtle touch of which it is hard to doubt the truth, and characterized with a neatness of which our race has never

pended on it, my only hope, and the well-being of my poor children; and the alternative of failure or complete success was so vividly present to my mind that this interest prevailed over all the emotions with which I was agitated.

" 'Mademoiselle,' said I, 'were I so happy as to have written such a part as that of Andromache, Iphigenie, Zaire, or Isis, I should be at your feet to pray you to give it still greater effect. No one feels better than I the charm that you add to the expression of touching sorrow, or of timid and tender love. But, unfortunately, the fable of my play is not suited to such a character; and, though the powers that this requires are less rare, less precious, than the engaging simplicity which you possess, you will yourself allow that they are quite different. I shall one day perhaps have an occasion to employ with advantage the gentle accents of your voice, those enchanting looks, those eloquent tears, that divine beauty, in a part that is worthy of you. Leave the perils and risks of my first effort to her who is willing to run them; and, by

learned the art. They are all there: Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Thomas, Chastellux, Morellet, St. Lambert, Buffon, Grimm, Helvetius, Raynal, Galiani; Madame Pompadour, Madame Geoffrin, Mademoiselle Lespinasse, Mesdames Du Deffand, De Brienne, De Duras, D'Egmont,—names that summon a brilliant, restless, epigrammatic epoch from the ruin upon which it dragged the bewildered good will, the helpless benevolence, of the age that succeeded it and that chiefly suffered for its sins.

Louis XV. was king, and Madame Pompadour governed. She loved, or affected to love, letters and the arts, and society took its tone in this respect from her rather than from the king, who frankly detested them all. This prince was, oddly enough, a religious man, and he abhorred the skepticism with which the philosophy of the day had permeated literature. It shocked him; still worse, it bored him; and all Madame Pompadour's endeavors were not enough to make him endure Voltaire. It is sickening to read in Marmontel of the things to which that great talent stooped in the hope of pleasing the apathetic and antipathetic king,—buying himself a petty place at court, and lending himself to the favorite's schemes for amusing their jaded master; of how, when the poet had drawn the king's portrait in the character of Trajan in an opera, and burning with impatience

reserving to yourself the honor of having resigned the character to her, avoid the dangers which in playing it you would yourself share with me.' 'You have said enough,' said she, disguising her displeasure. 'It is you who request it; I give up the part.' Then, taking the manuscript from her toilet-table, she went down with me, and, finding Mademoiselle Clairon in the green-room, 'I restore to you,' said she, with an ironical smile, 'and I restore to you without regret, the part from which you expect such success and glory. I am of your opinion, that it suits you better than me.' Mademoiselle Clairon received it with modest dignity; and I in silence, without daring to look up, waited the close of the scene. But in the evening, at supper, tête-à-tête with my actress, I breathed free from the embarrassment into which she had plunged me. She was not a little sensible of the constancy with which I had sustained this trial; and it was this incident that gave birth to that lasting friendship which has grown old with us.



to know whether it had pleased or not ventured to ask, as Louis passed him, "Is Trajan satisfied?" and "Trajan, surprised and displeased that he should have dared to interrogate him, answered with a cold silence." In society it was very different. Or was it so very different, either, in regard to the society of "the great," as the rhetoric of that age used to call its fashionable people? In spite of many appearances to the contrary, I cannot believe that genius, which has usually the misfortune to be born plebeian, has ever been thoroughly liked by its betters. It is often patronized; having claws, it is often feared; sometimes it is diligently courted, as a fashion; but I do not believe that in any society the great have ever truly admitted it on a footing of equality. This is in human nature, or at least in the nature of things. The man who habitually dines his fellow-man inevitably rises above him in his own esteem if his fellow-man cannot dine him in return; the man who is habitually dined sinks in his own soul below the social level of his host, upon whom he cannot retaliate a dinner. There is no help for it; and for this reason the alliance between genius and rank has always been, at the best, one of tacit reciprocal contempt and heart-burning. As the world democratizes, or perhaps communizes, the matter may be mended; in the mean time it may be noted as a fact of continually less and less importance, for it belongs to the essential unrealities of life, upon which only the hollowness of the heart is set. Voltaire, whose days were largely spent in matching himself with the great, in frightening and then in flattering them, but courting their notice always, had frequent proof of the esteem in which they held him, from the time when he was called away from the Duke of Sully's table, to be cudgled at that nobleman's door by the servants of the Chevalier de Rohan, to the time when the policemen of Frederick the Great insulted his withdrawal from Berlin. Those who have read Voltaire's memoirs know in what Mar-syas-state the sequel left Frederick; for

refusing to back his guest's quarrel, the Duke of Sully's name came out of the Henriade, where it would otherwise have been handed down to oblivion; but for his resolution to fight the coward who had outraged him, Voltaire first got certain months of the Bastile, and then certain years of exile. "The customs of society," says Guizot, "did not admit a poet to the honor of obtaining satisfaction from whoever insulted him." "What would become of us if poets had no shoulders?" asked the worthy Bishop of Blois.

This was the fine society which caressed the sleekness of Marmontel, and in which even a supposed affront consigned him, too, to the Bastile, at the suit of a nobleman who believed him the author of a certain lampoon. His imprisonment was of a very holiday sort, as imprisonments went, but that the court should espouse the cause of the Duc d'Aumont against him, and that his friends about the king should be powerless to help him, is sufficient proof, if any were needed, in what light esteem a brilliant man of letters was held. He was the plaything, the amusement, of an aristocratic society in an age to which he gave lustre; he was not of that society, however he seemed to be; and all the appearances of the past that give intellect a respectable standing in any such society are simply ridiculous illusions.

"Marmontel," says Barrière, in his edition of the *Memoirs*, "paints an interesting picture of the miseries which assailed a young writer on his *début*, and of the courage which he opposed to them. He recounts later what reception his success won him. How wretched was the lot of literature in those days! How hard nowadays should we find what Marmontel calls a desirable position! Flatterers of the great, complaisant to the rich; parasites at all tables, too poor ever to invite a friend to their own; reduced to receive and often to ask favors from which their personal dignity suffered; . . . confined, suffocated, within the narrow circle of their necessities, their obligations, their fears, — those men of letters, who then exalted their

independence, were like those dancers who display their agility loaded with chains."

The world and art are in fact almost as alien as the world and religion. Those poor people of genius who seem to figure in it are always, I think, more or less conscious of this fact, and their social joy is from humbler sources,—from association with men and women of their own kind. In their memoirs, or the records of them, they are always escaping from the great to the congenial, to the easy company of other authors, actors, or artists. I shall not believe that it was without a sense of his essential strangeness that Marmontel, after dining with such spirits at Madame Geoffrin's, came to those more intimate little suppers at which he read his latest Moral Tale to "the beautiful Countess de Brienne, the charming Marchioness de Duras, the fascinating Countess d' Egmont,"—"those ladies who might well be likened to the three goddesses of Mount Ida." It was no doubt rapture of a certain kind to see "the most beautiful eyes in the world swimming in tears at the little touching scenes in which he made love or nature weep," but he must have known at just what social value these noble ladies held the son of the tailor of Bort, and their hostess, the widow of the glass manufacturer Geoffrin. It would be pretty to suppose that they believed these charming and worthy persons as good as themselves, but it would not be possible: nay, neither Marmontel nor Madame Geoffrin believed it, though she held and he daily frequented the most famous *salon* in Paris, to which nobles and princes were glad to come.

Sainte-Beuve, in his paper on Madame Geoffrin, regards her salon as an exquisite work of art, and herself as a consummate artist, who wrought in the social materials about her as other artists work in clay and pigments, with a kind of instinct, of inspiration, for a good effect. "She was plebeian, and very plebeian, by birth," he says, and she was not even well educated, but for thirty years she assembled at her house what-

ever was noblest, whatever was most brilliant and learned, in Paris; she was the correspondent of Catherine of Russia, and the friend and guest of the king of Poland; she was the friend and censor of all the artists and literary men of her world. Every Monday she gave a dinner to the artists; every Wednesday to the literary men, inviting always the same persons; in the evening she kept open house, and gave a little supper ("commonly a chicken, some spinach, and omelet," Marmontel records) to such noble ladies as have been mentioned, to foreign princes who came as private persons, to ambassadors, who, Sainte-Beuve says, did not budge from the place when once they had set foot there. "Her house is a very good one," wrote Gibbon, who had been introduced to it by Lady Hervey; "regular dinners there every Wednesday, and the best company of Paris in men of letters and people of fashion." If the wits and philosophers about her grew obstreperous in argument, she stopped them with a quiet "There, that will do!" and she made it a rule never to speak herself unless the conversation flagged. Her husband was still more discreet, and never spoke at all. Once she was asked who was that silent old gentleman who used to dine with her so constantly. "It was my husband; he is dead now." Many stories were told of this silent partner, who never would read any more than he would talk. They used to try him with history or travels; he toiled through several copies of a first volume which different people had given him, and pronounced it interesting, although the author seemed to repeat himself a little. He read a volume of Bayle's dictionary, going across the page of two columns with each line, and found the work well enough, but a little abstract. Madame Geoffrin's success was in all respects one of great contradictions: the success of a woman. The people she assembled about her, the wits, the savants, the noble ladies and gentlemen, were mainly infidel; they belonged to a society in which Voltaire was reproached for deism, most enlightened persons being atheists; yet

Madame Geoffrin remained a devout Catholic. "To be in favor with Heaven," says Marmontel, "without being out of favor with her society, she used to indulge in a kind of clandestine devotion: she went to mass as privately as others go to an intrigue." This mistress of the most brilliant salon in the world was never at her ease in the houses of the great people whom she made at home in hers; she was a woman of solid worth and the most entire simplicity, but nothing pleased her so much as the notice of people of rank, who she must have known held her for their inferior. Let us believe that, whatever most flattered her vanity, her heart was with the gifted plebeians, her natural friends. Marmontel informs us how she used to like to rule them and scold them, to know all their secrets and direct their actions. She knew how to have her way with them by humoring their peculiarities, and Grimm, in a letter quoted by Barrière, tells a charming story of her going to Fontanelle for charity to a poor family whose hard case she laid before him very movingly. "They certainly have reason to complain," admitted the tranquil philosopher; "he added some words upon the sad lot of humanity and began to talk of other things. Madame Geoffrin let him go on; and when she rose to leave him, 'Give me fifty louis for these poor people,' she said. 'You are quite right,' said Fontanelle, and went and got them."

She was all a woman in blaming her friends when they fell into misfortune, and then in blaming herself for having blamed them. After Marmontel had been imprisoned she unjustly reproached him, on his first visit; he retired, hurt; the next morning he was awakened by his servant, who announced Madame Geoffrin, come to reproach herself, and to weep for her unkindness. She was a sister, a mother, to her wits when they obeyed her or took her scoldings in good part; but if they rebelled or sulked, she very distinctly snubbed them when she next saw them, and she did not always make haste to atone for her injustices. This was her foible; but

Walpole speaks of her as reason itself. Sainte-Beuve, indeed, intimates that she had too much common sense, and none of the uncommon. "Let us remember that in all that goodness and beneficence there was wanting a certain celestial flame, as in all that talent and all that social art of the eighteenth century there was wanting a flower of imagination and poetry, a *fond* of light equally celestial. Never does one see in the distance the blue of the sky or the brightness of the stars." Even religion in that century was therefore unspiritual, for as we have seen, Madame Geoffrin was religious in her way. She did not like it if her philosophers died without confession, and by dying put themselves beyond the reach of a good scolding. When her own time came, and she fell into a paralytic state, it became necessary for her to choose between her daughter, who was devout, and her beloved skeptics. She put herself in the hands of the former, whom the philosophers disliked: "My daughter," she said, "like Godfrey de Bouillon, wishes to defend my tomb against the infidels."

Without some acquaintance with a character and career like Madame Geoffrin's one cannot quite understand the position of a literary man in French society of the last century, but after a glimpse of her salon it is clear enough. He was to amuse and, in his way, to grace society, but he was in it only by sufferance; when it would it dealt coldly, and when it would it dealt cruelly, with him. His real delights and consolations were apart from it, and when he was amusing or gracing it he must often have had to pocket his self-respect; though self-respect was in that age, apparently, a different thing from the self-respect of ours. Thackeray found that the great difference between a Frenchman of the middle class and an Englishman of the same standing was that the former would not think it an honor to be kicked by a duke; and it is possible that social self-respect has come into being since the great Revolution. At any rate, in Marmontel's time a man of Marmontel's reputation thought it no shame to pay court

to Madame de Pompadour's brother, who thought it no shame to be that lady's brother, and she in turn thought none of being what she was: they were all part of the same social growth. Marmontel must have taken whatever slights or wrongs he suffered as in the nature of things. They did not corrode or embitter his gentle nature, and he remained faithful to the old ideal of society, with its king, court, and people, while visions of a democratic republic and of a vast fraternal equality were firing so many brains. Indeed, the reader will find no part of his *Memoirs* more suggestive than that part in which, dropping his personal narrative, he turns to sketch the history made in his time. Marmontel was a man sprung from the people; his sympathies were with them; he had felt, however lightly, the hand of arbitrary power, and knew how heavily it might fall in an unjust cause; he hoped for a better order of things in France than that of the old despotism; yet he has only abhorrence for the *méans* and the men by whom the Revolution was precipitated, and he makes you feel, as few writers can, the immense sadness, the calamitous fatality, of the king's part in it. He meant so well, he strove so hard to befriend his people; but the wrongs, the passions, the ambitions, of his time were beyond his beneficence, and he perished by those whom he wished only good. There is something wildly grotesque, something to bewail with tears and laughter, in the butchery of that hapless creature, whose innocence and virtue and kindness suffered for the guilt, the corruption, and the cruelty of his ancestors. Marmontel makes you see the monstrous absurdity of it; and by his simple tale of how ingloriously the Bastile, for example, was really taken, he makes you blush for having sometime assisted in imagination to storm that prison, and for having participated similarly in other signal demonstrations of popular fury against the tottering fabric of the monarchy.

I find, or I fancy I find, in such a memoir as Marmontel's a far more probable picture of the past than such careful and (I have no doubt) conscientious compo-

sitions as M. Taine's offer. There is the glitter, the unnatural fixity, of a mosaic painting in these; and reading, after Marmontel's *Memoirs*, the *Ancient Régime* of M. Taine, I am persuaded that the latter work is not true, on the whole, though probably it is not to be questioned in any particular. It assembles and sets in close order facts and traits and incidents actually scattered over large spaces of time and society; while in the simpler and more natural method of Marmontel the salient facts are relieved and explained by the conditions, the atmosphere to which the reader habituates himself, and which thus yield him the truth. Taine's facts are like testimony in a court of justice, which, given without statement as to motive or intent, serve the advocate as material for working up the case as he likes; but Marmontel's reminiscences are like an account of the affair which an eye-witness acquainted with the actors in it might give when not cramped by rules or confused by questions. *Sainte-Beuve*, indeed, complains of "the false touches which too often cross the simple tones, and spoil the impression," but these are in matters of taste, such as that description of a good old peasant whom Marmontel knew in childhood, and whose memory he dismisses with the academic sigh, "Ah, why cannot I go to strew flowers upon his tomb?" This is bad enough, but the critic does not find that the literary artificiality infects the narrative. He blames him, however, for that touch of sensuality which we shall all find in him; which makes him remember just what he had for dinner forty years ago, and which taints a little some of his descriptions of beauty and innocence. On the contrary, another great writer, and even greater genius (I cannot in conscience call him a great critic), Mr. Ruskin, namely, is not troubled (at least for the time being) by the fashion in which Marmontel, in the picture of his early home life, "mixes up the soul's affections and quince marmalade. It is true, the French have a trick of doing that; but why not take it the other way, and say one's quince marma-

lade mixed up with affection?" The other way is undoubtedly the way in which Marmontel would have had it taken; but I think his marmaladed affections are the least wholesome thing about Marmontel. Their unpleasant stickiness causes you such a recoil from time to time, in his Memoirs, that it is hard to remember how really genuine he is, and that this is only a lapse of taste, — Marmontelizing, Sainte-Beuve calls it. At times it seems impossible for him to say a thing unrhetorically, or simply; and yet Mr. Ruskin is right in praising him for his unrhetorical simplicity. He could for the most part forget to pose; and such is the goodness of his heart that even his posing is innocent and charming. "She had everything but milk," he says of his child's nurse; then, recollecting himself, he adds, "That breast was marble."

Sainte-Beuve's whole essay on Marmontel, from which I have so often quoted, is written with something more than his wonted penetration and delicacy. He compassionates and caresses while he paints the man, and he deals as tenderly, even more tenderly, with his literature. How exquisite, for instance, is the opening passage! "Nothing is more painful to me than to see the disdain with which people treat respectable and distinguished writers of the second order, as if there were no place save for those of the first. What we have to do in regard to writers so admired in their own time, and who have outlived themselves, is to review their titles, and to separate the lifeless part from that which deserves to survive. Posterity, more and more, seems to me like a hurried traveler packing his bag, and who has only room for a small number of choice volumes. Critic, you who have the honor to be for the moment the cataloguer, the secretary, the confidential librarian, if such a thing may be, to posterity, give him quickly the names of the volumes which he must remember and must read. Make haste! the train is ready, the fire is hot, the steam is up, our traveler has only a moment. You have mentioned Mar-

montel; but what work of Marmontel's do you advise? I do not hesitate; I say the Memoirs, nothing but the Memoirs. But at each new departure I insist that they shall not be forgotten." Sainte-Beuve has therefore nothing to say of all those tragedies and operas which "had their day and ceased to be;" little of those *Contes Moraux*, which formed the polite distraction of the prettiest and most fashionable ladies of their time; and not much of the once famous *Belisarius*, the tract, the essay, which was attainted of heresy by the Doctors of the Sorbonne, who found in its chapter on toleration thirty-seven damnable propositions. "Belisarius," says the great critic, "is perfectly tiresome, and the famous fifteenth chapter, whose theology is so insipid in itself, has lost the piquancy of appropriateness, since the absolute toleration in the civil order which the author demands is a right almost wholly conceded. I wish merely to note one fact in honor of Marmontel. When, in 1797, he retired to the hamlet of Ablonville, he was elected to the Council of Ancients from the department of the Eure, and was expressly charged to defend in the National Assembly the cause of the Catholic religion, then proscribed and persecuted; and he composed to this end a discourse which may be read, on the free exercise of worship. In this discourse, it is in the name of the same principles of toleration urged in the *Belisarius* in favor of the dissidents that Marmontel demands for the Catholic faith, proscribed in its turn, the liberty of rites, ceremonies, solemnities, the voice of the bells in the steeples, and the restoration of the sign of the cross. It seems to me that this noble commentary on the fifteenth chapter of *Belisarius* was made to disarm logic and to hold irony in respect."

As to the Moral Tales, "like most writers of his time, Marmontel had many illusions concerning the goodness of mankind. He thought that all men could not become great, but that all might become good. He really believed that the world was to be reformed with

Moral Tales, with Incas, and with Belisarius. His observation as a moralist and his talent as an artist sin equally in that softness and that *rondeur* which never penetrates to the bottom of hearts nor to the bottom of human affairs. It is to his honor that, seeing men suddenly turn furious and wicked, he checked his amiability in time, and did not let it degenerate into cowardice or baseness. When he found himself face to face with evil he had the courage to say *no*," — that is, he never did anything to cause or to excuse the excesses of the Revolution.

I have had the curiosity to read some of Marmontel's Moral Tales; perhaps I might say the conscience to read them, for it seemed to me that since I had been so charmed with the Memoirs it was a sort of duty to read something else of the author's. I was rewarded by finding it a fresh and singular pleasure. The Moral Tales of Marmontel are moral, as the Exemplary Novels of Cervantes are exemplary: the adjectives are used in an old literary sense, and do not quite promise the spiritual edification of the reader, or if they promise it do not fulfill the promise. These tales are light, elegant, and graceful beyond anything to which I can compare them in English: their form is exquisite, and they are sometimes imagined with a fineness, a poetic subtlety, that is truly delicious. If the reader can fancy the humor of some of the stories in the Spectator turned wit, their grace indefinitely enhanced, their not very keen perception of the delicate and the indelicate indefinitely blunted, their characterization sharpened almost to an edge of cynicism at times, he will have something like an image of the Moral Tales in his mind. They are not such reading as we might now put into young people's hands without fear of offending their modesty, but they must have seemed miracles of purity in their time, when the most fashionable books were of the most indecent sort; and they certainly take the side of virtue, of common sense, and of nature whenever there is question of these in the plot.

They do their best to show vice stupid and wretched; but it is perhaps better not to show vice at all to the young and innocent? The very diction of the eighteenth century was obtuse and offensive when it came to matters of sentiment: the hero in *She Stoops to Conquer* has no other way of telling the heroine that he loves her for herself alone than to say that it is her "person" he wants; those loathsome ancestors when in love are always burning and freezing in the most disgusting manner. The reader will therefore allow for something coarse in the best intention of Marmontel; the over-obviousness of the lessons he inculcates makes one marvel at the world in which he lived, till one remembers that it was that fashionable world which is always so small in every community, and whose scandals are always worse than its facts. Sometimes the persons of the tales, who are always French, masquerade as Orientals or Greeks, and having no religion of their own are indifferently Moslems and pagans. Sometimes they are abstractly named Cecilia and Doriman, Belisa and Lindor; but they are realities of the gay world in that pastoralesque disguise, all the same, and their circumstances are those of the time of Louis XV. I have spoken of a real poetic breath in some of them, as in that pretty story of Two Unfortunate Ladies, where a young girl, forced to part from her lover and take the veil, regrets him through a long life of seclusion; in her age she is summoned to console an unhappy woman who has taken refuge in her convent from the cruelties of her husband; of course the cruel husband proves to be the lover so long lost and lamented. Not all the Moral Tales are so hopelessly tragic; some of them are even too cheerful. What would we think of a moral tale written nowadays which opened with the sentence, "At that time of life when it is so agreeable to be a widow"?

In fine, these little stories are exquisite pictures of manners, and concern themselves little or perfunctorily with morality, though it is but right to say that

Marmontel sincerely inculcates the advantage of having, in all circumstances, a good and kind heart and a sober judgment: light husbands and wives are shown the folly of being fools, and

young ladies are strongly counseled to marry the young men of just sentiments and sensible behavior, and not the fops who will be sure to make their lives wretched.

W. D. Howells.

THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

III.

A FIGHT WITH A TROUT.

TROUT-FISHING in the Adirondacks would be a more attractive pastime than it is, but for the popular notion of its danger. The trout is a retiring and harmless animal, except when he is aroused and forced into a combat, and then his agility, fierceness, and vindictiveness become apparent. No one who has studied the excellent pictures representing men in an open boat exposed to the assaults of long, enraged trout, flying at them through the air with open mouth, ever ventures with his rod upon the lonely lakes of the forest without a certain terror, or ever reads of the exploits of daring fishermen without a feeling of admiration for their heroism. Most of their adventures are thrilling, and all of them are in narration more or less unjust to the trout; in fact, the object of them seems to be to exhibit, at the expense of the trout, the shrewdness, the skill, and the muscular power of the sportman. My own simple story has few of these recommendations.

We had built our bark camp one summer, and were staying on one of the popular lakes of the Saranac region. It would be a very pretty region if it were not so flat; and if the margins of the lakes had not been flooded by dams at the outlets, which have killed the trees and left a rim of ghastly dead-wood — like the swamps of the under-world pictured by Dord's bizarre pencil; and if

the pianos at the hotels were in tune. It would be an excellent sporting region also (for there is water enough) if the fish commissioners would stock the waters; and if previous hunters had not pulled all the hair and skin off from the deer's tails. Formerly sportsmen had a habit of catching the deer by the tails and of being dragged, in mere wantonness, round and round the shores. It is well known that if you seize a deer by this "holt," the skin will slip off like the peel from a banana. This reprehensible practice was carried so far that the traveler is now hourly pained by the sight of peeled-tailed deer mournfully sneaking about the woods.

We had been hearing for weeks of a small lake in the heart of the virgin forest, some ten miles from our camp, which was alive with trout, unsophisticated, hungry trout; the inlet to it was described as *stiff* with them. In my imagination I saw them lying there in ranks and rows, each a foot long, three tiers deep, a solid mass. The lake had never been visited, except by stray sable-hunters in the winter, and was known as the Unknown Pond. I determined to explore it, fully expecting, however, that it would prove to be a delusion, as such mysterious haunts of the trout usually are. Confiding my purpose to Luke, we secretly made our preparations, and stole away from the shanty one morning at day-break. Each of us carried a boat, a pair of blankets, a sack of bread, pork, and maple-sugar; while I had my case of rods, creel, and

book of flies; and Luke had an axe and the kitchen utensils. We think nothing of loads of this sort in the woods.

Five miles, through a tamarack swamp, brought us to the inlet of Unknown Pond, upon which we embarked our fleet, and paddled down its vagrant waters. They were at first sluggish, winding among *triste* fir-trees, but gradually developed a strong current. At the end of three miles a loud roar ahead warned us that we were approaching rapids, falls, and cascades. We paused. The danger was unknown. We had our choice of shouldering our loads and making a *détour* through the woods, or of "shooting the rapids." Naturally we chose the more dangerous course. Shooting the rapids has often been described, and I will not repeat the description here. It is needless to say that I drove my frail bark through the boiling rapids, over the successive water-falls, amid rocks and vicious eddies, and landed, half a mile below, with whitened hair and a boat half full of water; and that the guide was upset, and boat, contents, and man were strewn along the shore.

After this common experience we went quickly on our journey, and a couple of hours before sundown reached the lake. If I live to my dying day, I never shall forget its appearance. The lake is almost an exact circle, about a quarter of a mile in diameter. The forest about it was untouched by axe, and unskilled by artificial flooding. The azure water had a perfect setting of evergreens, in which all the shades of the fir, the balsam, the pine, and the spruce were perfectly blended, and at intervals on the shore in the emerald rim blazed the ruby of the cardinal flower. It was at once evident that the unruffled waters had never been vexed by the keel of a boat. But what chiefly attracted my attention and amused me was the boiling of the water, the bubbling and breaking as if the lake were a vast kettle, with a fire underneath. A tyro would have been astonished at this common phenomenon, but sportsmen will at once understand me when I say that the water boiled with

the breaking trout. I studied the surface for some time to see upon what sort of flies they were feeding, in order to suit my cast to their appetites; but they seemed to be at play rather than feeding, leaping high in the air in graceful curves and tumbling about each other as we see them in the Adirondack pictures.

It is well known that no person who regards his reputation will ever kill a trout with anything but a fly. It requires some training on the part of the trout to take to this method. The uncultivated, unsophisticated trout, in unfrequented waters, prefers the bait; and the rural people, whose sole object in going a-fishing appears to be to catch fish, indulge them in their primitive taste for the worm. No sportsman, however, will use anything but a fly, except he happens to be alone.

While Luke launched my boat and arranged his seat in the stern, I prepared my rod and line. The rod is a bamboo, weighing seven ounces, which has to be spliced with a winding of silk thread every time it is used; this is a tedious process, but by fastening the joints in this way a uniform spring is secured in the rod; no one devoted to high art would think of using a socket joint. My line was forty yards of untwisted silk upon a multiplying reel. The "leader" — I am very particular about my leaders — had been made to order from a domestic animal with which I had been acquainted. The fisherman requires as good a cat-gut as the violinist. The interior of the house cat, it is well known, is exceedingly sensitive; but it may not be so well known that the reason why some cats leave the room in distress when a piano-forte is played is because the two instruments are not in the same key, and the vibration of the chords of the one are in discord with the cat-gut of the other. On six feet of this superior article I fixed three artificial flies: a simple brown hackle, a gray body with scarlet wings, and one of my own invention, which I thought would be new to the most experienced fly-catcher. The trout-fly does not resemble any known species of insect. It

is a "conventionalized" creation, as we say of ornamentation. The theory is that fly-fishing being a high art, the fly must not be a tame imitation of nature, but an artistic suggestion of it. It requires an artist to construct one; and not every bungler can take a bit of red flannel, a peacock's feather, a flash of tinsel thread, a cock's plume, a section of a hen's wing, and fabricate a tiny object that will not look like any fly, but still will suggest the universal conventional fly.

I took my stand in the centre of the tipsy boat, and Luke shoved off and slowly paddled towards some lily pads, while I began casting, unlimbering my tools as it were. The fish had all disappeared. I got out perhaps fifty feet of line, with no response, and gradually increased it to one hundred. It is not difficult to learn to cast, but it is difficult to learn not to snap off the flies at every throw. Of this, however, we will not speak. I continued casting for some moments, until I became satisfied that there had been a miscalculation. Either the trout were too green to know what I was at, or they were dissatisfied with my offers. I reeled in, and changed the flies (that is, the fly that was not snapped off). After studying the color of the sky, of the water, and of the foliage, and the moderated light of the afternoon, I put on a series of beguilers, all of a subdued brilliancy, in harmony with the approach of evening. At the second cast, which was a short one, I saw a splash where the leader fell, and gave an excited jerk. The next instant I perceived the game, and did not need the unfeigned "dam" of Luke to convince me that I had snatched his felt hat from his head and deposited it among the lilies. Discouraged by this, we whirled about and paddled over to the inlet, where a little ripple was visible in the tinted light. At the very first cast I saw that the hour had come. Three trout leaped into the air. The danger of this manœuvre all fishermen understand; it is one of the commonest in the woods; three heavy trout taking hold at once, rushing in different direc-

tions, smash the tackle into flinders. I evaded this catch, and threw again. I recall the moment. A hermit thrush on the tip of a balsam uttered his long, liquid, evening note. Happening to look over my shoulder I saw the peak of Marcy gleam rosy in the sky (I can't help it that Marcy is fifty miles off, and cannot be seen from this region; these incidental touches are always used). The hundred feet of silk swished through the air, and the tail fly fell as lightly on the water as a three-cent piece (which no slamming will give the weight of a ten) drops upon the contribution plate. Instantly there was a rush, a swirl; I struck; and "Got him by—!" Never mind what Luke said I got him by. "Out on a fly!" continued that irreverent guide, but I told him to back water and make for the centre of the lake. The trout, as soon as he felt the prick of the hook, was off like a shot, and took out the whole of the line with a rapidity that made it smoke. "Give him the butt!" shouted Luke. It is the usual remark in such an emergency. I gave him the butt, and, recognizing the fact and my spirit, the trout at once sunk to the bottom and sulked. It is the most dangerous mood of a trout, for you cannot tell what he will do next. We reeled up a little, and waited five minutes for him to reflect. A tightening of the line enraged him, and he soon developed his tactics. Coming to the surface, he made straight for the boat, faster than I could reel in, and evidently with hostile intentions. "Look out for him!" cried Luke, as he came flying in the air. I evaded him by dropping flat in the bottom of the boat, and when I picked my traps up he was spinning across the lake as if he had a new idea; but the line was still fast. He did not run far. I gave him the butt again, a thing he seemed to hate, even as a gift; in a moment the evil-minded fish, lashing the water in his rage, was coming back again, making straight for the boat as before. Luke, who was used to these encounters, having read of them in the writings of travelers he had accompanied, raised his paddle in

self-defense. The trout left the water about ten feet from the boat and came directly at me, with fiery eyes, his speckled sides flashing like a meteor. I dodged, as he whisked by with a vicious slap of his bifurcated tail, and nearly upset the boat. The line was of course slack, and the danger was that he would entangle it about me and carry away a leg. This was evidently his game. But I untangled it, and only lost a breast button or two by the swiftly moving string. The trout plunged into the water with a hissing sound, and went away again with all the line on the reel. More butt. More indignation on the part of the captive. The contest had now been going on for half an hour, and I was getting exhausted. We had been back and forth across the lake, and round and round the lake; what I feared was that the trout would start up the inlet and wreck us in the bushes. But he had a new fancy, and began the execution of a manœuvre which I had never read of. Instead of coming straight towards me he took a large circle, swimming rapidly and *gradually contracting his orbit*. I reeled in, and kept my eye on him. Round and round he went, narrowing his circle. I began to

suspect the game, which was to twist my head off. When he had reduced the radius of his circle to about twenty-five feet, he struck a tremendous pace through the water. It would be false modesty in a sportsman to say that I was not equal to the occasion. Instead of turning round with him as he expected, I stepped to the bow, braced myself, and let the boat swing. Round went the fish, and round we went like a top. I saw a line of Mt. Marcys all round the horizon. The rosy tint in the west made a broad band of pink along the sky above the tree-tops. The evening star was a perfect circle of light, a hoop of gold in the heavens. We whirled and reeled, and reeled and whirled. I was willing to give the malicious beast butt and line and all, if he would only go the other way for a change.

When I came to myself, Luke was gaffing the trout at the boat-side. After we had got him in and dressed him, he weighed three-quarters of a pound. Fish always lose by being "got in and dressed." It is best to weigh them while they are in the water. The only really large one I ever caught got away with my leader when I first struck him. He weighed ten pounds.

Charles Dudley Warner.

WINTER.

THE circling hills with snow are white:
The dark woods on their sides
Stand leafless in the low gray light,
The brown cloud o'er them glides.

The low sun chills, the cold moon stares
From out the icy east;
The young folk go, in muffled pairs,
To dancing and to feast;
And rising from the snowy roof
Into a passing fold,
The dun smoke weaves its clouded woof
Within the warp of cold.

The eaves snap and the whole house shakes;
 In woodlands, shadow-crossed,
 The heavy timber, groaning, quakes
 Beneath the tides of frost.

The moon to western forest deeps
 Sinks down, and black airs fall
 Upon the land, until there creeps
 A glimmering cold through all:
 In frosty barns with vapors dim
 The cocks alternate crow,
 As lifts the sun a glowless rim
 To frozen hills of snow.

C. L. Cleaveland.

THE STORY OF A SWISS RING-POLITICIAN.

FEW of the thousands of travelers who yearly pass through Geneva, or of the still greater number of readers to whom its name is a household word, know anything of its modern history, or (barring international treaties) have any association with it except as the city of Calvin, the birthplace of Rousseau, the home of the Prisoner of Chillon. Yet, not to speak of its literary glory when Voltaire judged the world from Ferney, and Madame de Staël shot her slender but piercing arrows from the château of Coppet, it has been, in our own day, the scene of events as dramatic and interesting as the adventures of the New York Ring, or Fiske's flight to Jersey City. In the view of its past, the present lot of Geneva is strange enough. Rome peopled by the society of Poker Flat and governed by a vigilance committee would be a caprice of fate hardly more singular than that which gave over the city of Calvin's ordinances and the stiff-necked Protestant oligarchy of the eighteenth century into the hands of a set of clever rascals, arrived at power by means still more demoralizing than "arranging primaries," and whose first measure to fill

their own pockets was to establish a "bank," which was expected to make Homburg an unknown village and to leave Monaco for many years to come in full enjoyment of its pristine quiet. And the strangest part of all is that while "Governor" Dorr, with whose career Fazy's has a good deal in common, died a penniless exile, while Tweed is in prison, and Conolly in parts unknown, the Swiss demagogue is passing a serene old age in the midst of those who were once his "faithful subjects."

But before proceeding to narrate the remarkable ups and downs of Mr. James Fazy's fortunes, we ought briefly to describe the social and political régime of the community whose morals and institutions he applied himself, with such success, to improve and reform. The reader will recollect that, towards the close of the last century, there were nearly a hundred-fold as many sovereign states in Europe as there are at present, and that among them was the commonwealth of Geneva. At that time political power was still in the hands of the oligarchy established by Calvin, but it was in many ways a liberal oligarchy, and had opened its doors with alacrity

to the long succession of religious fugitives from France and Savoy, who sought a not always temporary refuge in the "Protestant Rome." This stream of new blood improved the stock—if I may be allowed the expression—with-out at all changing the peculiar Genevese type, and the town constantly grew in repute as a centre of literary culture and political enlightenment, while a few miles off, in Savoy, as a French ambassador wrote home, "thinking was considered a folly, and writing an act of indecency." Taxes were light, trade fairly prosperous, and everybody was contented.

Then the revolutionary armies began their plundering raids, and Geneva was naturally one of the first places to be appropriated to the glory of France. Down to the fall of the empire it was nothing but a departmental town, like some hundreds of others, and the Genevese, preferring their own ideas of liberty to the equality and fraternity of the French school, sulked in their dwellings and bided their time. Then came the Congress of Vienna, where, outside of the French embassy, Geneva everywhere found friends. It was upon this occasion, by the way, that the famous remark was made by Capodistrias, in answer to Talleyrand, that "Geneva was the grain of musk which perfumed all Europe." The little republic desired to join the Swiss Confederation, with which it had often been allied; but the government of that body refused to admit the city on the footing of a canton unless it could bring other territory with it. To effect this, the good offices of the congress were not only desirable but necessary, and the result of its interposition was that the king of Sardinia ceded several Savoyard villages, with a population of sixteen thousand souls. The wise men of the city, belonging to the aristocratic families (Bentham's disciple Dumont was among them), then set to work to frame a constitution for the liberated territory, and to set it a-going. The old distinctions of classes were given up, and perfect equality was established, but the constitution was so

framed as practically to limit the choice of executive officers to members of the old oligarchic families. There was a grand council, with very slight initiatory power but "holding the purse-strings," and a council of state, chosen by it, which formed the government. Every one was a voter who paid taxes to the amount of seventy-five cents yearly, so that no one was shut out except the proletariat. The operation of this arrangement was excellent. The bench and bar were especially capable and high-toned; admirable schools of every description were founded; and the watch manufacture enriched all classes. But the same causes which in America are supposed to prevent gentlemen from attaining office were here slowly but surely tending to drive them from it. As every one was legally as good as everybody else, society was so much the more exclusive. Even the hundred topmost families were divided into coteries, according to their age and fortune, and there was not only a gulf between the aristocracy and the *bourgeoisie*, but the middle-class itself was divided into similar sharply defined sets. The ruling circles, confident in the future, had not, or disdained, the faculty of assimilating new talents and new fortunes, while the other classes cherished so hearty an envy of the set next above them as to be unwilling to recognize, in these relatively favored individuals, the most substantial and serviceable merit. The public mind was so sensitive that a misunderstood remark in conversation, or a bow accidentally omitted, was a political event, and of course, in a community so ripe for agitation as this, agitators did not fail to make their appearance. The extraordinary deficiency of real grievances was counterbalanced by the extraordinary credulity of their audience. All social inequalities and all "*froissemens d'amour propre*" (I prefer a French phrase to the use of the word "soreheadedness") were laid to the charge of the "aristocrats," who, by taking upon themselves, without pay, all sorts of public services, and thus saving the state not merely salaries, but

also doing without the creation of offices to reward their adherents, unquestionably "established caste." So a political association was founded, originally composed of well-meaning citizens who sought to attain by legal means certain petty reforms. But the society grew in a manner to terrify the founders, who were soon swamped by the new element, and in a short time well merited the name given it by its opponents, "*l'hôpital des amours propres blessés.*" The leader of the individuals who had thus captured the society was Mr. James Fazy.

Fazy was born in 1796, and is therefore, perhaps, the oldest of living statesmen. Exiled from France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the family became, in 1735, naturalized citizens of Geneva, where they had established a large and flourishing business. James received a careful education, and succeeded early to his patrimony. Not, however, finding to his taste the sober, respectable, and probably rather dull life of the other young "aristocrats," he set out for Paris, where he found no difficulty in obtaining society to his liking, and in disposing of his fortune. Then he became a contributor to the once famous republican journal, *National*, and his name was affixed to the proclamation of the radicals in 1830. The unruly classes being cheated out of the fruits of the barricades by the unusual firmness of the bourgeoisie, Fazy recommenced his work of agitation in a paper of his own, called *La Révolution*. But the taking title and still more popular tenets of the new journal not being regarded with favor by the established government, he came to the conclusion that Paris was no longer the place for such enlightened spirits as his own, while his prophetic eye saw a fine opening for his talents in his native town. At first his activity there was peaceable enough, being confined to editing a new paper in the interest of the universal republic. Unfortunately, the believers in the universal republic are not a paying class, so that this second literary enterprise was as unsuccessful as the first, though

from a different reason, and in 1835 the paper ceased to appear. Its conductor seems to have devoted the next few years exclusively to practical politics; and having, in 1841, got well in hand the organization of which we have above spoken, Fazy determined to make a move, to which end he called a mass-meeting in front of the town-hall or state-house. The resignation of the executive council was demanded. (No charges were brought against the honesty or capacity of the members, but it was alleged that they had been in office too long, the true republican principle of rotation having been shamefully disregarded.) The council summoned the militia to its defense, but the middle class was not at all disinclined to humble the "patricians," and so went over to the rioters, leaving the councilors nothing to do but to resign with as much dignity as they could. A new constitution was thus obtained without bloodshed, universal suffrage established, and the councilors were given a salary of two thousand francs, so that the poor man would no longer be kept out of office because unable to afford the expense. So everybody was satisfied except the aristocrats, and even they did not feel *very* sad in contemplating the situation.

But this happy state of contentment was not destined long to last. Universal suffrage by no means justified the expectations of its promoters; for though the bourgeoisie were very ready to snub the hitherto governing class, they were not inclined to put their property at the mercy of Mr. Fazy and his friends; accordingly, the election of 1842 resulted in a strong conservative majority in both councils. This was very annoying, but Mr. Fazy did not despair. He started a new paper, and organized a new insurrection the following year. The workmen barricaded their quarter of the city; but this time the militia did not flinch, and under the skillful leadership of the afterwards celebrated Colonel Dufour put down the rioters, though not without bloodshed. Fazy saw that there was not much chance for the workingmen unless they found allies; luckily

these were close at hand. The reader will recollect that in 1815 sixteen thousand Catholics had been added to the severely Protestant state. They had been guaranteed the free exercise of their religion, but, as may be imagined, Catholicism was not encouraged, and they were ready to give their support to any party which would pay for it. For fighting men, however, the insurrection must still rely upon the laborers, and Fazy's good star (he himself was a much better mob-orator and wire-puller than leader when fighting was going on) sent him at this time an able assistant, — not a native or citizen of the town, — named Galeer. The 7th of October, 1846, the insurgents were found to have occupied in force the island in the Rhone opposite the city. The militia charged, and were repulsed with a loss in killed of twenty men, upon which the government resigned; probably because the militia was not inclined to continue the struggle, and because there was no federal army it could summon to its aid. Fazy had this time also been the immediate cause of the rising. A revolution which should bring himself to power was almost a matter of life and death with him, for he was so covered with debts that he would otherwise have no resource but flight. Accordingly he had once called a mass-meeting in the Place Molard, and had used such inflammatory language that an order had been issued for his arrest. Then his friends rose, and he himself, instead of leading them to victory, concealed his precious person in his house, where he spent his time, while waiting, in packing up what valuables he had left, so as to be all ready for escape in case the enterprise should prove unsuccessful. Upon learning that his party was victorious, he proceeded to preside over a new meeting, where he proclaimed himself the hero of the day and the head of a provisional government, and then led his eager followers to expel the defenseless grand council from the Hôtel de Ville.

Fazy was at last in power, but he knew very well that he would not stay there unless radical changes were made in the

mode of electing the government. Manhood suffrage is all very well so long as it chooses the right men to office; when it is inclined to be bumptious it must be held in leading-strings. So Fazy won not a few friends for his government by the enfranchisement of paupers. Then he proceeded, as we say, to gerrymander the election districts. The canton had previously been divided into ten wards, four in the city and six outside. Fazy consolidated these ten into three: the city, the left bank of the river and lake, and the right bank. In the last district (twenty-five thousand inhabitants) the Protestant voters were now completely outnumbered by the Catholics. The second, containing only eight thousand souls, was of little importance, any way. The adverse opinion of the town (twenty-nine thousand) was provided for by the regulation that the whole twelve thousand voters must cast their ballots in the same urn, and within the space of ten hours. The arrangement offered a fine opportunity for fisticuffs, — an opportunity almost never neglected. To increase the power of the mob, an electoral committee or returning-board was established to decide the validity of an election. The president and vice-president of this committee are elected by the grand council, but the other members are drawn by lot from among the citizens present at the opening of the polls, so that regular riots sometimes take place before a single vote has been cast. Everything being thus admirably arranged, the election was held, and this time the result completely satisfied the reformers. Laws were immediately passed abolishing imprisonment for debt (in the interest of individual freedom, not at all of Mr. Fazy) and bestowing various rewards upon the revolutionists as compensation for their distinguished services. Galeer, who appears to have been personally disinterested, received the freedom of the city; Fazy, a fine lot of government land in the midst of the town, upon which he proceeded to erect a hotel and gaming-house. Thus was justified the immemorial device of the city, *Post tenebras, lux!*

Fazy possessed in a remarkable degree the gift of inspiring confidence, and his supporters had elected a council as pliant to his will as was the Corps Législatif to the third Napoleon. For two years, at least, he had no opposition to fear, but his task was none the less a difficult one; for though he could afford to laugh at the wishes of the property-holders, he was expected to realize the utopian promises he had made to the workingmen and the Catholic peasantry. In doing this he displayed a talent which was little short of genius. Fazy was Louis Napoleon and Baron Haussmann in one, and that long before those distinguished individuals had begun their ædilic labors. The old walls were torn down, and dozens of new streets laid out; fine *quais* and gardens, an extensive breakwater, a magnificent bridge, were constructed. These various public works did not of course, as such, benefit the workingman, but they furnished plenty of employment for a long series of years,—employment paid at nearly double the market rate. The improvements cost money, indeed, but that made no difference; for with the exception of the proceeds of one or two taxes, which were doubled,—taxes which fell exclusively on property-holders,—the treasury received no more than before. When Mr. Fazy entered the state-house as its master, in 1846, he found sixty thousand dollars in cash, and no debts. When he finally went out, the canton was burdened with four million dollars debt and a regularly recurring deficit. Of this considerable sum, only a portion had been directly expended in public improvements, the remainder having flowed directly, as state charity, into the pockets of the workingmen, and, by certain financial operations which I will presently mention, into those of the dictator and his friends. One of the means by which Fazy obtained popular favor previous to the revolution of 1846 was by promising that under his government the poor man should be able to raise money upon his note as easily as the close-fisted aristocrats themselves. For practical purposes, of course, the poor, in his eyes,

consisted of himself and his colleagues, but the phrase was none the less serviceable as a figure of speech. Arrived at power, he began by seizing the funds of several Protestant foundations, with which he established a bank and a "*caisse hypothécaire*." For a while all went well, but in course of time these institutions fell into the hands of the conservatives, and the president had to look elsewhere for people to advance money and negotiate loans, with a percentage for himself. So he started a "*caisse d'escompte*," in which he invited the "people" to deposit their savings. This plan proved completely successful, but it was at the same time dangerous. For though the laborers, the Catholic peasantry, and the small shop-keepers furnished money in abundance, their revenge, if they found themselves taken in, would undoubtedly be disastrous. Fazy now quarreled with Galeer, who was pecuniarily honest, and at the succeeding election (1851) Galeer's friends formed a third party. Fazy, indeed, easily pulled through, and Galeer now died, as his adherents averred, of a broken heart. At the following trial (1853) they united with the conservatives, and the result of this alliance was the unexpected defeat of the dictator: universal suffrage, carefully arranged as it was, had once more played false! One cause of this was undoubtedly the bad odor into which had fallen the *caisse d'escompte*, where he and his friends had enjoyed unlimited credit, with the natural result. The institution was on the verge of bankruptcy, and only heroic means could save it and prevent the total abandonment of its director at the next election. Fazy was equal to the situation. He went to Paris, and immediately wrote home that he would soon return with millions. The relief in Geneva was great, and the ex-president's partisans were reassured. To avoid, however, the possibility of doubt, Fazy caused to be stationed before the balloting-place a gang of roughs, who forcibly prevented the majority of the opposition from voting. The first act of the new government was to vote the threatened institution a million francs

from the public purse. With a well-trained body of roughs always at hand, and the financial resources of the second empire, in case of need, at his disposal, Fazy felt himself firm in his seat. It was at this time that he set up his gambling establishment; and, not content with practicing a code of morality whose only equal, so far as I know, was that in vogue at Paris after the Reign of Terror, he openly proclaimed it in a public meeting, while his mistress dressed her carriage servants and footmen in the famous —one might almost say sanctified—colors of the city of Geneva.¹

The foreign policy of the late French emperor was not always wise, but it was ever safe and careful. The great object in view was to win new territory (the Germans sometimes called him Annex-ander the Great), and the means to serve this policy were as various as the countries to which it applied. Savoy was to be purchased for blood, Luxemburg for money; the Rhine province was to be conquered out of hand, and the acquisition of the Belgian railways was to lead to the political dependence of the kingdom. Both before and after the annexations of 1860 Napoleon devoted serious attention to the possible "reunion" of Geneva, and for many years agents of his did their best to prepare the soil. Of these Fazy was the chief, and the money he brought back from Paris was destined to found a new bank as a branch of the "Crédit Mobilier." After the change in the proprietorship of Savoy, Geneva was almost completely surrounded by French territory; the sixteen thousand Savoyard peasants had never had any common feeling with the towns-people, and there was a Bonapartist agent at the head of the government, with dictatorial power. In time, the spider of the Tuileries might well hope to see the fly walk into his parlor, without the least overt act on his part. A proclamation by Fazy some fine morning; a *plébiscite*, when the Catholic peasants and workingmen would vote solidly, and the rest of the community not at all,—and Europe, Switzerland least of all, in view

¹ Red and yellow.

of the Neuchâtel affair, would say not a word to such an expression of the popular will.

But the best of plans will miscarry, and it seems to have been Fazy's un-national proclivities, rather than his immorality, revolutionary methods, or pecuniary dishonesty, which finally ruined him. The immediate cause of his fall (1861) was the financial condition of the state. The taxation per head in Geneva had reached the figure of thirty-five francs, while the highest rate elsewhere in Switzerland was fifteen; money was no longer to be had on any terms, on the credit of the canton, and the imperial purse was hard pressed at the moment. The ex-dictator, however, was not by any means inclined to consider the game lost, and another election occurring in 1864, he once more stood as candidate of the radicals. The conservatives put up Mr. Arthur Chenevière, a well-known and universally respected banker. Since the days of Demosthenes no party struggle has been conducted with more passion or greater bitterness, and the result was the victory of Chenevière by three hundred majority. The rage of the defeated party was, for the moment, without limits, and a procession of armed sons of toil, promenading the streets, casually shot dead five persons. The decision of the majority, however, in well-regulated republics like Geneva, is not beyond appeal; and the returning-board calmly proceeded to count out the conservative candidate, on the ground that repeating had been practiced by his supporters. Unfortunately for the radicals they overlooked the fact that an appeal might lie even from this body, and so went home confident of victory. It is not improbable that if they had seized the state-house and established their government, the federal council would have recognized the accomplished fact as it had done on previous occasions. But as it was, the conservatives appealed, the council reversed the decision of the board, and the city was occupied by federal troops.

This was the political end of Mr. James Fazy. The radicals soon recov-



ered, and have since kept the majority in the councils; but the once omnipotent leader has been looked upon in the light of a Jonah, who ought to think himself lucky to be supported at the public expense. One of the dictator's earliest acts had been to draw the college of Geneva, which had existed since the time of Calvin, directly under the control of the state. The wealthy aristocrats of the town, instead of spending their substance in riotous living, had lived simply, and, to a large extent, devoted their lives to letters or to science. It was evident that such men were not at all the proper persons to conduct the education of youth, and the president proceeded to remodel the institution, called it a university, and transferred the power of appointing to chairs from the faculty to the council of state. Several professors were then removed; others avoided removal by resignation. Their places are now mostly filled by non-Genevese, but Mr. Fazy (without giving lectures) is professor of jurisprudence.

The administration has considerably improved. With the dictator fell his

gambling establishment, and the direct encouragement to blacklegs which had characterized his government ceased also. There had gradually formed in Geneva an association not dissimilar to the Camorra, the chief object of which was to extort money at night from pedestrians, under the threat of charging them with certain crimes which cannot be mentioned here. Finally, a man thus accosted resisted, and, in the scuffle which ensued, was killed by the leader of the band. This rascal was caught, tried, and executed, after which the law was reformed by the abolition of capital punishment. Before dying, however, he confessed to having practiced his little game with success upon three hundred individuals. The bad character of the Genevese workmen (as compared with the French and our own) has seriously injured the watch manufacture, the chief industry of the town; but the fortunate legacy of the Duke of Brunswick enables the government still to spend considerable sums on public improvements, among which a magnificent new theatre has already cost four millions of francs, and is yet unfinished.

Arthur Venner.

OPEN LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

III.

I THINK I notice in the dramas of the metropolis more of a romantic tendency, and an improvement in morality. The influence on the drama of the stranger within the gates is perhaps not enough attended to. The play is aimed, not only in our own metropolis but in others, largely at this leisurely person, lounging about the hotels, in the practice of spending money on his journey more freely than at home, and without the sense of responsibility to a commu-

nity that knows him to weigh him down. The Pink Dominoes, Forbidden Fruits, and spectacular performances flourish best when he is most in town. But at present, owing to the pressure of the times, he is much less in town than usual. This makes a home constituency more of an object. Managers would like to attract the family, and the family must be delicately handled. The ballet and opera bouffe have languished, and you would have found if you had stayed through the piece that the entanglements in Marriage, which had an extremely

awkward look more than once, were all explained to be entirely honorable previous alliances.

In the amusement columns one may fancy Sleary's talking to the amusement caterers themselves. People can't be always learning, you recollect the philosophic circus-rider says to Mr. Gradgrind, nor yet they can't be always a-working. So the "variety" entertainments, that flourish in unusual numbers while their betters fail, seem to be saying that we can't be always at psychology and archaeology and social problems, and harrowed by the shrieks of mothers for their lost children. The farces of our fathers are demanded back. The Crushed Tragedian, an absurd medley by Mr. Dundreary Sothern at the Park, said to have for its principal feature the exact imitation of the appearance of a well-known eccentric character, the Count Johannes, is quoted as one of the most successful things of the season. The count went into court for redress, but only thus served to increase the interest in this new species of humor and apotheosis of practical joking. Managers are believed to be in a profoundly contemplative mood. They would like to reduce to a principle the secret of success in a play. They would like to recall the public, and put an end to the era of empty benches. I have been impressed by one item set forth as a contribution to a complete theory in these speculations. "They [the public] go to laugh," a manager is represented as saying, "but they would rather cry." This is a confirmation, from an official source, of what I have long thought of the acceptability of the gulp in the throat and the moist handkerchief. It is not I alone who have been in the way of knowing of persons weeping as if all were lost at the pathos of Barrett's unique *Man o' Airlie*, and that such evenings as these were among the most delightful of their lives. There is a kind of delicious misery that its votaries would not exchange for any ecstasies of laughter. It looks as though the excitement of emotion were the object, and it made little difference in what direction it operated;

as if, in fact, pleasure and pain were in their essence very much the same thing. There ought to be opportunities enough in every-day life for the carrying off of all superfluous sympathies. But in every-day life the element of doubt can never be quite got rid of, while in the literary work the circumstances of the character are completely presented. We know that it is just such and such a character we are pitying, and no other, and the emotion can be indulged without misgiving. The popularity of woe, since it is now openly declared to be popular, may be accounted for by the novelty of the artificial sensation to those who have little of their own. To those who have too much, it may act as a reassurance, in showing that the lot they thought exceptional is no more than the common heritage. The argument might be extended to books, particularly to some of those doleful terminations with which fault is found. A very little of it goes a great way "in mine;" but, I ask, is there not danger, in too rounded and cheerful a finish, of destroying the illusion, and with it the lessons it may have carried along, as an approximation to life as it is?

The evidence I can adduce to the prevalence of a more romantic tendency in the dramas of the day is rather negative than positive. It is not seen in an unusual number of romantic plays, or the striking success of any one of them; Miller's *Danites* and Bret Harte and Mark Twain's *Ah Sin* are the only two new ones I recall. It is rather in the decline of the society plays. Their chief temple, Mr. Augustin Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, went into bankruptcy early in the season. The scene of *Pique*, *Divorce*, *Surf*, *Saratoga*, *Frou-Frou*, and *Fernande* came to echo to the strident rhapsodies of *Parthenia* and *Ingomar*, *Fazio*, and *Guy Mannering* in the mouth of "the new American *tragédienne*," Mary Anderson. This young lady, finding the great priestesses of the tragic muse dead and gone, did a very wise and practical thing in stepping into the vacant field and securing, in the diffidence of more reverential contemporaries, a

nopoly of it. I saw her in *Meg Merrilies*. She paints swollen veins upon her round arms, clutches a forked stick, holds in with difficulty a false tooth, and manages her eyes with a glitter like a ray of moonlight on a new tin roof. "Away! Away!" she shrieks, at every favorable opportunity, and goes off the stage with a stagger, after mouthing, in a voice that tries hard to make a *basso profundo* of its natural pleasant *soprano*, an unmeaning couplet about

"When Bertram's might and Bertram's right
Shall meet on Ellengowan's height."

She dies in the good old physical style: down at full length, dispatched by the smuggler's bullet — up on one elbow — back on one knee — parting words — all the way up — comprehensive view of the scenery, with hands and head wavering — resounding collapse. Nobody lends the poor old woman a hand. They let her alone, — Bertram, the young heir, for whom she has sacrificed herself, like the rest. And yet one could not find it in his heart to blame Bertram and his friends so much for this, since it plainly appeared that no interference was desired in these well-calculated agonies. Never was gypsy, or what you will, so devoid of resemblance to a human being.

This you might see applauded and well paid for in the realistic precinct where Frou-Frou, the misguided pretty woman, in the impersonation of Miss Agnes Ethel, comes back after all her troubles to expire so sweetly in the arms of her friends, asking, with the ruling passion strong in death, to be arrayed in her bridal robes: "Then you shall see how pretty I will look." They are of a very different order, it is true, but there is a truth to nature even in Calibans.

It was long a source of grief to those among whom an attachment for the old traditions of the stage still lingers to see the regular drama airily wafted to the wall by the modern emanations from fashionable parlors, and paled by the dazzle of mammoth sensuous spectacles. The latter, a flimsy frost-work, disappeared before the first breath of adversity; the domain of the former is

much circumscribed, as has been said. You might suppose the traditionists would find themselves well satisfied with the revenge of time. It is not altogether so. The society play is said to have paralyzed actors as well as acting. The ranks are decimated, and when it is a question of calling the regiment again into the field there is no source from which it can be recruited. The difference seems to be the old conflict between idealism and realism. If you want real society, drop in at the first drawing-room; if you want a real landscape, take the first train for the country. But on the stage and in the picture-gallery there must be nature and something more. If you are acting, I understand this view to be, let it so appear; as with the Irishman in regard to sleep, who put his mind upon it, and showed the tallest example on record by reposing for a week.

The legitimate actor accentuates passion. He is demonstrative in his doings. He is an elocutionist. He suits the action to the word with bold and voluminous gestures. He has acquired a stage walk, toe first and then heel; and practice upon the tight rope has not even been unknown, for greater steadiness. He has made dancing, fencing, languages, posing by the hour before a pier-glass, his study. The profession was a liberal education; even more: the acquisition of noble sentiments was necessary. It will be found in *The Art of Acting*, by the Messrs. French, that "no performer can personate a hero truly unless, did events favor him, he be capable of actually becoming a hero." If you ask for names, we point with pride to the shades of those great exemplars of technique, Edwin Forrest, John Davenport, and Mrs. Bowers. The scenes of the dramas and melodramas in which, for the most part, they figured, lay in the remote past. Who could say that the manners of the periods were not such as they displayed them? Who had a right to say, judging from any modern standards he might take pains to compare them with, what they were?

Now take the society actor. It is the

way of society to rule out the expression of emotion as much as possible. A *blasé* calm is the thing. He wears a frock-coat, with a nosegay in the lapel; he has appropriate clothes—and very elegant they are—for every hour in the day. The society actress has more, but she does not keep herself in hand, in the matter of emotion, anything like as well. But can he wear a toga? that is the point. Can he wear a gaberdine to advantage, or trunk hose, and slash at miscreants with a buckler and broad-sword? He walks about with his arms glued to his sides. Occasionally, he raises one to point a pistol or to order a mother-in-law out-of-doors; for he is a terrible fellow enough, I can tell you,—full of willfulness and sensibility, and a desperate courage when it is wanted, only we must divine it from fragmentary indications breaking through his imperious demeanor, instead of from the convulsions of Jack Cade and Metamora. His voice is low, with a tendency to a wearied drawl, as if he had seen so much, so much of life, and it was altogether tasteless. Can he bellow? Can he project stage whispers, to creep under the benches of the topmost gallery, like the subtle draughts from the corridor, and freeze the sanguine young blood of their occupants? I should think not. Society's horror of a "scene" has stifled his capacity for energetic action. Nor is this the worst. Mark well: with this type, reinforced alternately by the stage and society, and established more absolutely in force, will not all impressibility, sentiment, emotion, vanish with the processes that gave them expression? just as in the selection of species and the survival of the fittest, functions are eliminated with the flaccid members that cease to respond to their impulse. If, therefore, the world find itself, in some few centuries from now, bereft of feeling, impotent to love, or hate, or glow with patriotism, or bow in reverence, it may turn to these pages,—which, I make no doubt, will not cease to be found in every well-regulated library,—and let it not say it was not forewarned.

A visit succeeding the departure of

the young American tragédienne brought me into the presence of the Polish countess Modjeska, in the charming story of Adrienne Lecouvreur and the Marshal Saxe. It is a piece from which the makers of more modern society plays could learn. It has the rich dressing and furniture of the old *régime*, and a dialogue of considerable interest in itself, besides a love affair clearly intelligible and without morbidity, and a sufficiently exciting plot. Modjeska shows thorough training in the traditions we have been speaking of, without slavish subservience to them. She forms the third in the distinguished trio, consisting of Janauschek and Fechter, besides herself, who have learned our language at short notice, to give us a better appreciation of it and of the capabilities of their art. Janauschek and Fechter also have played engagements, not far apart, at the Broadway, and in somewhat similar creations of Dickens,—Hortense from Bleak House, and Obenreizer from No Thoroughfare,—which gives them another point of contact. As a rule, it is not a much better plan to look at dramatizations of impressive literary characters than at book illustrations of them. It is rarely that they are not shorn of their proportions when brought before you face to face, out of the far vista at the end of which you have seen them mysteriously walking. In Janauschek almost alone I find no disappointment. I never expect to imagine anything more in the way of suppressed fury, of deadly venom struggling under a hysterical attempt at airy indifference, than she presents in this tigerish French maid. The reality is assisted by the aptness of her natural accent.

"These are very long lies," she says, with a scornful laugh, to Mr. Inspector Bucket, weaving the net of the murder of Mr. Tulkinghorn, step by step, around her; "you prose a great deal. Is it that you have almost finished, or are you speaking always?" Her eyes are softly half closed; then they open with a startling snap, as if they launched a tangible bolt of destruction. You wonder not to see it take effect. It is worth

a whole lunatic asylum of common rant. I do not think so well of Fechter's Obenreizer. There is a likeness in these characters: the same cat-like stealthiness, the same impression of dread, conveyed by slight touches and intensified by something connected with their foreignness, with that strange side of Dickens's genius that would remain if all he had in common with others were taken away, like the lime accretions in water-washed sandstone. Fechter violates probabilities; he scowls and blusters too much. Vendale could never have confided in such apparent villainy. Fechter is essentially of the dramatic and not of the subdued sort. He is of the days — if such days there were — when passion was more childish, and worked in the face and the whole person. I like him better in Lagardère, with his bold movements and his sword in his hand, and in the more demonstrative portions of Hamlet.

No *Thoroughfare* is a play it would be desirable to see imitated, if the romantic *genre* be indeed coming back. The characters and events are connected by a chain of fatality, to which the saying of Obenreizer, "There are so few persons in the world that they continually cross and recross," serves as a sort of formula. The action is simple but intensely sustained, the love-making honest, the humor enough and not too obtrusive, and the moral thoroughly good. An ingenious use is made of the powerful element of superstition, while appearing to allow it to influence only the character of the humblest class, Joey Ladle. A spot of the red fungus in the roof of the London wine vaults — travelers go to see still, in Saint Katherine's docks, the veritable patch that served the author's purpose — falling upon a person is made to be a premonition of death by murder. In the play, Obenreizer's motive for Vendale's destruction is reinforced by jealousy. He is represented as a lover of Marguerite's, also. The crime of the piece is not mere brutal horror. It is invested by the circumstances with a kind of awful poetry. You remember the story. A forged receipt for a large

sum of money, stolen in transit, is sent to Vendale from Neuchâtel. He must take it there, and afterwards, it happens, to Milan, to verify the writing as a means of detecting the thief. Obenreizer, ostensibly his warm friend, the unsuspected criminal, becomes his companion, with the design of getting possession of the tell-tale receipt. As they go along, the noises by the way and his own thoughts repeat to him in a sing-song tone, "Rob him if you may; kill him if you must." They come to Brigue, at the foot of the Simplon. Twice in the night attempts at robbery are frustrated by slight accidents. Then the time for robbery is past; it must be murder. In the morning there is danger, and the guides will not venture upon the mountain. They push on alone. Does not Obenreizer know this pass? Was not his childhood passed here? — his childhood, of which he delights to speak with such a bitterness of mockery, betraying his malice towards the world. "Our poor hut by the water-fall," he says, "the cow-shed where I slept with the cows, my idiot half-brother limping down the pass to beg." How much of Switzerland there is in this! He remembers the whistle of the whip, forsooth, while Vendale, sitting on his mother's lap, in his father's carriage, rolled through the rich London streets.

Do I not know this pass, too, my first piece of Swiss pedestrianism, — when the diligence was long in coming, — from Brigue to Berisal, and the pretty pedestrine in scarlet stockings, leaning upon her *alpenstock*, as I came up to it? Ah, the fragrance and the grateful silence; the little spots of pasture, with their red *châlets*; the cool brooks trickling from the glaciers; the savage slopes of green, the snow summits peeping brightly above them of a July day! Something of this I see, though it is winter, as the travelers climb the theatrical pass of pasteboard and canvas. Indeed, it is not badly put upon the stage. They are in a region of precipices now, high above Berisal. White woolen cloths wrinkled over the foreground give a graphic idea of new-fallen snow. Flakes of paper

sift thickly down upon their long cloaks. Vendale's head is strangely heavy; he has been drugged in his brandy, on the march. All at once the villain throws off his disguise.

"I said I would guide you to your journey's end," he cries, in a ringing voice. "It is here. I am the thief. You are sleeping as you stand. In five minutes I shall take the paper from your lifeless body."

Is that a situation, or is n't it? — the nightmare feeling of the man falling helpless into his fate, seeing in one flash of retrospect all the circumstances that pointed to this conclusion if he had not been blind.

But the acute crisis of interest is yet to come. At the last moment he musters strength enough to roll himself over the precipice, — down, down upon the spring mattresses waiting out of sight to receive him, three feet below. Obenreizer is a murderer, and yet the paper has escaped him. Vendale, you may be sure, is nursed back to life, and ultimately marries Miss Jeffreys Lewis, as he always intended to do, while the villain receives his deserts.

It is a misfortune that ought never to happen but to your worst enemies, if they are in the dramatic line, to have their works presented for the first time by inferior companies. It is hard not to identify the people of the piece somewhat with the manner of their representation. It is for this reason that I find it hard to strike the balance fairly between the Danites, which was put upon the boards at the Grand Opera House with a very good company, and Ah Sin, which had at the Fifth Avenue — Mr. Parsloe as the Chinaman excepted — quite an indifferent one. These are the Pacific-slope contributions to the subject. As such, they abound in the drawling dialect, the mining camps, vigilantes, Howling Wilderness saloons, San Francisco heiresses, and heathen Chinees natural to the style. The value of Ah Sin is in the piece of character-drawing in the Chinaman, as that of the Mighty Dollar is in the Honorable Bardwell Slote, and of the Gilded Age in Colonel

Sellers. Mr. Miller aims more at a complete story with a pathetic interest. But for the lameness of the conclusion, in which the heroine, who has been so madly in love with Sandy all the way through, simply leaves him and goes off to Chicago without being in any way provided for sentimentally, he would have accomplished it. The conception of Nancy Williams, the last survivor of a family cut off one by one by the destroying Danites, is impressive, and probably well grounded historically. Driven from place to place, like the classic Io, by this mortal terror, she takes refuge in a mining camp, in the disguise of a boy. On the deep stage, in front of the great mountain range, in the first act, Miss Kitty Blanchard, with shining blonde hair enhanced by a simple black dress, tells her mournful story to Mr. McKee Rankin. Slow music accompanies the narrative, rising wildly as he starts up and relates her flight by night in the storm and darkness. When she reappears in the camp as a boy, no one but Sandy's wife (for he has married in the mean time) discovers her secret. Some caresses between them, witnessed by Sandy, are the occasion for acute complications of jealousy, which test the nobility of several of the personages in a satisfactory manner. Apart from the central Chinaman, the piece seems more amusing, as well as more weighty, than Ah Sin, though one is prepared to distribute widely the credit for the details when he finds the whole of the capital stage-coach scene of the Danites in an early sketch by Habberton. As good a point as any is the sublime coolness of the person who is rejected by the pretty school-mistress because he has another wife in the States, and takes it hard that a fellow should be thrown over for a little matter like that. In Ah Sin the melodramatic interest is supplied by an apparent murder: the lynching of the wrong man is about to take place for it, when the ostensible victim is produced by Ah Sin, who has brought him back to life, and kept him in reserve in his cabin.

These, I suppose, are examples, and

No Thoroughfare still more, of what Mr. Boucicault intends in holding that it is movement, a succession of exciting events, that constitutes the value of a drama. According to him it is what the personages do that is important. According to me it is what they are. One differs with reluctance from an authority whose imposing formulation of the canons of the dramatic art from the days of *Æschylus* down, in the North American Review, and whose personation of Con, the Shaughraun, in a red wig, the living centre - piece of an Irish wake, he has seen in the same week; but I cannot abandon my belief that character is the subject of the most enlightened interest both in the play and the book. Incidents are of value only as they contribute to its elucidation. To make action the ideal is to imitate the example of the archaic frescoes in the Egyptian pyramids, who show all sorts of transactions, hunting, weaving, the grinding of grain, carried on by personages without a spark of individuality or portraiture. There are diverse tastes, and no one work can suit them all; but I think its rank in the scale can be determined as it conforms more or less to this requirement.

For this reason the *Man of Success* at the Union Square, and Mr. Steele Mackaye's *Won at Last* at Wallack's, with their faults in other directions, are attempts at something higher than the dramas depending upon intricate plots and startling adventures. In these it is the aim of the action not only to present character as it is, but to show it modified and at the end changed into something quite different from what it was in the beginning. The interest is in the conflict going on in the interior personality of the leading character of each. The Union Square apparently recognizes in Paris, in the present era of division of labor, the most satisfactory source of supply for the drama as for the fashions. The *Man of Success* is simply one of the translations from the French which it is the specialty of this theatre frankly to present, as less troublesome and equally efficacious with the thin attempts at dis-

guise of the same material too prevalent elsewhere. The *Man of Success* in person, and the hero of *Won at Last*, are men of the impassive, gentlemanly, coolly forcible sort I have characterized, and so well exemplified in the handsome actors Coghlan and Montague. The *Man of Success* has set his mind upon his own selfish aggrandizement and the pleasure of mastery. He sneers at affection, moral ideas, and sentiment of every sort. He turns his wife and children into the street when they thwart him. He shoots in a duel the son of his dead partner, whom he has wronged in a business transaction. But then he finds that he has a conscience after all; the demands of affection, now that he stands so completely alone, tug at his heart-strings. He makes restitution, goes off like Claude Melnotte to the army in Italy,—only this is the campaign of the third Napoleon instead of the first,—and returns to his family a redeemed man. Mountjoye may be a little exaggerated, but he is certainly a type of something that prevails to a considerable extent, and he is a very legitimate person for stage purposes.

In the original play of Mr. Mackaye—if it be original, for charges of plagiarism fly so wildly at the heads of all the playwrights of the day that one knows not what to think—the idea is more finical. There must be hardened men of the world capable of snorting at it as incomprehensible rubbish. John Fleming is one of the *blasé* kind. His experiences have left him only a heart of ashes. Having arrived at a certain age, he marries, in compliance with his deceased father's request. Grace is a New England girl, described in the play-bill as "a true woman." After the wedding ceremony she chances to overhear him explaining his position to a friend. He has married her as a wife who is so-so, rather better than the average, one who has good principles and will not discredit him. He requests to know if he is taken for an idiot that he should be in love with anybody at this time of day. Her excessive adoration of him undergoes a reaction. She refuses to go with

him to his home, but finally consents to do so for the sake of appearances, on the stipulation that they are to live in the same house, but to be nothing more to each other than formal acquaintances. This is such a new kind of woman to Fleming that, as the arrangement goes on, he becomes desperately in love.

Mr. Mackaye, who has followed Mr. Boucicault a little in the fashion of talking back to the critics, says he intends to show by this the need of a higher conception of the marriage relation, as opposed to the sensual view on the one hand and that of a mere worldly speculation on the other; and it is not a bad idea. Like the examples in Mr. John Brougham's very conventional piece of the old English school, *Flies in a Web*, and unlike that in Mr. Henry James's story of *Madame de Mauves*, this case of falling in love after marriage ends happily. Jealousy is artfully evoked by the introduction of apparent rivals on both sides. A new motive for suicide is shown in the magnanimity of Fleming, who twice attempts it for the purpose of freeing Grace from her ties to him, that she may be happier elsewhere.

Over at Booth's, at the same time, the great tragedian, returned for a short season to the fine theatre where his magnificent presentation of Shakespeare as it should be proved the wreck of his fortunes, was showing in *Richard III.* how woman can be won by a monster, steeped in the most heinous crimes both towards herself and others, by nothing more than a little smooth flattery of her charms. Ladies, is there one spark of truth in the hideous assumption, and shall we not set down this play at least to the invention of the knavish Baconomians? What tokens of esteem could have remained to Lady Anne for such a one as Fleming? And what, I wonder, would have been the luck of the insinuating Richard with such a one as this exacting Grace?

Here is a desultory glimpse we have had together of the most obvious form of amusement the metropolis devises for itself as a solace for the winter evenings.

We have seen tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, and society plays,—for this form, though scotched, is by no means dead, nor will it be while the upper classes delight to see upon the stage the manners and customs of life as they know it. Is there anything of it likely to endure, to be a permanent reminiscence longer than while we are drawing on our gloves and passing into the darkness from the illuminated lobby around which the hackney coaches are rumbling and the policemen shouting? If there be, it is the Brunhild of *Janauschek*. It rises out of its surroundings as Bartholdi's statue is to do from Bedloe's Island. I have already spoken of her *Hortense*; she plays *Lady Dedlock*, of course, in the same piece; but strong as these are, the other is greater by so much as the magnificent Amazonian princess of the heroic epic surpasses the serving-woman and the modern lady. How she swells with untamable pride, and fumes at the thwarting of a will that none heretofore has dared to contradict! Her arms weave a rhythm of stately gesture about her. I cannot speak in measured terms of her attitudes. She covers her face with her dark blue mantle, bordered with barbaric red, and every line is like the drapery of a stately statue. She casts herself upon a couch in an appalling abandon of grief, her veil of black hair spread widely over her shoulders. Again she stands with superb disdain, like *Thusnelda* in the procession of *Germanicus*. See her come down the palace steps to gloat over the dead body of *Siegfried*, slain for his insult to her. "Aye, there you lie. How proudly you held your head to-day!" she scornfully begins. But she falters; there is a woman's heart too in the haughty breast, and she has loved him better than all the rest. "No," she cries, "here is only unutterable woe," and throws herself upon the bier. It is a great moment, and a very few like it go far to redeem the stage from the obloquy it is no small part of the doings of its own professional tenants to bring upon it.

Raymond Westbrook.

Resume
filming at p. 361
(cover over p. 360)

POLITICAL WORK.

pectfully listened to and whose interests must be taken into consideration in any question of magnitude.

Such is the contrast between the beginning and the end of a single reign. The counsellors of the new king can tell him the whole story of this extraordinary evolution from their own personal memories: the young men who fought against Radetzky and Oudinot and Haynau are still holding command in the army or sitting in the Italian parliament.

Now, it is a not uncommon impression that this, if not the free gift of Providence to an almost passive Italy, was at least the work of her patriot statesmen alone, the king contributing little more than his name to an epoch which other men have made so glorious. But whatever blessings Providence bestows upon nations, it is not usual to include among them that of an undeserved and unearned restoration to national life and liberty: and the work of restoring Italian nationality was not by any means so exclusively done by Piedmontese statesmen and soldiers as to account for the fact that greatness was laid upon the shoulders of their king rather than on those of any other ruler of Italy.

What, then, was Victor Emmanuel's rôle in this magnificent drama of the *risorgimento* of Italy?

The question has interested the American press to no small degree: but the comments on the political character of the late king of Italy with which I have met have shown no appreciation of the true nature of those moral qualities for which he will hereafter be chiefly and most gratefully remembered. I venture, therefore, as one who has enjoyed some opportunities of informing himself on the subject, to supplement what has already been given to the public.

Victor Emmanuel inherited from his race, and still further acquired from the influences in the midst of which his early years were passed, what I will charac-

terize as a bigoted and almost superstitious recognition of the spiritual claims and the spiritual power of the authorities of the Church of Rome. Leaving his moral life and his official and political life wholly apart, in what may be called his personal relations with ecclesiastical affairs he was almost a devotee in instincts, prejudices, habits, and convictions. And yet Italy, in building the proposed memorial to him in the Pantheon, will embody but the simple historic truth that she owes it to him, under Providence, that her national liberties and unity have been secured, not only in despite of the utmost resistance of the Vatican, but, as it will be proved, upon the ruins of that papal system with which he probably never doubted that the Catholic Church was identified. How is this fact to be explained? What is the key to this conquest of the king over the man?

I answer in one word, — loyalty.

His courage, moral and physical, was worthy of the career he was called to run; and none who are not familiar with the perils, of which war was the least, through which he led his people to the goal of their political hopes can fully realize how sorely and how constantly this was put to the test.

His political ability was, in the estimate, it is said, of so good a judge as Thiers, of a far higher order than the world has given him credit for. Victor Emmanuel hated the parade of king-craft: but it would be difficult to explain his singleness of purpose, the unswerving policy which never lost sight of its great aims or of the principles in accordance with which they were alone to be obtained, through frequent revolutions of party and changes of ministry, save on the theory that the king, having been once thoroughly imbued with the grand purposes and principles of Count Cavour, represented that statesman in every cabinet, radical or moderate, from the death of Cavour to his own.

Especially was it a distinguishing characteristic of Victor Emmanuel that he was able to draw around him, and to attach to himself and almost to each

other, in the closest practical alliance and co-operation, a band of such unlike as well as great patriots as those who were granted to Italy in the supreme period upon which her future turned. D'Azeglio, Balbo, Cavour, Mamiani, Corsini, Ricasoli, Garibaldi, Ratazzi, La Marmora, Cialdini, Sclopis, — what would not Italy have lost if the king had alienated from him any one of these? The king who could combine such men, by their loyalty to him and to Italy, for the accomplishment of the work which was given to him and to them to do, possessed rare qualities as a ruler, of which the world has perhaps lost sight in the blaze of the genius and civic virtues of the patriots and heroes and statesmen by whom he has been surrounded and in the midst of whom he will be remembered in history.

These qualities Victor Emmanuel possessed in a very remarkable degree; but if history is to single out one of his moral characteristics as preëminent, — one quality as that which secured the independence and the unity of his country and which made him king of Italy, — he will be remembered as Victor Emmanuel the Loyal.

In the midst of the political convulsions of 1848, all the rulers in Italy — the Pope, the kings of Naples and of Sardinia, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany (the petty dukes of Parma and of Modena were driven from their dominions, which were united with Sardinia) — granted constitutions to their respective peoples, and as soon as the crisis was past and they had the reins of authority well in hand again, they all revoked them, and either imprisoned or exiled the patriots who had been identified with them — all, with the sole exception of the king of Sardinia.

Charles Albert was not at all the man who would have been selected as the champion of his country's liberties. Yet Cavour was able to persuade him not only to give a constitution to Sardinia, but to take up arms in its defense, as I have recounted, once and again. And when that constitution was but a year and six weeks old, and before his peo-



ple could be said to have any practical experience of its advantages to them, doubly defeated, he gave up his task in despair, called for the prince, then twenty-nine years of age, and educated under anything but liberal and constitutional influences, and with the crown gave him the solemn charge to devote his life to the unity and national liberties of Italy. It is related that the young king gave his promise to his father, and then drawing his sword, brandished it towards the Austrian camp, and pledged his honor as a soldier and his good faith as a prince of the loyal house of Savoy to be true to that promise. The next day he took the oath as king to uphold the constitution which his father had so lately granted: he soon after named as prime minister Massimo d'Azeglio, that Bayard of unsullied honor and truthfulness; and to that promise, and to that oath before his people, Victor Emmanuel was true from 1849 to 1878.

It is easy to perceive the nature, but it would be very difficult for Americans to realize the intensity, of the struggle between what he himself was and that which his royal duty now bound him to be; nor is it easy, without that realization, to appreciate the grandeur of the moral self-conquests which must have gone before every important advance in Italian liberty and toward Italian nationality. Nor is it to be wondered at that there were crises in that advance when all seemed on the verge of being lost; when the strain which that loyalty put upon his personal affections and habits of bigoted deference to the authorities of the church seemed for a while to be more than they could bear without a violent reaction.

Two or three anecdotes, which I have every reason to believe authentic, will illustrate this royal loyalty and the nature of its repeated victories in issues such as these. If they are not literally true they certainly are morally so, and they are much more than *ben trovate*.

When, after Novara, the Austrian government peremptorily demanded of the young monarch that he should revoke the Sardinian constitution, he replied

that an insuperable obstacle lay in the way of his compliance with this demand, one which he himself had no power to remove, "the word of a king."

He struck the first heavy blows at the power of Rome when he sanctioned the laws introduced by Count Sicardi as a member of the D'Azeglio cabinet, by which ecclesiastical courts were abolished and the clergy deprived of their immunity from the civil law. This step was followed up by others in the same direction, aimed, one and all, at the emancipation of the state and of society from priestly influence and tyranny; until the death, in close succession, of the king's mother, only brother, wife, and child gave the priests an opportunity of pointing out to him that these were divine judgments on his course. When, therefore, shortly after, Count Cavour, who was now prime minister, brought before parliament a bill for the suppression of certain monastic orders, the clerical advisers of the king found him less able to resist them. For a time he yielded to their warnings and desired that the bill should be withdrawn. Cavour and his cabinet, of course, at once resigned. The church party was triumphant. But while they were engaged in the formation of a new ministry, which should secure the fruits of this victory, D'Azeglio hurried to the king. Twice he was refused, and then he boldly, frankly wrote to him, pointing out the fatal nature of the step which he was taking against the liberties of his country and the principles of that constitutional government which he had pledged himself to defend.

Victor Emmanuel showed himself worthy of such an adviser. He recalled Cavour and reinstated the late cabinet. The bill was again presented to parliament, was passed, and received the royal approval; and the subsequent extension of those laws of Sardinia over province after province, and finally even over Rome itself, has transformed Italy.

This was in 1855. Some fifteen years afterwards, when the king was supposed to be dying at San Rossore, and, in the absence of his own confessor, sent for

a neighboring priest, there appeared to be another opportunity for the church. The priest, acting under instructions, demanded, as the condition of absolution and the viaticum, a profession of repentance of all his official acts against the church and a solemn promise, in case of his recovery, to revoke and undo all such laws and acts. The king replied in substance, "Father, if you will talk to me, as to a dying man, of my sins, I am ready to hear you; but if you insist upon talking politics, I must refer you to my ministers, who are in the next room."

When, in 1870, it was proposed to him to abdicate, in order to escape the necessity of sanctioning the occupation of Rome against his duty to the Pope, he refused thus to evade the responsibilities of his crown, and gave the order from which, as a man, he shrank almost with horror, but which he saw to be his duty as a king. "History," said an American at the time, "tells us of many men who have given their lives for their country; this is the first who has been willing for his country to jeopardize his soul."

Such was the royal loyalty of Victor Emmanuel. This loyalty was a family virtue. It has often been illustrated in the history of his house; and it was nobly illustrated in the close of the brief reign of Amadeus, Duke of Aosta and brother of the present king. This prince was called to the throne of Spain, as a constitutional king, toward the close of 1870; but when he had reigned little more than two years he was advised by his ministers that it was impossible to maintain his government without revoking a constitution, for which Spain had proved herself unfit. Amadeus would not violate his royal oath; and he therefore promptly renounced the crown which he could not retain but at the expense of his good faith.

Of this loyal race comes the new king of Italy. The interests which have already been secured during his father's

reign, will rest safely in his hands; but there are some issues in the period of contemporaneous history into which Italy is now about to enter for which Humbert will probably be even better fitted than Victor Emmanuel could have been.

The late king was the firm friend of France. Such were his grateful memories of the campaign of 1859 that he would gladly have gone to the assistance of Napoleon in 1870. King Humbert, on the contrary, is known to be far more cordially in sympathy with Germany. Moreover, the late king found it very difficult, as we have seen, to bear his part in the successive steps by which Italian independence was redeemed from indirect priestly rule, and by which the temporal interests of Italy were taken out of the hands of the papacy. Could it be expected that any prince of the house of Savoy, educated before 1849, would sustain his government with equal firmness when the issue should involve the very existence of the papacy itself? And yet, upon the death of the present Pope, such will probably be the issue which those who control the policy of the church will force upon the king and kingdom of Italy. The son of Victor Emmanuel will be able to meet such an issue far more promptly and with a more untrammeled spirit than could ever have been expected of Victor Emmanuel himself. His work, that which in the providence of God was assigned to him, has been well and nobly done.

The reign of Victor Emmanuel, first king of Italy, is one of the most glorious chapters in the history of a marvelous century. And among those who have made that reign the record of the restoration of a great people to nationality, the king himself, whatever may have been the faults of his personal character, was fearless, generous and true, and, as a king, not unworthy to be the standard-bearer and hero of an epic which history shall never weary of nor the world forget, *Italia Liberata*.

Wm. Chauncy Langdon.

THE WHITE CZAR.

Dost thou see on the rampart's height
 That wreath of mist, in the light
 Of the midnight moon? Oh, hist!
 It is not a wreath of mist;
 It is the Czar, the White Czar,
 Batyushka! Gosudar!¹

He has heard, among the dead,
 The artillery roll o'erhead;
 The drums, and the tramp of feet
 Of his soldiery in the street;
 He is awake! the White Czar,
 Batyushka! Gosudar!

He has heard in the grave the cries
 Of his people: "Awake! arise!"
 He has rent the gold brocade
 Whereof his shroud was made;
 He is risen! the White Czar,
 Batyushka! Gosudar!

From the Volga and the Don,
 He has led his armies on,
 Over river and morass,
 Over desert and mountain pass;
 The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,
 Batyushka! Gosudar!

He looks from the mountain chain
 Toward the seas, that cleave in twain
 The continents; his hand
 Points southward o'er the land
 Of Roomelee! O Czar,
 Batyushka! Gosudar!

And the words break from his lips:
 "I am the builder of ships,
 And my ships shall sail these seas
 To the Pillars of Hercules!
 I say it; the White Czar,
 Batyushka! Gosudar!

"The Bosphorus shall be free;
 It shall make room for me;
 And the gates of its water-streets
 Be unbarred before my fleets.

¹ The White Czar is Peter the Great. Batyushka, *Father dear*, and *Gosudar*, *Sovereign*, are titles the Russian people are fond of giving to the Czar in their popular songs.

I say it; the White Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar!

" And the Christian shall no more
Be crushed, as heretofore,
Beneath thine iron rule,
O Sultan of Istamboul!
I swear it! I, the Czar,
Batyushka! Gosudar! "

Henry W. Longfellow.

THE OPPOSITION TO LINCOLN IN 1864.

THE first session of the thirty-eighth Congress closed on the 4th of July, 1864. It was the year of a presidential election, and a perverse and discontented spirit manifested itself throughout the session. Besides the open opposition of democrats, the radical element was dissatisfied with the president's policy of conciliation, amnesty, and reconstruction, enunciated in the annual message and amnesty proclamation of the 8th of December, 1863, at the commencement of the session. The democrats were in sympathy with the rebels, and opposed to the war measures of the administration and to the war itself. The radicals opposed the renomination and reelection of President Lincoln, and those measures of the administration which tended to reconciliation and the reestablishment of the Union on the basis of the equality of political rights of the States, such as existed prior to the war of secession. With these extremists the general government had ceased to be conventional; was not a federation of States with derivative and limited powers, formed by and with the consent of the States, but was central and imperial, possessing original, inherent, unlimited, and absolute authority over persons, as well as States, throughout the republic. This combination or faction denied the political equality and refused to recognize any reserved sovereignty of the

States; ignored the fact that the federal government had been created, by these local sovereignties which had established it, by a written constitution, specifying and defining the powers with which the general government is invested and expressly forbidding the exercise of any powers not granted or incident thereto; claimed that Congress had supreme power, and was an autocracy or legislative despotism with, if it chose to exercise it, authority over States and people in their social and political relations. Emancipation by the president as commander-in-chief of the military and naval forces was not sufficient without congressional assent. It was denounced as an executive assumption, and legislative action was necessary for its consummation.

War had intensified the antislavery feeling, and zeal for the slave and the emancipated colored people so kindled emotional enthusiasm as to make the radicals oblivious of law and the legal and, constitutional rights of the whites. Under the new dispensation brought about by the rebellion, it was insisted that Congress could overrule the States, which, in the formation of the federal government, had reserved to themselves control over persons in their respective limits, and claimed that the general government could decree by federal power the equality of blacks and whites, place the ignorant on a par with the in-

telligent, regulate by law their social and political intercourse, and bestow upon the stolid, uneducated, and incapable negroes the privilege of voting in the elections, and at the same time preclude, without legal trial, the whites who had participated or were implicated in the rebellion.

Mr. Lincoln and all his cabinet, in the first years of the war, opposed these radical innovations; but Mr. Chase ultimately, when he became a competitor for the office of president, gave his approval to negro suffrage, limiting his assent, however, to such of the colored population as could intelligently exercise the privilege. Very considerable change of opinion—called progress by the radical philanthropists—took place during the war in relation to our governmental system of granted federal powers, and the retained local authority and reserved sovereignty of the States. Emotional philanthropy was made to supersede statutory and constitutional law. Rights of persons and rights of property, which the States had refused to concede to the general government,—rights which belonged to and were under the control of the respective commonwealths,—began to be disregarded by the radicals, who were constantly increasing in numbers as the war progressed. Confusion prevailed in regard to citizenship, inhabitancy, and legal residence in a State, but the whole was generalized and absorbed in central legislative supremacy, under the specious and popular expression of “the equality of all men before the law;” an expression more taking in consequence of the growing hostility against slavery and the arrogance of the slave owners, who had plunged the country into civil war.

At no time had Mr. Lincoln been more depressed than when, in 1864, he wrote his desponding note of the 23d of August, stating that the democrats, in his opinion, would be successful in the approaching election. An accumulation of disheartening difficulties, internal and external in the free States—differences such as loyal and disloyal, democrat and republican, republican

and radical, personal and sectional—had clouded the administration during the spring and summer, with scarcely a cheering ray to lighten or encourage the government in the mighty struggle to suppress the rebellion. Whilst putting forth the utmost energies of the nation to maintain the Union, which for three years the rebels had, with immense armies, striven to dissolve, the president, from the day of his inauguration, encountered in the free States the steady opposition of the broken, but yet powerfully organized democratic party, which had been in political sympathy with the rebels prior to his election, and which still affiliated with its old party associates.

Added to these, and quite as discouraging and more disheartening than either during the year 1864, were the embarrassing intrigues of discontented and aspiring factions among republicans, growing out of the approaching presidential election and the radical claim for legislative supremacy in the conduct of the government. The opportunity was seized, not only by personal aspirants, but by the disaffected of every description, who, although disagreeing among themselves, had the common purpose, which they exercised, of weakening the president in the public estimation, creating a distrust of his capacity, and impairing confidence in his administration. His ability and energy in prosecuting the war were questioned, his conciliatory policy towards the rebels and his inclination to confiscate their property were denounced, and his amnesty and reconstruction measures were censured and condemned. The expediency of a change in the presidential office for a more resolute and arbitrary executive was urged by radical congressional leaders during the whole of the first session of the thirty-eighth Congress, and opposition to the president was continued after its adjournment.

The *fiasco* at Cleveland in May had not entirely extinguished the visionary dreams of aspirants and their friends, who still entertained lingering hopes that adverse affairs, or some adventitious

circumstance, might induce a compromise which would withdraw both Lincoln and Fremont and result in the selection of a new candidate. The malevolence of extremists, who were bent on vengeance against the rebels and their subjugation, the confiscation of their property, the overthrow of their old established local government, the reduction of their States to provinces, and the creation of new governments for them under congressional dictation, was active and determined.

The new secretary of the treasury, who took his seat in the cabinet on the 5th of July, was dismayed and appalled, at the commencement of his executive duties, by the overwhelming calls for means to carry on the war. Neither the resources nor the credit of the country could, in his apprehension, meet the demands that were made, and he did not conceal from the president his anxiety and fears. His predecessor, after his retirement on the 30th of June, did not participate in the political party conflicts that agitated the country, and manifested no interest nor rendered any efficient support to the president in the pending political contest. Not until after the failure of the scheme to induce or compel the president and Fremont to decline, nor until after the meeting of the democratic convention at Chicago and the nomination of General McClellan, did he appear and take any active part in political affairs. Under his administration of the treasury a debt of nearly two thousand millions of dollars had been incurred, besides an absorption of the entire revenues received from every source. The condition of the finances on the accession of Mr. Fessenden was so deplorable that a stouter and healthier physique and more vigorous mental power than he possessed might have been disengaged by the prospect and requirements.

The substitution of irredeemable paper for money—making it a legal tender for debts, a policy adopted early in the war—had so inflated and depreciated the currency as to affect values and render loans to the government almost

ruinous to the country. At no period of the national existence had the credit of the government been reduced to so low an ebb as in the months of July and August following the renomination of Mr. Lincoln and the retirement of Mr. Chase.

Attending this distressing state of the finances was the painful inaction of the military, particularly the inert and apparently helpless condition of our lieutenant-general and his host, who, after the sanguinary march of the army of the Potomac from the Rapidan, arrived before Richmond on the 13th of June.

Perhaps too high expectations of immediate results were entertained by the administration and the country; but days and weeks dragged on with no improvement; hope deferred made the heart sick; the president, not the general, was held accountable by the country for delay; designing partisans imputed non-action of the military to the president's conciliatory policy, which, it was claimed, encouraged the rebels and impaired the efficiency of our troops.

While Grant, with his immense force, threatened Richmond, Lee, with greatly inferior numbers, protected the rebel capital, and, fertile in strategy and resources, checked and distracted the lieutenant-general, who had perseverance and obstinacy, and but little else. On these the president was obliged to rely, amidst censure and denunciation from the radicals, until events might favor the Union arms. The raid of Early down the Shenandoah in July, and his advance upon Washington, which, stripped of troops to recruit Grant, was in an unprotected state and might have been captured; the demonstration by the rebels upon Baltimore and the seizure of the great Northern railroads,—burning their bridges and capturing trains; the taking and setting fire to Chambersburg, carrying terror through Pennsylvania and alarming other States, were trying to the administration. Military failures and inactivity everywhere rendered the summer gloomy and disheartening. The president, while disappointed by the immobility of the army, and exerting himself to inspire the country with hope,

was himself assailed with bitterness by radical chiefs who should have been his champions and supporters, and his administration and measures were unspuriously denounced by a reckless combination that condemned his policy.

The feuds of the republicans, which were in active operation in 1864, gave great encouragement to the peace democrats, who were perfecting a vigorous party organization for the presidential election. They were well aware, long before the publication of the Wade and Winter Davis protest, of the hostility of the radicals to Mr. Lincoln, to his amnesty proclamation and his reconstruction views, and of the determination to defeat him and his conciliatory policy. His amicable policy the democrats did not dislike, but, to obtain party ascendancy and possession of the government, they were as zealous as the radicals to prevent his reëlection.

The party and personal intrigues of secessionists, democrats, and radicals through the summer, to impair confidence in the president and overthrow the administration that was spending its strength to suppress the rebellion and preserve the national integrity, seemed a sad commentary on the patriotism of the people and the working of our political system. No small portion of the leading official minds of the country, and particularly of Congress, was involved in these intrigues against the executive struggling with reverses and with impending peril to maintain the Union and the national existence. Much has been justly written and published of what was done by the gallant officers in the field and on the waves, but comparatively little is recorded of the trials and responsibilities of those who were entrusted with the government, and especially the president, in those unhappy days. Besides encountering rebels in open, armed resistance to the government, and providing men and supplies for the forces in active service, he and his associates were compelled to meet the opposition of professed friends, on whom they felt they ought to have been enabled to rely for support, and to meet political and party

assaults, secretly and openly at work for their overthrow.

The Cleveland convention, elaborately got up in May, proved a fiasco, and the Baltimore convention in June, which the discontented and mischievous elements had exerted themselves to postpone or control, had renominated Mr. Lincoln. The secretary of the treasury, around whom the extremists had through the winter and spring prepared to rally, resigned a few days after Mr. Lincoln's renomination.

Still persistent in their sectional and hostile intentions, the radicals and the malcontents entertained an indefinite but vague hope that they might, near the close of the political campaign, compel the withdrawal of both the president and Fremont and the substitution of another name, and thus unite all republicans on a more radical candidate. There was with some a lingering idea, rather than expectation, that the democratic convention, which had been postponed from the 4th of July to the 29th of August, might think it expedient to select the ex-secretary of the treasury for their candidate. Mr. Chase remarks in his diary, on the 6th of July, that Pomeroy informed him that democratic senators had said that now the secretary was out of the administration, "We'll go with you now for Chase." This, says the ex-secretary "meant nothing but a vehement desire to overthrow the existing administration, but might mean much if the democrats would only cut loose from slavery and go for freedom and the protection of labor by a national currency. *If they would do that, I would cheerfully go for any man they might nominate.*" But as time progressed, and the drafts and calls for troops multiplied, and non-action and military reverses prevailed, this remote thought that the democrats might nominate Mr. Chase proved delusive; for the democrats, encouraged by republican dissensions and national disaster, began to entertain a confident expectation that they might be successful with a candidate who had been earlier relieved and for different reasons.

By midsummer it was apparent, be-

yond a reasonable doubt, that the democrats would, at Chicago, make General McClellan their standard-bearer. When this became evident, a last earnest effort was made by the radical extremists against Lincoln, but the result proved futile. The scheme or design to induce or compel both him and Fremont to withdraw, in order to substitute a candidate more revolutionary and acceptable to themselves, was put in operation by the radicals. The nomination of Fremont, when made, was a ruse of the master spirits, intended by them to terminate in the retirement of both Fremont and Lincoln. It was neither a wise nor profound expedient in its inception, and the expanding hopes and vigorous efforts of the democrats, who began to believe in their own success, dwarfed the intrigue. In August, when the radical demonstrations for a compromise candidate were to be made, the prospect was not promising; the chief movers held aloof, and subordinates were pushed forward to issue calls in several quarters, intended as feelers of the public pulse. The most marked and significant of these calls was in Boston, where several gentlemen, known agitators, men of some intellectual capacity, persistent abolitionists, independent of party though lately acting with the republicans, but really of very little political influence, theoretical in their views and fanatical in their prosecution, ardent admirers of Senator Sumner, with whom they acted and who acted with them, came to the front in the scheme to get rid of Mr. Lincoln.

The president, these "independents" were aware, did not recognize the negroes as entitled by law, or by the government as constituted, to the same social and political privileges as the whites; nor as possessed of the capacity, certainly not the culture, to exercise those privileges intelligently, were the federal government instead of the States empowered to act upon such subjects.

These political theorists were not reluctant to go forward in a last attempt to set aside the Cleveland and Baltimore nominations by making use of the Cleve-

land nominee to effect it. The letter of the Boston gentlemen to Fremont displays the animus and intent of the discontented against Mr. Lincoln.

BOSTON, August 21, 1864.

GENERAL FREMONT:

SIR,—You must be aware of the wide and growing dissatisfaction in the republican ranks with the presidential nomination at Baltimore; and you may have seen notices of a movement, just commenced, to unite the thorough and earnest friends of a rigorous prosecution of the war in a new convention, which shall represent the patriotism of all parties.

To facilitate that movement it is emphatically advisable that the candidates nominated at Cleveland and Baltimore should withdraw, and leave the field entirely free for such a united effort.

Permit us, sir, to ask whether, in case Mr. Lincoln will withdraw, you will do so, and join your fellow-citizens in this attempt to place the administration on a basis broad as the patriotism of the country and as its needs.

George L. Stearns, S. R. Urino, James M. Stone, Elizur Wright, Edward Habbich, Samuel G. Howe.

This movement, emanating from hitherto pronounced friends, at a period of general depression, affected the president more than the direct assaults of the radicals in Congress. The finances were at that time low and the resources of the country apparently exhausted; the calls for men and means were enormous; the draft was opposed, and capitalists were reluctant to invest in government securities; military operations were at a stand-still; a political presidential campaign, involving every variety of issue, was in progress; the great inimical political party, striving for a change of administration, was animated, vigorous, and active, when this untoward intrigue to compel the chief magistrate to relinquish a longer official connection with the government was begun. It was an ungenerous and unfriendly request; a blow from a portion of his friends, who sought success by antagonizing him, the

national executive, who was discharging the duties of chief magistrate and had the confidence of the country, with one who had neither personal nor political strength,—a request that he would put himself and the whole republican party of the country on a level with the factious gathering at Cleveland, and decline being a candidate. The proposition, presumptuous and absurd, which as he and the leading minds of the administration believed, and as events proved, was made by friends of Sumner and Chase, and probably made honestly by those whose names were appended, struck the president painfully. It was made, as will be observed, on the 21st of August. On the 23d the president wrote the responding note to which I have already referred, stating that the probabilities were that "this administration will not be re-elected." He misjudged, for the demonstration was factious and feeble; the good sense of the people was against it, and did not respond to it.

The protest of the congressional radicals, through Wade and Winter Davis, against the amnesty and reconstruction proclamation had inspired the democrats, who were organizing for their national convention, shrewdly postponed from the 4th of July to the 29th of August; and the proposition to "swap horses when crossing the river"—in other words to change candidates at such a crisis of the presidential campaign—had impressed them, as it did the president, with an idea that they would be triumphant in the approaching election. They had also taken encouragement from the tardy and inefficient operations of the Union armies,—particularly from the immobility of the immense force under Grant, of whom there had been high, perhaps unreasonable expectations, from the day he took his departure from the Rapidan in May, but who had really accomplished nothing except a sanguinary march to the vicinity of Richmond. The democrats had never been impressed with the genius, strategic skill, or military capacity of the lieutenant-general, but always placed a lower estimate than the republicans on his

qualities as a commander; the bloody march, with its inconsequential results, had not changed but confirmed this opinion. That march had been accomplished: he reoccupied the ground from which McClellan was withdrawn, but at such a sacrifice that the grief of the country and the wailing of almost every household for its fallen heroes counterbalanced whatever joy was felt for an achievement so dearly effected. At the same time the sacrifice strengthened the democrats, who were organizing for their national convention on the basis of peace and of an abandonment of hostilities by the government.

It was believed that Richmond would be speedily captured by the armies, to reinforce which the energies and resources of the country had been severely taxed. The whole collected forces of the armies of the Potomac and the James were at the disposal of Grant, who, under the president, had been made general-in-chief of the armies of the United States. The country was impatient of delay; it had anticipated certain success, and the belief in speedy, triumphant results was fostered by the administration. The secretary of war, to appease public expectation, published, for a time, daily bulletins, addressed to General Dix, that the army movements were onward.

The garrisons had been stripped of troops to keep the armies in full force; yet nothing had been accomplished after reaching the James, from whence McClellan had been recalled, except the sacrifice of nearly one half of the army. General Grant possessed great tenacity and persistency,—high qualities in a commander,—which enabled him to hold on to what he had in hand, and to press forward so long as he was reinforced and sustained by the administration; but unfortunately he was endowed with no genius, with little strategic skill; nor had he power to originate plans and devise measures to overcome his skillful and able antagonist. He reached the banks of the James, and he remained there, accomplishing nothing further, while the country was daily expecting to hear of the fall of Richmond. The

president, and not the general, was held responsible for this procrastination: he was denounced for inefficiency and usurpation by the radicals, and accused of inability to conquer a peace by the democrats.

The wounded soldiers sent to Washington to be nursed were living witnesses of the country's agony. Miles of hospital barracks were erected in Washington, and filled with thousands upon thousands of brave men, maimed and dying. This almost innumerable host, from among the noblest heroes and most patriotic spirits of the land, who had periled their lives and poured forth their blood for their country, was, during that sad summer, an affecting spectacle that grieved the hearts of all, and of none more than the president, who was blamed and held responsible for the killed and wounded by a large portion of his countrymen. Such of the mutilated soldiers as could get from their beds were accustomed to cheer and give glad utterance to their feelings as the president with his escort daily passed between his summer residence at the Soldier's Home and the Executive Mansion. The always welcome voices of these brave and suffering men touched him tenderly, and were in strong contrast with the mischievous radical element which, amidst his tiring and exhaustive labors for the Union, was intriguing against him. While these gallant men who sympathized with the president lay suffering for their love of country and devotion to the Union, factious party intriguers were employing their time and talents in denunciatory complaints of his management, and in urging an unconstitutional and unjust sectional exclusion of one third of the States from the Union.

General Richard Taylor has recently stated in the *North American Review*: "After the battle of Chickamauga, in 1863, General Grant was promoted to the command of the armies of the United States, and called to Washington. In a conference at the war office, between him, President Lincoln, and Secretary Stanton, the approaching cam-

paign in Virginia was discussed. Grant said the advance on Richmond should be made by the James River. It was replied that government required the interposition of an army between Lee and Washington, and would not consent, at that late day, to the adoption of a plan that would be taken by the public as a confession of previous error. Grant observed he was indifferent as to routes, but if the government preferred its own — so often tried — to the one he suggested, it must be prepared for the additional loss of one hundred thousand men. The men were promised; Grant accepted the governmental plan of campaign, and was supported to the end. The above came to me well authenticated, and I have no doubt of its correctness."

There is no reason to doubt the veracity of General Taylor, who says this statement came to him "well authenticated;" but those who knew the three persons said to have had "a conference at the war office," when General Grant came to Washington to receive the commission of lieutenant-general, will question the accuracy of the statement. It is now made public that General Grant had prescience of his reverses and losses if he took the Rapidan route, for the first time, nearly fourteen years after the event took place, when two of the three persons named are in their graves. While they, or either of the two, were alive, there was no claim of this sort set up to relieve the survivor and principal actor; no attempt to cast upon those now dead the responsibility of the bloody march to Richmond, which they are said to have insisted upon in opposition to the opinion and judgment of the lieutenant-general, whose duty it was to designate the route, and who did so: that officer had just been promoted for the express purpose of taking command of military operations and the conduct and management of the armies in the approaching campaign. It is known to those intimate with President Lincoln that, while he had usually very decided opinions of his own on military movements, and freely expressed them to his cabi-

net and at head-quarters, he invariably deferred (yielding what I think was sometimes his better judgment) to the generals in command, for the reason that they were military experts, professionally educated, and, if fit for their positions, were best qualified to decide upon the true course to pursue. If "Grant said the advance on Richmond should be made by the James River," the president, in this as in other cases, would have withdrawn his own opinion, if favorable to the march, and would not have overruled the recently created active general-in-chief.

It seems that the general himself had no very decided opinions on the subject; General Taylor says, "Grant observed *he was indifferent* as to routes, but if the government preferred its own — so often tried — to the one he suggested, it must be prepared for the additional loss of one hundred thousand men." Such a statement would of itself have controlled the president, whose sympathies were great, while Grant was of an unsympathetic nature, and "indifferent" which route he took. President Lincoln was always keenly sensitive upon the subject of the lives and sufferings of the soldiers. Such a statement as General Grant is represented to have made would have shocked the compassionate nature of Lincoln, and been with him decisive against an overland march, provided he, and not the lieutenant-general, was to select the route. He would have supported the general in his preference for the James River route from that fact itself, although it seems to have been a matter of indifference to Lieutenant-General Grant.

But is it to be supposed that Grant anticipated in March, when this conference is reported to have taken place, that in battles such as those of the Wilderness he would lose nearly thirty thousand men, at Spottsylvania ten thousand, at Cold Harbor thirteen thousand, and an aggregate which in numbers equaled the entire rebel army under Lee? Before the days of that sanguinary march, over which the whole country became frantic by reason of the slaughtered he-

roes who poured forth their blood for the Union, the general-in-chief is said to have known of the sacrifice to be made, was indifferent to consequences, and assented, against his convictions, to the bloody route.

But time has elapsed, and history is recording the terrible and apparently unnecessary waste of life; the general begins to feel his responsibility for the imolation, and an attempt is now made to relieve him and impose the responsibility upon others. As well and as truly say Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas, which was attended with no such sacrifice, was an administration measure.

General Grant's first visit to Washington was in March, 1864. It was to receive the commission of lieutenant-general, — an office created with reluctance, and to which he had been promoted through the active exertions of Mr. E. B. Washburne, who represented the Galena district in Congress, and whose zeal in that regard was subsequently rewarded by his appointment as secretary of state, immediately after Grant's inauguration, and his transference after ten days to the French Mission.

This visit of Grant, in March, 1864, to receive honors and full command was very brief. He arrived in Washington on the evening of Tuesday, the 8th of March, and came between nine and ten o'clock to the Executive Mansion. There was on that evening a public and very crowded presidential reception. It was there that Grant was first introduced to President Lincoln. On the following day, Wednesday the 9th, the president and cabinet were specially convened for the ceremony of presenting the commission. At one o'clock, the lieutenant-general entered the council chamber, accompanied by his staff and by Secretary Stanton and General Halleck, when the president formally delivered the commission, and the general, with a few written remarks, received it. A desultory conversation of half an hour took place. General Grant, after receiving the commission, inquired what special service was expected of him.

The president replied that the country wanted him to take Richmond; he said our generals had not been fortunate in their efforts in that direction, and asked if the lieutenant-general could do it. Grant, without hesitation, answered that he could if he had the troops. These the president assured him he should have. This was on the afternoon of the 9th; nothing was then said of the James River or any other route. General Grant proceeded to the head-quarters of General Meade and the army of the Potomac, in front, from whence he returned to Washington on the afternoon of Friday the 11th, and came at once, on his arrival, to the council chamber, where the cabinet was in session. He did not remain a great while, spoke of his visit to the army, and said he proposed to take command in person, but would retain General Meade. When about to retire, he remarked to the president that he should leave that afternoon for Nashville, to turn over his late command to General Sherman, but would return in two weeks; having but little time, he would be glad to confer with the secretary of war and General Halleck before he left.

Neither on this nor any other occasion, when I was present, was there any expression of preference for the James River route, nor any opposition to the overland march; no statement that the march from the Rapidan would cost one hundred thousand men. Had there been anything of this kind, something of it would probably have been known to me and others. Had there been a proposition for a different route than that which General Meade had commenced, any preference expressed for the James River route, particularly if, in the estimation of the lieutenant-general, it involved one hundred thousand lives, neither the president nor any members of the government would have approved of it, after such a warning. It is represented, however, that there was warning of such a sacrifice, but it was a matter of "indifference" to General Grant, if the government, from pride of opinion, adhered to the overland march.

General Taylor does not tell from what source the information, now for the first time made public, was derived. To be authentic it must have come from one of the three gentlemen who held the conference in the war department. It could not have been from President Lincoln, for, if I mistake not, he and General Taylor never met. When the president was assassinated, General Taylor was in the rebel service.

There were not such intimate and amicable relations between Secretary Stanton and General Taylor as would have begotten confidence of this nature. There was, in fact, mutual distrust and dislike. When General Taylor came to Washington after the close of the war, there was a movement, in which I was informed he participated, for the removal of Mr. Stanton and the appointment of General Grant to be secretary of war. This change, which finally took place at a later period, was in its inception a matter of concert or of assent on the part of both the generals. But President Johnson, who at first acquiesced, failed at the last moment to consummate the arrangement.

I was not advised of that attempt, nor party to it; knew nothing of it until after its failure; but, to quote the words of General Taylor, this information "came to me well authenticated, and I have no doubt of its correctness."

The knowledge of the conference at the war office, in March, 1864, could therefore have scarcely been obtained from Secretary Stanton. There was, I have no doubt, a conference, at the time and place mentioned, between generals Grant and Halleck and Secretary Stanton, because to my personal knowledge and in my presence General Grant asked such a conference. Of the results I have no recollection, if I ever knew them. They were unquestionably preliminary to Grant's assuming active command.

Stanton and Halleck, with whom Grant had this conference on the 11th of March, are known to have been committed to the plan of making Washington the base of military operations against Richmond. Secretaries Chase and Stan-

ton had made the advance against the rebel capital by the York or James river an objection to General McClellan, when urging his removal in 1862; but the president, although disappointed in McClellan, did not act on the representations of the two secretaries who urged the general's recall. After the seven days' disaster before Richmond, President Lincoln consulted General Scott, then at West Point, and, with his approval, brought Halleck from Corinth to supersede McClellan at head-quarters. Halleck, after arriving at Washington, and assuming the direction of army movements, adopted the views of Stanton and Chase, and the recall of McClellan from the James then became, not a civil, but a military question for the general commanding the armies. The president, whatever may have been his opinion as to the two routes, did not yield to his two secretaries, who were not military men, or better qualified than himself to decide, but he did defer to General Halleck, and acquiesced in the order to recall the army of the Potomac from the James. No member of the cabinet, however, save the two who urged it and were opposed to McClellan, knew of that order until it was issued.

The change urged by Chase and Stanton, and indorsed by Halleck, of recalling McClellan and taking up a line of march upon Richmond, with Washington for the base, did not prove a success. Pope, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade, each acting under Halleck, had one after another failed to make an advance, and the latter general was with the army on the Rapidan when Grant came to Washington and the conference of Grant, Stanton, and Halleck took place in the war office. That "Grant said the advance on Richmond should be made by the James River" is not improbable, for such would seem to be the common-sense view of every one, professional or otherwise, save the two secretaries and General Halleck.

A general in command does not usually surrender his plans and yield what he knows to be right to subordinates, against his own convictions, without over-

powering reasons. General Grant is an exception, for, destitute of originality, he commonly acted on the ideas and plans of others. In this instance the lieutenant-general claims to have abandoned the route which he knew to be best, and, horrible to confess, — for the statement of General Taylor must have come from him, — he gave up the route which he knew to be right, and assented to that which he knew to be wrong, and which involved the awful sacrifice of one hundred thousand men, on the suggestion of persons who had opposed and procured the recall of McClellan. Either route was indifferent to Grant, and he took the worst.

In administering the government, and especially in the conduct of the armies, President Lincoln deferred to the military commanders and the conclusions at head-quarters. Is it credible that on the most important occasion of his administration — the greatest military movement of the war — the president would have departed from his uniform course, and disregarded and overruled the highest military officer in the government, who had just been promoted and was about to take command of the armies of the United States? No one who knew Abraham Lincoln can for a moment believe it. He did not so recklessly discharge his executive duties. Moreover, it is asserted that Grant gave warning that if the James River route was not taken, a loss of life exceeding in numbers the whole rebel army under Lee would be the consequence; yet that route was not taken. While Grant was unsympathetic and indifferent on this subject, President Lincoln's sympathies were great, and such a warning would of itself have controlled him. No man more deeply deplored the loss of human life.

It is, I apprehend, a mistake to say that President Lincoln participated in any such conference as stated, but there was an interview between Grant, Stanton, and Halleck at the war office, on the 11th of March, after Grant had visited General Meade and before he returned to Nashville.

This representation, that President Lincoln preferred the sacrifice of one hundred thousand men to the confession of previous error; that he overruled and directed Grant, just made lieutenant-general for the purpose of taking command and directing all the armies and military movements, is an after-thought to cast from the shoulders of General Grant the responsibility of the "bloody march" and place it upon the kind-hearted president. The whole statement is ungenerous and unjust, and in conflict with the character of both the president and the lieutenant-general.

All the facts and details of current events of the period evince the mistake of General Taylor's statement. General Grant returned from Nashville about the first of April, visited Hampton Roads, arranged for the army of the James to ascend that river, and then joining General Meade he placed himself at the head of the army of the Potomac. How communicative he was to the president may be seen from the following encouraging letter, written on the 30th of April, three days before the army broke camp and took up its line of march towards Richmond:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, }
April 30, 1864.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT,—
Not expecting to see you before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express

in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant, and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know that these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would mine. If there be anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

There is nothing dictatorial in this letter: "The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know," "I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you," "I am very anxious that any great disaster or capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided," etc.

Can any one believe for a moment that the author of that letter would consent to the additional loss of one hundred thousand men "sooner than the adoption of a plan that would be taken by the public as a confession of previous error"? The whole is a calumny on the humane, self-sacrificing, and lion-hearted Lincoln.

Gideon Welles.

THE STAFF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

As the staff of our army is that portion by which the annual appropriations for the support of the army are expended, a description of its duties, with some discussion of the manner in which these duties should be performed, would seem to be a matter not only of grave political importance, at this time especially,

but of much personal interest to any one who pays taxes, or who, as a voter, has a voice in the selection of the different members of the government. Each voter or taxpayer in the country has an interest in requiring the efficiency of the staff to be raised to the highest degree, for by such efficiency only can the duties of the



army be performed in the most economical manner.

By such efficiency on the part of the staff, it is believed that our army might, if necessity should require it, be largely increased without additional cost to the country.

The annual estimates for the support of the army are prepared solely by the staff, presumed to be experts, under the direction of the secretary of war, and the appropriations are, under his supervision, expended by it. If the officers composing it are ignorant of their duties, or negligent in the discharge of them, not only will the country be forced to pay excessive prices for the supplies required by the army, but the army itself will be crippled in its action by the indifferent material furnished it. As the proficiency of the staff is increased, so will the annual estimates for the support of the army approach accuracy; and the greater this proficiency, the more judiciously and economically will the annual appropriations be expended. The employment of inefficient staff officers is precisely similar to that of ignorant agents for the conduct of any large business interest in private life. In such business, if an agent is unskillful or from any cause incompetent, he is immediately discharged. If, on the other hand, he is attentive and skillful in the transaction of the business intrusted to him, his promotion is assured. His business tact and enterprise, combined with his good character as a man, alone determine his position, and if he is wanting in either of these, few opportunities for advancement are left him. Unfortunately, this is not the case in the army. However ignorant of his duties an officer may be, or incompetent in their discharge, his position and promotion are assured so long as he is guilty of no serious violation of law; and should his longevity be sufficient, he is promoted to the higher grades with the same certainty as are those who are most skillful and competent. By law he holds his commission during good behavior, and he is entitled to his promotion in the same manner and upon the same terms as the best. If he

is gifted with a good constitution, and can by avoidance of exposure prolong his life so as to outlive those who are above him in rank, he reaches the higher and more important grades with equal certainty.

Our army presents the only known example of a business or profession, either public or private, in which incompetency and want of zeal bring the same substantial rewards as energy, capacity, and active attention to duty. Such a system of promotion is in violation of all the rules of common sense by which men are governed, as well as of those by which they are incited to strive for superior excellence, and the condition of our army at the outbreak of the rebellion affords an excellent example of its inevitable result. At that time the superior grades of the army were filled by old men, who, having outlived all above them, had been regularly promoted, in accordance with this system, to the positions which they occupied, regardless of the well-known fact that in the majority of instances they were unfitted, both by age and infirmity, to perform any military duty whatever. The spectacle was so pitiable, and the lesson it taught so apparent, that it might be supposed the government would have profited by such crushing experience, and been led by it to the adoption of wiser measures. Such, however, was not the case. Our system of army promotion is the same to-day as before the rebellion, and we are slowly, but surely, approaching the same result, from which the same experience, disastrous as it was to the country, must necessarily follow. At the close of the rebellion, and with the sad experience it had taught still before us, some effort at a change was made. The army was reorganized, and many young officers who had acquired experience, both of the regular and volunteer force, and who had especially distinguished themselves, were deservedly placed in high positions; but this spasmodic effort at reform was deemed sufficient, and we have again fallen back into the system of promotion by seniority, which, unless some dire necessity forces a change, must render the

condition of our army equally as deplorable as when the rebellion commenced, by filling its superior grades by worn-out and superannuated old men. It seems needless to describe the effect which this system must produce upon the subordinate and junior officers of the army. In most instances it is deadening to all effort at improvement or professional skill, and suggests the natural conclusion: that, as superior rank is obtained only by longevity, each should strive to avoid all exposure, hardships, or dangers by which health may be impaired or life risked. But few years in our service are necessary to teach the young officer that the glowing enthusiasm for his profession with which he entered it is wasted, and that the only reward he can hope to obtain is the satisfaction a sense of having faithfully performed his duty brings him. This feeling, by which the large majority of our officers is governed, certainly leads to a kind of efficiency, but it is not sufficient to cause men to undergo with alacrity and cheerfulness the hardships and dangers incident to a military life, and which in a campaign, if not met with enthusiasm, usually result in disaster or partial success only.

Ruinous as the system is to the efficiency of the line, it is even more so to the staff of the army. Under ordinary circumstances the individual responsibility of the line officer is by no means so great as that of the staff officer, nor are his duties so complicated. The duties of the line are generally performed by bodies of troops of greater or less size, and in accordance with specific orders or well-known custom and regulations. Its officers are usually under direct military supervision; so that not only can prompt and efficient discharge of duty be exacted, but, if necessary, the punishment required by law for any neglect can be inflicted. Besides, serving as the line officer ordinarily does, under the eye of a military superior and in the presence of his brother officers, he is naturally led to increased exertion. On the other hand, the officers of the staff are frequently posted at places remote from superior authority, where their duties are special,

and necessarily left largely to their own discretion. If at head-quarters, the commanding general can do little more than exercise a general supervision over them; for their duties are such as can be properly performed only by men who have had previous training therein, and it is rarely the case that the general either is or can be familiar with the details of such duties, or that he has the time to study them.

In other armies a certain number of vacancies as they occur are filled by selection, and this should be done in ours. The reason usually assigned in opposition to this is, that in the United States the officers thus chosen would not be always the most deserving, and that political influence rather than personal merit would determine the selection. Granted that this is true, and that such a system would work evil to the service, yet it is contended that the evil would be temporary, for no reason is known why the deserving officer should not stand upon the same ground with such influence as the undeserving; and certainly that course which forces officers to familiarize themselves with the politics of the country, which brings them into closer contact with its representative men than is now the case, cannot fail to be of benefit, not only to each individual officer, but to the public service.

The staff of our army may properly be divided into two classes, namely: the general staff, which is the adjutant-general's department, and the special staff, comprising the quartermaster's, the commissary, the medical, and the ordnance departments, ordinarily called the supply departments, the inspector-general's and the engineer departments, the signal bureau, and the bureau of military justice. The classification is based upon the nature of the duties, whether general or special, to be performed by the officers of each branch. This division of staff labor, with the rank and number of officers composing the various branches, is the result of long experience and many experiments; and though the trial to which it was subjected by the war of the rebellion was

severe, it was clearly demonstrated that, with all its imperfections, the system was a good one, and afforded every facility required by the sudden calling into service of so many men to meet the emergency. The supply departments especially gave the best evidence that their organization and methods of work were good, as modern history affords no example in which the difficulties of supplying such large bodies of troops, over so wide a field of operations and at such distances from the centres of supply, were so great; or in which an army, either large or small, has been better fed, better clothed, received better medical attendance, or been better armed than ours during the war of the rebellion. Indeed, the successful manner in which it was equipped and cared for at that time, notwithstanding the almost insurmountable obstacles to be overcome, has challenged the admiration of the world, and furnished examples which the military nations of Europe have not been slow to adopt, with such modifications as are readily suggested by good judgment and economy. Necessity developed originality of both thought and action, and ingenuity accomplished success; but this success was at an extravagant cost, which could have been avoided had the government, previous to the war, taken measures to educate its staff officers in all the duties pertaining to their profession. It may be said that the portion of the staff which had charge of the organization and mustering into service, as well as of the disbandment of our volunteer army, was equally fortunate in its work. The accurate enrollment of so many men, their prompt transportation to the distant places where their services were required, their successful muster out when the war closed, at their places of residence, without confusion, and in such manner that each man was enabled to receive without delay all due him from the government, may certainly challenge criticism, and is without a parallel. But the same extravagance attended this as did the supply of our armies, and as with the latter this unnecessary cost was the result of the short-

sighted policy previously pursued towards the staff of our army. Whatever success attended the efforts of our staff during the rebellion was due solely to the lavish and wasteful use of the public credit, combined with the energetic and natural, but by no means educated, ingenuity of the younger staff officers.

In the absence of experience and practical understanding of the enlarged duties forced upon these officers by the war, an expenditure far beyond what was really required for the support of the army was a necessity. Without this expenditure, extravagant as it was, we should have been unable to keep in the field armies of sufficient size to overcome the rebellion; but it is claimed, and is susceptible of proof, that this extravagance could have been avoided had the administration of army affairs been conducted by the government in accordance with the rules by which any private business is carried on. It was not the fault of the officers that business qualification and knowledge had not previously been required of them, and that they had in reality been to a great extent deprived of any opportunity of acquiring such knowledge. With what justice, for example, could an officer who had for years been solely engaged in the staff duties of a frontier post, garrisoned rarely by more than a hundred men, be expected to assume similar duties pertaining to an army, without some mismanagement and wasteful extravagance? To hope for any other result was simply to expect an impossibility; and yet, singular as it may appear, both our government and people were of opinion that staff officers, who as boys had received theoretically a military education at West Point, and who as officers had been trained in the experience of small frontier posts, and in no other, were capable, in every sense, of conducting staff duty on the largest scale.

A thorough knowledge of the general rules of business is as necessary for the proper administration of army affairs as it is in any civil pursuit. No staff officer can perform his duties advantageously for the government who does not

apply these rules in every transaction. Besides possessing this general business capacity, he should, if belonging to a supply department, understand and be familiar with the rules by which special trade in each of the articles he is required to supply is governed. The duties of the officers of the commissary department, for example, are to purchase and distribute in bulk the various articles of subsistence required by the different portions of the army. It is impossible that the officers of this department can judiciously purchase, or even distribute, the various articles, some of domestic, others of foreign growth or manufacture, which they are called on to furnish, if they do not well understand and apply the rules which govern trade in such articles. Or, to cite another and even stronger example: the quartermaster's department is charged with supplying the army its clothing, quarters, transportation, cavalry horses and mules, forage, fuel, stationery, tentage, horse medicines, and all authorized articles not furnished by any other portion of the staff. It is evident that for the performance of this duty there is required on the part of its officers a good business knowledge of the lumber and building trades, the grain trade, the trade in horses and mules, of the railroad and shipping business, of freighting over the Western prairies, of the prices of skilled and unskilled labor, as well as of the trades pertaining to many other branches of industry. If these officers do not possess this information, or, in other words, if they are not practical business men, it is not possible that they can properly estimate for the amount required to supply the army with these articles, or that they can judiciously expend the appropriations made by Congress for their purchase, and, as is easily understood, they will be more than liable to purchase poor material at an extravagant cost. It was the want of this business knowledge on the part of some of our staff officers which caused portions of our army to be supplied with shoddy clothing, indifferent arms, worthless ammunition, etc., at the beginning of

the rebellion, and which even now, in spite of the experience it gave us, causes in some instances such discharge of staff duty as would, if applied to the transaction of any private business, lead to its bankruptcy in a few months.

The medical and engineer departments and the bureau of military justice approximate most closely to the similar professions in civil life. As the improvements, discoveries, and practice in these departments are of much service to the corresponding civil professions, so their officers should be required to familiarize themselves with the progress made by these professions, and with the business rules by which they are governed, in order that the government may receive the benefit which such professional progress must work by increasing the capacity and efficiency of its officers.

To the officers of the adjutant-general's and inspector-general's departments a detailed knowledge of special business would not seem so necessary; but being frequently required to inspect the operations of the supply departments, or called on to express opinions or make recommendations relative to the work of all the departments, a general knowledge of business, as well as the various interests with which each is charged, is absolutely essential to them. How otherwise can an officer who belongs to one of these departments, and is ordered, for example, to inspect a quartermaster's depot or an ordnance arsenal, judge correctly of the manner in which duty is performed therat, or whether the government money is expended to the best advantage? Without this information, of what value is his opinion as to whether the material necessary in the manufacture of supplies is purchased judiciously; whether the labor, both skilled and unskilled, is employed at the most reasonable rates; or whether the material and labor are used to the greatest advantage?

But vitally necessary as is this knowledge to staff officers, it is of equal importance that they understand thoroughly the principles of the military profes-



sion. To the officers of the general staff, especially is this familiarity with military principles a necessity. In the various branches of the special staff, duties are performed in accordance with law, regulation, or precedent, which are sufficiently clear and explicit to prevent any disastrous result. This is the case with the general staff officer in the discharge of the ordinary routine duties intrusted to him; but the occasions are not rare, particularly in time of war, when he has neither precedent nor regulation to guide him, and when, thrown upon his own resources, he is forced to act with the full knowledge that an error of judgment on his part may, and probably will, lead to serious disaster. The routine duty required of the general staff can easily be performed by any officer of ordinary capacity; but so uncertain and varied are the duties which the general staff is at times expected to discharge that they have never been defined in our army by regulation, and can with difficulty be described. In general terms, these more important duties require that the general staff officer shall familiarize himself with everything pertaining to the army, so that he may perform satisfactorily, by the general's order or in accordance with his plans, all that which it is the general's duty to do, but which he cannot attend to in person. During emergencies, and in the absence of the general, it is the province of the general staff officer to assume all responsibility as his representative, and to give all needed orders to meet the case in his name, although the emergency may have been unforeseen, and no measures taken to meet it. It is impossible that a commanding general can be present on every important occasion arising in the constantly changing circumstances of a battle or campaign, or that he can foresee every contingency and give proper orders to meet it; and he is necessarily compelled, under such conditions, to trust to the judgment and skill of these officers. In addition to the foregoing, it is their duty to place troops in line of battle, and to superintend the march of the different columns of an army so that the plan of a

campaign may be successfully carried out. Such duties require, on their part, thorough knowledge of the relative value of each arm on the battle-field and in the general campaign; of the best manner in which the different arms should be placed, in view of the ground on which they are to fight or over which they are to march, so that the best result may be obtained by their combined efforts; of the tactics of the different arms; and, above all things, of the *personnel* of the army. A general staff officer, intrusted as he is with such responsible duties, cannot hope to perform them successfully unless he knows thoroughly the reputation for discipline, instruction, and courage which each body of troops in the army bears, and is well acquainted with the peculiar personal characteristics of the officers who command them. Many other similar duties devolve upon general staff officers, but those mentioned are the most important, and are sufficient of themselves to show, beyond a doubt, that there should be required of them a high degree of proficiency and great skill in the military profession, or, in other words, that they should be amongst the most consummate soldiers an army contains. At the outbreak of the rebellion the officers composing our general staff were only in rare instances allowed to perform the important duties which have been described. Personal preference on the part of commanding generals usually led them to select for this purpose officers who in the majority of cases were without previous experience, and who in some cases were unfitted, by want of capacity and education, for the responsible positions in which they were placed. It was due to this, probably, more than to any other cause, that our military operations during the first years of the war were conducted without proper combination, that many of our earlier battles were fought in such a manner that the efforts of our troops were scattered and spasmodic, and that whatever successes they obtained were incomplete and indecisive. So universal was the custom, during the rebellion, to select officers without expe-

rience or training for the performance of general staff duty that the necessity for a competent corps of staff officers seems no longer recognized; and the general staff corps of our army, with a few exceptions, is now, and has been for years, simply a special staff department, the duties of which are of the most ordinary routine character.

The method ordinarily pursued, by which officers are appointed into our staff, is not such as enables the government always to obtain for the staff those whose merit best fits them for such duties; nor is the manner in which service is required of them that best calculated to develop such fitness for it as they may possess. Usually, officers are appointed into the staff departments whose friends have sufficient influence to obtain such positions for them. Occasionally, and at rare intervals, one is appointed without such influence, who has shown himself exceptionally competent, and who, in consequence of the good record he has made, is offered the staff position. The competition for these places is so great, however, that the first may be regarded as the rule of appointment, although the methods in the medical, ordnance, and engineer departments are exceptions to the rule. No valid objection can be urged against this rule, for it may generally be said that the personnel of our staff is more than ordinarily good. The error is to be found not so much in the manner of appointment as in that of the assignment of appointees to the different departments of the staff. Excepting in the departments above mentioned, no effort is made by the study of their records as officers, or by any examination of their characters or capacities, to ascertain for what particular portions of the staff they are by nature and education best fitted. Possibly the applicant may have been an excellent officer with troops, and capable of excelling in the general staff; but if the vacancy existed in the quartermaster's or commissary department, he would be assigned to it, regardless of his capacity for the management of business affairs, or of his fitness for the position. Perhaps the vacancy may occur

in the general staff, and if so the applicant would be assigned to it, although he may never have served with troops, is ignorant of their duties, and may be incapable of learning them. In other words, and strange as it may appear, except in the medical, ordnance, and engineer departments, it is an accident if an officer seeking a staff position in our army ever enters that portion of it the duties of which he is best qualified to perform.

In the first of the two departments mentioned as exceptions (the medical and ordnance), no applicant can be appointed until he has been pronounced competent in character and capacity by a board of examining officers. Nor can an officer, in either of the two, be promoted until he has passed a similar examination before a board of officers, senior to himself. The appointees of the engineer department are exclusively from the cadets who graduate highest in their classes at the military academy, and no engineer officer below the rank of field officer can be promoted to a higher grade until he shall have passed an examination before a board of three engineers, senior in rank to himself. In each of the three departments great care is exercised in the selections of the examining boards, and the examinations are rigid and thorough. In each, provision by law is made that when an officer fails to pass the examinations required for promotion, he is forced to give way to the one next in rank capable of undergoing the test, who after such examination receives the promotion. In each of these departments, officers are generally employed upon duty for which they have shown special qualification, and the natural result has been the competent education of a body of officers, who not only understand thoroughly the special duties of their own departments, but who are equally familiar with the practice of the corresponding professions in civil life. The superior officers of the medical department have supplemented this system of examinations by a wise course of action, having for its object the encouragement and

special development of each subordinate medical officer. Every inducement to study is held out to them, every opportunity for advancement presented them; and it may truly be said that our medical department is to-day the equal of any in the world.

Having been appointed to a particular staff department, whatever his capacity for the position, the officer cannot afterwards be changed; nor can he transfer to another, unless some one is willing to exchange with him, which, as such changes usually involve loss of rank to one or both, is of rare occurrence. His appointment having been granted him, his aptitude for its duties, save in the departments mentioned as exceptions, is of minor consequence. His position is fixed, and cannot be changed, and he learns his duties or not, as best suits himself. He must at least commit no overt act which may lead to his trial by court-martial; keep his property and pecuniary accountability, if he has any, correct; be careful to have his official accounts, returns, etc., prepared neatly, and promptly rendered in the manner required by the regulations of the army; and he will perhaps not only acquire a reputation for efficiency, but his chance for promotion to the higher grades will be as good as that of the best. Should he be fortunate in his assignment, or by industry and application develop a fitness for his duties, the probabilities are that he will many times be called on to perform duties which should have devolved on some one else, unfitted and incompetent by his own fault to discharge them. The penalty paid in this manner sometimes, by a good officer, contributes by no means to prolonged effort on his part to increase his efficiency. On the contrary, finding that special aptitude for his duties, or activity in their discharge, results only in personal inconvenience, with no corresponding advantage to himself, and that if he lives sufficiently long his chances of promotion are as good as those of any one else, he soon loses all ambition, and ceases to strive for excellence. It is not surprising that our staff contains many officers who have neither

taste nor talent for their duties; that there are others in it who, having aptitude, have no ambition to excel in them; and that the large majority of its officers are content to remain, without exertion, what they are, rather than strive to fit themselves for positions which prolonged life only can give them, and for which, when received, old age and infirmity may have rendered them incompetent.

Affixing no reward for excellence, and ignoring, to a great extent, all struggle on the officer's part for capacity and improvement, the policy of the government is to treat all as equally good. It is true, there are some few whose sins of omission and commission not even this charity will cover; but when one of these has so far transgressed, in the opinion of the authorities, as to be useless as an officer, he is frequently placed upon what is called "awaiting orders," where he is sometimes better situated than when on duty. During an officer's service in the staff, he is at irregular intervals changed from one station to another, for the performance of the duties of his department at the place where he may be located. His fitness for the duties incident to any station is rarely considered in assigning him to such station: so that a quartermaster, for example, who has shown special capacity for active service with troops in the field may, according to the system, be transferred from that duty to a depot for the manufacturing of army clothing. Or, an officer of the adjutant-general's department, practically ignorant, perhaps, of the duties pertaining to troops in the Indian country, may be and is frequently sent to the head-quarters of a frontier military department, where in the absence of its commander he is called on to control all military affairs, and even at times give orders for the conduct of a campaign against hostile Indians.

The defects of the staff are due more to its management than to any other cause, and it is in curing these defects that every citizen of the country should interest himself. They are principally the occasion of the enormous and largely unnecessary appropriations for the sup-

port of the army, of the heavy taxation necessary to meet such appropriations, and of the wasteful but unintentional extravagance with which our army administration is conducted. If these defects were cured, there can be no doubt that our military establishment would cost us far less than at present, while its efficiency would be greatly increased; and that, with the same appropriations as are now made for the support of the army, we should be able to maintain a military force largely in excess of that we now have in service. It is claimed that the remedy for the errors of our staff system can be readily and easily found. The condition of the medical department is positive evidence that the system pursued in it is wise, and well adapted for the improvement of its officers; and this system should be made applicable, by legislation, to all the departments of the staff. Promotion by seniority, as a rule, should be done away with, and a certain number of vacancies, as they occur, filled by selection. Chiefs of staff departments should be expected, and if necessary required, to familiarize themselves more with the army and its operations than has sometimes previously been the case, when theory, on their part, has taken the place of practice, and the head of a staff department has not only never participated in any other military operations than the drills of the corps of cadets, but has perhaps rarely seen as many as a hundred soldiers in line and equipped for active service. They should be required to leave, to a great extent, the correspondence of their offices, with which their time is now principally occupied, to the care of competent subordinates, who should have charge of it under their direction, and by visits to the localities where the army is serving learn practically, instead of theoretical-

ly, as now, what the requirements and necessities of the service demand. Far more attention should be paid by them to the management and improvement of their officers than is now the case.

Each staff officer should serve sufficiently long with each arm of the line to learn so much of its appropriate duties as will enable him to perform understandingly his own staff duties; and every officer of the general staff should be required to familiarize himself, by tours of inspection and all other practicable means, with each portion of our country, as well as with the countries of our neighbors. Excepting a few of the oldest staff officers, who participated in the Mexican war, none of them, it is believed, know anything of Mexico, or speak its language, and it may safely be said that all of them are equally ignorant of Canada and Cuba. It is believed there are to-day officers in the staff departments, and perhaps even in the general staff, who are so ignorant of our own country and of military service on the frontier, who know so little of Indians and of their mode of warfare, that if ordered to proceed from one frontier post to another, through a hostile Indian country, they would be unable to conduct their marches or manage their escorts so as to insure their own safety.

If these reforms here suggested are adopted, and our army remain as at present organized, the annual appropriations now made for its support can in time of peace be largely reduced; they are now sufficient to support a more numerous army should an increase be desired. Such reforms would be instrumental in reducing the expenses of a war to the lowest limit, and would prevent the country from incurring, during its progress, a debt similar to that which now afflicts us.

R. Williams, Colonel U. S. A.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THERE is a widely prevalent notion that the English government of Canada is managing the Indians by some superior system that should be speedily adopted by us as a certain remedy for the woes that beset us from this quarter.

Between the Canada Indians and our own, there is all the difference between wild and tame, besides the vast disparity of numbers. When the continent was first colonized by the French and English, two distinct lines of policy were observed in dealing with the Indians. The French colonists were more adaptable than the English, and less proud and exacting. They made but little show of taking hold of the country. They came as missionaries and traders, and gave their forts the appearance of temporary lodgments. They entered immediately upon trade in the principal article the Indians could offer in traffic, —furs and peltry. To profit by this article of trade, it was necessary to preserve the Indians in the country, with as little change of habits and pursuits as possible, and maintain at least the friendship of trade. Trading-posts were rapidly established, which became the points of contact between the colonists and Indians; and the settlements of Quebec and Montreal were scarcely begun before the whole extent of Canada was dotted with trading-posts, from Belle Isle to Lake Superior, where Frenchmen, attached to the posts as factors, clerks, laborers, and voyagers, lived from year to year. These posts became the homes of the Indians and traders, and points of settlement, where a semi-civilization was established; and the French mind, led by the zealous missionaries who always accompanied the traders, molded the civilization and religion after the French idea. The short term of a generation sufficed to establish a race of half-breeds, of no mean proportion to the native population, born to the use of a common language and common faith.

with the colonists, and trained to a civilization advanced to the requirements of their condition, who naturally yielded fealty to the colony and loyalty to France. They were adapted to the country as it was, and did not require it to be changed for their accommodation; while they constituted a link between the new and old races, and a natural bond of peace. This too was an open and safe field for missionary operations, where the zealous Jesuits did not fail to sow seed that has taken deep root and spread far beyond this race.

For two centuries and a quarter, these half-breeds have stood between the Indians proper and the government of Canada as a pledge of peace, a ready means of intercourse, and in every way a political convenience. This has served to enlighten the Indians and keep them in relation to the civilized world. This instrumentality, which was fortunately transferred to the English with the possession of Canada, alone would account for much of the great difference between the Indian relations of the United States and Canada. It is true that the French had wars with the Indians; but it was with tribes south of the St. Lawrence, and that for a comparatively short period.

When the English took Canada, they took it as a whole, — population, laws, religion, commerce, Indian relations, and all. Chiefly, they got the good-will of the Indians in this transfer, of which they availed themselves in the war of the Revolution, immediately afterwards. We, on the other hand, took all the old English quarrels and ill-will of the Indians off their hands, with the enmity towards us which had grown up under the French *régime* added. We had entailed upon us the pernicious system of treaties with tribes as independent nations, buying sovereignty of them, and paying them annuities, and otherwise preserving to them their power for mischief.

Whatever there was of system in the English dealings with the Indians, we continued under the disadvantage of comparison with the French system and with French facilities, as practiced in Canada. In addition to this, we had the most numerous and by far the most warlike and self-reliant tribes to deal with, spread over a vast territory of mild climate; a people with whom we were strangers, perfectly independent of us, wild and untamed heathens; not the mere trappers of musk-rats and beavers, but the bold and fierce hunters of the buffalo, whose very means of livelihood was the plunder of the slain in battle; men unused to defeats, and accustomed unrelentingly to kill and destroy. On the Canada side of the line, the Indians were the gentle and quiet savages of a cold climate and fish diet, shading off in their manners to the mild Esquimaux, and every one of them in some degree christianized, or influenced by his half-breed cousins, and trained to friendly intercourse with white men. Canada has been free from border wars during nearly all her existence, while we have had a continued fight of two hundred years, the intervals of peace being mostly cash purchases.

Another agency in facilitating the management of the Indians in Canada has been the Hudson Bay Company and its connected Red River settlements and trading-posts, stretching from Upper Canada to the Pacific, where another set of half-breeds has been added to the French. The intercourse of the Indians with this company and its agents gave them a knowledge of the white people, their ways of trade, etc., so that they were prepared to deal understandingly in making treaties or bargains. Then all the Indians of the dominion of Canada have been in connected intercourse with white traders, to whom they have sold the produce of their hunting and trapping in the most commonplace manner. Under the leveling influence of trade, each race has been interested in peace, and naturally endeavored to preserve it. The reduction of the Indians of all the older provinces to civili-

zation has uniformly succeeded a long acquaintance with the whites in trade.

It is noteworthy that the whole number of Indians in the Dominion does not reach one hundred thousand, and one third of these are in the old provinces and civilized, and practically take part with the other subjects. An official estimate published in 1874 puts down the Indian population as follows:—

Ontario,	15,305
Quebec,	10,809
Nova Scotia,	1,849
New Brunswick,	1,561
Prince Edward's Island,	302 = 29,826
British Columbia,	31,520
Manitoba and Northwest,	13,944
Sioux in Manitoba,	1,450
Rupert's Land,	5,170
From Peace River to United States Boundary,	10,000 = 62,084
Total,	91,910

Practically, then, there are but sixty-two thousand Indians to be managed,—those of the older provinces retaining but the mere remnant of their former status, in the shape of some annuities of blankets, clothing, and the like, where the home government has not discovered (as with the Huron tribe at Lorette) that they have all turned to white people.

The Indian policy of the Canadians, *per se*, may be said to be like ours,—adjustable to the circumstances, and varied as the case may require. They have made treaties with the different tribes for the cession of their lands, and in return have given them presents and annuities, in money and kind, and have furnished clothing and provisions in exceptional emergencies. Efforts have been made to induce them to settle upon reservations and adopt farming and grazing as a means of support; but particularly it has been tried to induce the heads of families to accept allotments of land for homesteads, as the most desirable condition for them, but this arrangement they are slow to come into. There has been no settled and unvarying system observed. The ultimate purpose of placing all subjects upon the same footing, and governing them as the white subjects, has been kept in view, and every individual has been regarded

as a British subject; but in obedience to circumstances these rules have been relaxed, and the tribal organization — the *imperium in imperio* — has been recognized in treaties and negotiations from the necessity of the case. But the design is to obliterate the tribal condition as soon as possible, and recognize no authority but that of the Dominion and the sovereign power of her majesty, to which obedience is required of every inhabitant. Ultimately it is the purpose to endow them with the franchises of citizens; and schools are maintained, and religious teachers assisted to prepare them. A leading feature of this policy has been to encourage the Indians to work, either for themselves or others, and to induce them to enter the service of the settlers as laborers, hunters, guides, carriers, etc., for wages; and this has been found to operate well for both parties, the Indians being ready to work for wages, although indisposed to labor for themselves.

Judging from the official reports of those charged with the management of the Indian affairs of the Dominion, they have not been without their troubles, and have encountered most of the difficulties that beset our agents in this department, except that they have fewer Indians to deal with, and have had them in peaceful relations with the frontier, in which they have untold advantage over us. At present they maintain an armed force between the border and the Rocky Mountains; but it is a mounted police to govern the Indians, and not an army to protect the frontier. They are taking charge of the government of all the Indians, to govern them as they govern the whites, according to law. They interpose the authority of the state to keep the peace, regardless of chiefs or tribes, and teach the Indians to respect it as supreme. Instead of an army of occupation, which involves a state of war with the savages, as we actually have, the Canadians give their armed force the character of a constabulary, which presupposes peace and authority. So that instead of fighting the Indians, they are ruling them, sometimes with

the sword of justice, but always ruling. The amount of this force is small, and if serious resistance were offered might be insufficient; but it is in the right direction, and in ordinary times is enough.

There is a prevailing impression that our government is greatly at fault in dealing with the Indians; and the fact that the Canadians have so little trouble with them has led many to suppose that they had some sovereign method in their hands that we should hasten to adopt. The truth is that the English are reaping where the French sowed good seed on moderately good ground, while we are reaping where the English sowed dragon's teeth on wild soil. It is impossible to obtain any correct view, comparatively, of the Indian policy of Canada and the United States, unless we keep in sight the vast difference in the two kinds of Indians to be dealt with. The practice is much the same on both sides. The verbiage of their formal intercourse is of the same style as ours, with the same old "blather" about Great Father and Red Children, speaking with a straight or crooked tongue, etc., gravely diplomatic on the white side and suspiciously cautious on the red. But, as above remarked, one treats with a people tame, practical, and at peace; the other has to deal with numerous tribes of fierce, impracticable, and independent savages, at war, and inspired by the spirit of recent battles. We cannot adopt the policy of Canada, even if it were perfect, — which it is not, — as it will not apply; though if we had the same material to deal with, our policy would shape itself into the same direction as theirs. The rough work of intercourse with the Indians has been gone through with in Canada; and they begin at a point of progress that is not in sight to us. Our Indians are natural warriors; they live by plunder alone; it is the employment of their lives to rob and subsist upon plunder, and it is indifferent to them whether their prey be a herd of buffalo or an emigrant train. Before we can manage them, their tribal organizations must be broken up, their habits of life changed, they must

be dismounted from their horses and taught the gentler pursuits of herdsmen, and led into occupations that will sustain them and remove their present inducements to rob and plunder; they must learn to depend upon honest industry and honest traffic before we reach the point where the Canadians have their Indians. The reports on Indian affairs and connected statistics of Canada do not throw any great light upon this subject. They are remarkably similar to ours with friendly Indians.

— Have all the clever writers of the day entered into a deep and dark conspiracy to write nothing pleasant forevermore? I had occasion, the other day, to enter my angry protest against the way in which Mr. William Black wields the exterminating butcher knife among the personages of *Madcap Violet*, and now I come back again with ten-fold provocation from the reading of Mr. Alphonse Daudet's *Nabob*. This is the worst case thus far reported of absolute brutality towards characters and readers. I suppose the same author's *Jack* was equally cruel (I did not finish that dismal story, because I lost my temper half-way through the first volume, seeing how the writer was making ready to kick and cuff his poor little hero, through a succession of revolting scenes, to a miserable death, — as cowardly a performance, to my thinking, as a man of letters can be guilty of), but it is not so utterly vile in its cynical destructiveness. This *Nabob* is a merchant from the south of France, who has made a vast fortune in Tunis, and comes to Paris to enjoy it, and is made the centre of an immense combination of hates and intrigues, supernatural in power and malignity, to which he succumbs, losing some hundreds of millions in a single season, and his life, his character, and various other things besides. The *Nabob* is good-hearted, honest, — as men go, — confiding, and noble; these seem the only reasons Mr. Daudet has for resolving on his disgrace and ruin. Every good quality the man possesses is made to do service against him; his love for his mother, in the very crisis of his fate, is made to re-

inforce the malice of his enemies to destroy him. Every knave in Paris who wants a hundred thousand or so gets it out of the *Nabob*. His wife goes away with a servant. His secretary, a young fellow of extraordinary capacity and integrity, makes desperate efforts in his behalf which do no good whatever. In fact, all possible exertions — and this we are made to feel — are impotent from the start against Mr. Daudet's inflexible will to kill and disgrace his hero. The hero, however, does not monopolize the author's malice. He spends a liberal allowance of fury upon his subordinate characters. His leading lady, a young sculptress of divine genius and beauty, takes to prostitution, for no conceivable reason. The lady next in station is discovered not to be the wife of her husband. Bankruptcy and suicide are the ends vouchsafed to the minor personages.

In all this there is nothing tragic. There is nothing of that marvelous pessimism of *Tourguéneff* which evolves from given characters a melancholy end, which you may regret as much as you like, but which you cannot, for the life of you, alter. Neither is there in Daudet's work anything of that conflict of character and circumstances which brings *The American* of Mr. James to such a perfect and saddening close. My quarrel with Daudet is that he uses great powers for the mere purpose of making useless pain. Again and again, during the book, he carefully prepares, in the most artistic manner, a way by which the *Nabob* can escape from the savage pursuit of his enemies, and then suddenly closes it by some ingenious incident having nothing to do with the necessities of the personage in question. Over and over the *Nabob* does all that any man could do to save himself; but he is given no more chance than a bull in the ring. At the last moment his secretary arrives from Tunis with ten millions in his pocket, — enough to rescue everything, — and the *Nabob* embraces him and dies of apoplexy, leaving his fortune the prey of thieves, his name unjustly dishonored, his children in the charge of imbeciles and adulterers. This is the bitter and



nauseous farewell of the cup which Mr. Daudet has prepared for his readers.

All this would not be worth mentioning if Mr. Daudet were a mere story-teller like De Kock or Houssaye. But the truth is he is a writer of singular elegance and power, sure of a large audience whenever he has anything to say, and gifted with the power of so impressing his readers with the reality of what he is describing, that you come away from reading his books with a disagreeable sense of having been in actual contact with persons and events which are absolutely revolting. He aims to be a moralist and utterly fails, for exasperation against the preacher is not a means of grace.

— The question of hell has been handled this winter in a way never heard of before. It arose, I suppose, in Indian Orchard; but the reluctance of a knot of Congregational ministers to ordain a young preacher who lacked full faith in eternal torment could hardly, it seems to me, have gone beyond a local ripple, had not the press proceeded to take up and discuss the verity of hell as a topic of the day. One would say that this theme suffers ebbs and flows of public interest; that it comes on in force at epochs, like the seventeen-year locusts, and then drops into a round of obscurity. I remember reading, a few years ago, that the Scotch Presbyterians had just been debating whether the devil could be saved, some holding that he could, and others denouncing that view as a peculiarly subtle and perilous form of skepticism.

When our American press took up the topic of the quenchless, fiery lake, the pulpit quickly followed; for the press, in treating hell as a social rather than an exegetical question, had left much to be said. I think we can understand why a clergyman might well dislike to be dumb on this theme, when his parishioners were drawing notions of it from the lay-preacher that brings his sermons to the breakfast-table. At all events, Sunday after Sunday, the fate of the impenitent engrossed twenty different pulpits at once, in and around New

York, till all had spoken who chose to speak. On Monday mornings, while the sensation lasted, the press took special pains to report sermons on hell; and since any preacher might find his own in type, he was presumably anxious to say something worth reading; so that, thanks to the newspapers, there came to be uttered and printed many frank opinions, delivered in intelligible English.

A few of the preachers, however, complained that the press, in discussing everlasting punishment, was poaching on the pulpit's preserve. But how can the press avoid that encroachment? It may well say with old Chremes, in the play, *humani nihil a me alienum*, — a scope that carries it across the bounds of theology, as of medicine, law, and arms. What it might do well to take into those domains is a somewhat greater respect for the authorities there, and a less cavalier treatment of them. It is true that as the pulpit gains lustre from its ornaments, so it must bear the shame of its rare sacerdacies; but when the press, under the heading "Another Clerical Swindler," describes a scamp who was no clergyman at all, it might as well style the wolf in sheep's wool a wolfish sheep. The pulpit is naturally indignant whenever it finds an instance of the press scoffing at clergymen as a class, and chuckling over frauds of communicants; but sometimes it is itself a little at fault in resenting the intrusion of newspapers into public topics where there can be no monopoly. The daily press, I should say, would go beyond its depth in giving decisions upon effectual calling and justification by faith; but it is plainly entitled to make known its opinions on Sunday amusements, the exemption of church property from taxes, the reading of the Bible in the schools, the acknowledgment of God in the federal constitution, and, in a word, whatever touches at once church and state. The preacher who censures the press for holding anti-clerical views upon these topics seems to be as arrogant as the editor who rebukes the pulpit for aiming its guns at wrongs of the hour instead of firing blank cartridges down the crypts of Hebrew his-

tory at the Gergashites and Hivites whom Joshua sufficiently smote. The press is in some respects of enormous value to the pulpit. The preacher addresses to-day a thousand hearers; the reporter will to-morrow give him an audience of a hundred thousand. The types echo Spurgeon's words out of the Tabernacle all over the world. Every Monday in the year this myriad-armed *Ægeon* of ours sows broadcast the pulpit wisdom of Sunday. No doubt the seed, strewn where it is, risks choking by thorns—the things of good report by the many of ill report; still, the pulpit must, I think, fully appreciate the fact that the press carries the preacher's homily, in some fashion, to congregations he could never otherwise reach.

— Though from the days of Horace to our own the flames of senile lovers have been held fair themes for jest, yet it seems to me that the hounding of Mr. Lord and Mrs. Hicks through their honey-moon by the beagles of the press was rather an excess of inquisitive zeal. Reporters dogged the doors of bride and groom like detectives; rang up Mrs. Hicks's housemaid at midnight to learn if her mistress had come home; worried family history out of the butler; confabulated with the corner grocer; interviewed the neighboring apothecary; lay in wait for the post-man; cross-questioned the cook's cousins in the area; and when keyholes and back fences had failed to yield up the matrimonial mystery, or even to explain the solitary gas-light in Mrs. Hicks's boudoir, after all, the knights of the note-book were driven to embroider and to romance. It was certainly odd to see a private marriage of this sort becoming the chief newspaper sensation of a great city during many days, and prolonged in a less conspicuous way for weeks afterwards. Surely the difference in age of the pair (thirty years, — not "half a century," as some commentators put it) was nothing extraordinary; nor is it uncommon for an old millionaire to marry a woman who is millionaire only in style and beauty. It is a fair question whether the goods which each brought to the altar were not

tolerably well balanced. The marriage, to be sure, was secret, and this secrecy was, if you please, suspicious, but it seems to be the sort of suspicion for household rather than public investigation. Yet dispatches from distant cities have more than once told us that an old gentleman, escorting a lady, "supposed to be Mr. Lord and Mrs. Hicks," had just been seen at a certain hotel or on a certain railroad train, — precisely as if they were a pair of Charley Rosses whom everybody ought, if possible, to find and make a note of, or a brace of distinguished criminals whom the public ought to arrest.

Perhaps we are now to have a kind of panic among the kith and kin of rich old gentlemen, to prevent them from defrauding their dutiful heirs by plunging into matrimony. Indeed, has a man the moral right to disappoint his offspring by trying to begin life anew at a time when he is universally expected to end it? Ought he not to be restrained by law from marrying (save with the written consent of his heirs) under penalty of being put in a strait-jacket for the remnant of his life, and of having his estate administered as if he were already dead?

— Both Mr. Stedman and Mr. Fawcett have lately been making sturdy war on the confounding of prose with poetry. I should like to have either of them (or anybody else) kindly point out the dividing line. We are told that we must not say of a fine passage not printed with capitals on each line, "This is poetry," and why? "For the despotic reason that it is prose." That is not merely despotic; it is luminous. Again we are told that the distinction lies here: "Poetry is beautiful thought expressed in musical words." But with all due respect to the author of *Pan in Wall Street* and *John Brown*, I submit that this definition includes much of Gibbon and Macaulay, of Addison and Irving, of Thackeray and Henry James; even of Herbert Spencer and Charles Darwin. Mr. Stedman's dictionary seems somehow to be at war with his precepts.

In view of *Paradise Lost*, or even of

Ulysses, Hiawatha, and Evangeline, we can hardly insist on rhyme as a distinguishing mark of poetry. What then? Shall we require conformity to one kind of rhythm? Our best poets vary continually, and are praised for doing so.

Swinburne writes, —

" Who can contend with his lords,
Or cross them or do them wrong?
Who can bind them as with cords?
Who can tame them as with song?
Who can smite them as with swords?
For the hands of their kingdom are strong."

Compare the first, second, and sixth verses with the remaining three. Is the transition less abrupt than in the following extract from Hawthorne? —

" Romance and poetry,
Ivy lichens and wall-flowers,
Need ruins to make them grow."

So it seems that Hawthorne becomes poetry when you chop him into small lines and capitalize each of them. When you don't, he is prose. It is well to have a clear understanding of these things.

On the whole, I am of the opinion that Mr. Stedman's definition is right and his precepts are wrong. I maintain that a musical passage embodying a beautiful or grand thought is poetry wherever you find it; and that only the absence of the music or the beauty and grandeur can rightly bar that title. The real distinction is between prose and verse; and that is chiefly formal and conventional. Mr. Walt Whitman has shown how invisible even this boundary sometimes becomes. But either of these forms of expression may embody poetry or not. Its true antitheses are, not prose, but dullness and commonplace.

— Many persons are afraid to countenance the spelling reform lest the history of the derivation of our words be forever lost, and not a few shudder at the thought of changing the orthographic dress in which they have been accustomed to read *Paradise Lost* and the *Bible*. Let us examine each phase of the difficulty. It can be shown, in the first place, that the present spelling, in many instances, does not indicate the correct derivation. "Sovereign," for example, has no connection with the verb *to reign*, and would better show its deri-

vation and meaning if spelt as Milton spelt it, "sovran," for it is allied to the Italian *sovraano*. *Island* retains the *s* because of an imagined connection with the Latin *insula*, whereas it is really derived from the Old English *ea*, water, and *land*, land. Here is a list of English words from words in French containing the vowels *ou*: *Soup*, *tour*, French spelling and pronunciation; *journal*, *couple*, French spelling and English pronunciation; *poultry*, *court*, same spelling, but a still different pronunciation; *prove*, *move*, French pronunciation, but a different spelling; *govern*, *cover*, the spelling and pronunciation changed; *nurse*, *gullet*, *cutlass*, spelling changed to correspond with the changed sound; *sloop*, *poop*, *troop*, French pronunciation indicated by English spelling. It is plain enough that these six variations were not brought into our orthography by any methodical procedure but "growd," with no more care than Topsy had. On this point Professor Max Müller, of Oxford, says: "If our spelling followed the pronunciation of words, it would in reality be a greater help to the critical student of language than the present uncertain and unscientific mode of writing."

As for the *Bible* and standard authoress, we must not suppose for an instant that our enterprising printers present them to us now in the original spelling. No; they have changed all that. The spelling of our fathers passed out of their books long before their dollar burnt its way through our pockets. Here are some specimens: —

Shakespeare, 1623: *Tuch*, *neece*, *yeeld*, *beleeve*, *brest*, *thred*, *lims*, *hart* — *heart*, *ake*, *breth*, *peeces*, *simpathy*, *Wensday*, *doo*, *tel*, *els*, *greefe*, *releeve*, *shoo*, *cheef*, *feend*, *frend*, *gon*, *sute*, *wher*, *hony*, *cisin*, *spred*, *kild*, *dore*, *wil*, *sent* — *scent*.

Milton, 1644: *Parlament* (why not, more correctly, *parlement*?), *usurpt*, *privat*, *pretens*, *traind*, *senat*, *don*, *punisht*, *cours*, *palat*, *formost*, *ript*, *beleeve*, *fantasm*, *foreine*, *suttle* — *subtle*, *survay*, *tolerat*, *dasht*, *lerning*, *wors*, *brest*, *neer*, *peece*, *dore*, *iland*.

Bible, 1611: *Bel*, *hel*, *sayd*, *sicke*,

dayes, bridegrome, bottels, olde, breake, beleuee, countrey, deuill, deuil, foorth, harse, scrippe, confesse, shalbe, shal, cloathing, untill, bene, heauie, heavy, prophane, voyce, euil, euill, wisedome, wil, emptie, doe = do, sixtie, fift = fifth, sixth = sixth, deepenesse, bin = been, marchant, daunced, boysterous, wondred, commaunded, skie, eies, uerily, nere-ly, commeth, sorie, peny, penie, figge, stanes, darkned, farre, shooes, honie, hony, stoupe, immediatly, maried, oyle, yeeres, sowen = sown, grone = groan, un-knownen, setled, powred = poured, bat-tell, fourty, twise.

All of this shows that in the days that Shakespeare and Milton wrote, and the translators of King James worked, orthography had not attained its present position among the false gods of English-speaking peoples; and that in those primitive and unscientific days philology was not made easy at the expense of spelling.

In fact the almost senseless variations of spelling indulged in by early authors, and the absurd orthography to which we now cling with a ridiculous tenacity, almost inevitably breed a disgust for conventional correctness in all who look into the subject with care.

— In traveling through some border counties of Canada, now and again one finds himself in a community which, to judge from its local names, might have floated over from the United States and dropped down there in bulk. In Waterloo County, for example, you find a set of surnames precisely the same as those common in Lancaster and Montgomery counties, Pennsylvania. Of course such a name as Martin, quite familiar both in the States and the Dominion, would teach nothing; but when, in Waterloo County, are thickly strewn and intermixed such rural East Pennsylvania names as Brubaker, Graybill, Hersher, Landis, Rich-wine, Buckwater, and so on, these are too odd not to strike the visitor who has seen them grouped in the same way in Pennsylvania townships. What is the key to this riddle, so obviously no affair of chance coincidence? It is, I am told, that ninety odd years ago, when independence

had been won, and the country made hot for Tories, a number of Royalist families migrated from Lancaster and Montgomery counties, in Pennsylvania, across the Canadian line, where they could be at rest on loyal soil, and bear allegiance to King George. Possibly a few other families, patriot in politics, but bound by ties of kin to the Tory exiles, may have gone into banishment with them. At all events, these settlements kept so well their old character that now not only might the summer tourist almost fancy from their shop signs and from the county maps spread on tavern walls that he was in the heart of Eastern Pennsylvania, but he may even hear the old Pennsylvania Dutch, a tongue unmistakable, among some of the descendants of those colonies.

— In the new and often laudable and quite successful efforts to improve our civic and domestic architecture, it is interesting to observe that the importance of glazed tiles for decorative purposes is beginning to be understood. Properly managed they add a delicate beauty and richness to brick or stone, laid in string courses or otherwise. They soften the somewhat foxy tone of red brick when they are of cooler tints, and they harmonize well with freestone. But their full capacity for ornamentation does not seem yet to be reached, at least in this country, for the color of which they are invariably made, so far as my observation extends, is blue. Why would not warmer tints also be sometimes effective, inlaid on masonry that is composed of the more sober grays? Might not even the stern aspect and coarser grain of granite be mellowed by a judicious use of *azulejos*, as the Portuguese call them? Might not brick be softened by more tender reds or browns blended with it, or warm grays? But the fault to which much of this form of ceramic art is liable is that of non-adaptation, not so much as to color as in regard to the designs upon these tiles. They are often pretty and tasteful when seen near the ground, but as soon as they get a little distance from the eye lose all their distinctive character. Now, what is

the use of designing a tile pattern that looks well when within a dozen feet from the eye, as if it were intended for a fire-place, when it is to be fixed near the eaves of a building, sixty or seventy feet from the ground? Is not this flying in the face of the very first principle of architectural and decorative art? The remedy naturally lies in more breadth of design and simply returning to first principles.

— A German friend recently told me of an amusing incident which he witnessed in the theatre at Augsburg many years ago. The play was Molière's *Miser*, and my friend had a seat at the side of the house, where he could see behind the right wings. It was toward the end of the play, where a long, pathetic, and rather tiresome dialogue takes place, and several of the characters have to stand round with nothing to occupy them except some trifling incidental "business." Two lighted candles are on the table, and Harpagon, the miser, true to his character, extinguishes one of them. The servant relights it. Harpagon soon notices the candle burning again, extinguishes it a second time, and puts it in the pocket of his long, flowing coat. At this point several actors who are lounging at the wings beckon to their colleague who is impersonating the servant. He joins them; they whisper together for a minute, and then the servant steps up behind Harpagon and lights the candle, which projects from his pocket several inches. This calls forth a general tittering from the audience, and Harpagon, perceiving that he seems to be the object of mirth, unsuspectingly reaches his hand towards his pocket, the public gaze being centred there. Encountering the burning candle he gives a quick yell of painful surprise, at the same time jumping a yard or so. This naturally brought down the house, the audience taking it all as a piece of excellent acting, instead of the successful practical joke which it was.

— Will not the writer of the warning against the new cheap "libraries," which was printed in the November Club, give us his opinion of the more

"respectable" poachers on English literary preserves, and tell us wherein, except in extent, the two classes of offenses differ? With some notable and honorable exceptions, what degree of justice can be claimed for the treatment which the English author receives at the hands of well-known American publishers? I am not able to learn with exactness what rates are paid to such authors, but, if we are to credit common rumor, the *honorarium* is out of all proportion, not only to the character of the audience and the quality of the work, but also to the number of volumes sold. I myself have heard of the advance sheets of a prominent English poet going begging in this country at half the price that would gladly have been paid to an American writer of equal audience, merely because of the uncertain tenure of the rights thus acquired. It has come to the point that no foreign author expects an equivalent for his work; he bows to the appreciative publisher, and dare not look at the amount of his check. To discriminate between such a purchase of literary work (convey, the wise it call!) and the unblushing appropriations of the libraries is but to decide between the methods of the extortioner and the highwayman.

Not a few who are interested in the future of American literature, as well as in honest dealing, are congratulating themselves that the success of the libraries is only another step toward the establishment of international copyright, which they are deluded enough to think will be a remedy not only for the wrongs I have referred to, but also for those inflicted by the libraries themselves. In the list of those thus wronged, as given by your contributor, are: (1.) the English author; (2) the American author; (3) the American publisher; and (4) the American reader, whose eyes are likely to be injured by the unlead type. Of these four persons the third is the only one from which opposition to copyright was to be expected. May not the success of the cheap literature soon make it necessary for him to take the other side of the question in self-de-

fense? Perhaps we may even hear of him trying to prove to the American paper-maker, the nation's fondling, —

" for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom," —
that in the end even he will not be likely to lose by international copyright.

— Meditating, in the light of some new novels, upon what was said in the January Club about fiction and reality, I have come to the conclusion that it would not be easy to get from a convention of fiction-writers any definition of "realism" which would prove satisfactory to more than one or two of the realists themselves. There is not only *imparity* but great *disparity* in their methods. Here are three books which I have just read, all claiming a certain authority by their near approach to the real: first, Daudet's *Nabob* (in the American translation¹); second, *Marmorne*,² the latest *No Name* book; and third, a story of low life in New York, *Bessie Harrington's Venture*, by Miss J. A. Matthews.³ M. Daudet being one of the leaders of a new school, the "impressionists," we of course expect from him any amount of harsh imitation of the actual just as it stands; but in this book one finds an undisguised picture of an actual person of eminence, namely, the *Duc de Morny*, to whom Daudet was for some time private secretary, and who is here presented as "the chief functionary of the empire," the *Duc de Mora*. There is also a curious suggestion all along — perhaps partly arising from this obvious use of a deceased public man — of well-known persons in real life standing behind the men and women of the story: notably in the cases of Dr. Jenkins, "the fashionable physician of the year 1864," of the sculptress *Felicia Ruy*, the *Nabob* himself, and *Lemerquier* the clerical deputy. These are the principal persons, and there is a great difference between the way in which they are portrayed and the fainter outlining of characters like *Papa Joyeuse* (who is evi-

dently a fancy-sketch) and *André Marmorne*, the young poet. If this impression does not mislead me, it follows that a good deal of Daudet's forcibleness is due merely to description of people exactly as he has seen them. It is comparatively easy, if one has any gift at all, to be forcible in this direction, because the energy which would otherwise go into imagination is now reserved for simple recording. Daudet is evidently a thorough believer in *Balzac*, — whose bronze bust, by the way, he introduces with masterly effect as looking satirically at two of the characters who have been to *De Mora*'s funeral at *Père la Chaise*; but in reading the new novelist's books I do not feel that I am in a complete ideal world, reproducing with wonderful magic the appearances of the actual world, as I do in reading *Balzac*. On the contrary, I feel as if Daudet had taken tracing-paper of huge size, and, applying it to the parts of life which he wishes to put together, had followed the lines of the object covered by his paper with a blunt pencil making a broad mark, but also with that want of free and controlled vigor which belongs to all tracings. Besides, I doubt if he is always true to life. Dickens and Thackeray both believed they were very realistic, yet many people find fault with the former as being a caricaturist, and with Thackeray for blotting out of his picture the high lights of beauty and happiness, and "cynically" emphasizing the mean, the vulgar, and the bad, in a way that they claim makes it unreal. Daudet, likewise, may be complained of for willfully destroying and debasing people, and for heaping up desolate *dénouements* to such an extent that one is reminded of a child, who, after drawing a picture, becomes dissatisfied with it, and defaces it by a violent obliterate scrawl. His books seem to me to end in a general scrawl of disgust at the wickedness and gloom he has been describing. It is just the same in this one, where the *Nabob* is made to die of a sudden revulsion of pleasure, just when his wrongs are on the eve of being wiped out by new successes. No,

¹ Estee and Lauriat: Boston.

² Roberts Brothers: Boston.

³ Roberts Brothers: Boston.

it is *not* true to life! Then, is it true to art? I am afraid it is not that, either. Daudet is really an artist, and shows it at intervals, as in the terrible scene where the state funeral of De Mora keeps crossing the path of his mistress, who is trying to escape from Paris. But he is an artist pursuing a mongrel method, misled by the idea of transferring reality into his pages by the cubic inch, just as in the old days of English law a man who sold real estate was obliged to give to the purchaser a turf from the land itself. In fact, I doubt if the Nabob would have died in this way, bearing in mind his tenacious animal nature; and M. Daudet's elaborate realism, I find, makes me fastidious about anything that looks like improbability or incongruity. But simply as a question of art — for fiction admits of improbabilities — this ending strikes me as overcharged, reckless, and likely to miss its aim. What does Paris care for the accusation that it has been cruel and unjust to a Nabob, when he is dead? If he had lived to turn his enemies and parasitic friends into matter for ridicule, it would have felt the lesson much more keenly.

The author of *Marmorne* has quite another way of going to work. He informs you in the preface that he has known of an incident similar to that on which the story chiefly hinges, and adds that he has changed the scene and introduced circumstances to make the incident seem probable to the skeptical reader. This leaves the reader in the position which is most fitting for him, that of taking up the tale as a pure invention (founded, to be sure, on one particular fact), and then falling completely under the illusion produced by its graphic details and skillful art. *Marmorne* is a singular and absorbing story, told with great, although unobtrusive cleverness. In it, realism is brought to bear in what seems to me a legitimate, artistic way. It does not go so far as to attempt absolute deception, by means of using real characters, or by a statement at the end that, if you don't believe it, all the author can say is, he

knew the very people he has been writing about. But everything is clearly imagined and vividly set before you in terse, plain language that carries conviction. I admire Daudet, in the radical sense of that word, — the sense of wondering at, — and I think him more powerful than the unknown author of *Marmorne*; but it happens that *Marmorne* displays a much nicer sense of art.

As for the third book I have named, it tells how Bessie Harrington undertook to manage a class of wicked and lawless boys in the Five Points Mission House, or something of that sort, in New York; how she won over their ringleader by her gentleness; and he studied for the ministry, and went back to reclaim the people who remained in his former degraded condition, and became a benefactor to them. The conception is a good one, but it is amateurishly worked out: there is a great want of what may obscurely be described as literary anatomy in the characters. I merely mention it here because it marks one other phase of "realism," — that in which the localities are real and the names of the people exceedingly probable in their commonness, and the characters ordinary and without individuality, so that they may be sure not to be accused of unreality. This is the timid and negative phase.

I have just thought of an objection that will be made to my contrast of *The Nabob* and *Marmorne*: it will be said that *Marmorne* is a story made only to excite and entertain, and that Daudet's book has a great "lesson" to teach. But I think there is a delusion abroad about Daudet's "lessons." For him to claim to be a moralist seems to me about the same as for a man to point out to me a smoking ruin, with the words: "Scene of the late accident. What a philosopher I am!" or for a newspaper writer to read me his summary of recent swindles, crimes, and infamies, and then say: "Have n't I described hideous things? That's because I'm a great moralist." To come back to my starting-point, I want to dis-

cover what is the relation between the different kinds of realism. What is realism itself? It is unphilosophic, nowadays, to do more than ask a question (in one form or another); so I wait for some one else to supply the definition.

— I have seen much discussion, recently, concerning Marianne, one of Tourguéneff's heroines, and it has occurred to me that those who accuse her of free views concerning love and marriage have never pondered the fact that the great Russian novelist has rarely, if ever, endowed his young girls with what we should exact as a rigid standard of propriety for speech and action.

Tourguéneff has, no doubt, his own creed concerning women, and it must be confessed he finds his own views admirable for artistic purposes. No writer has, perhaps, more successfully delineated the single-hearted ardor, the glowing, intense, yet pure passion a girl may feel for her lover. His heroines are, to begin with, at variance with their surroundings; at strife with commonplaces — in their minds.

"Passion yet unborn
Lies hidden as the music of the morn
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingales."

When love actually comes, it is like a flood in spring, and sweeps away all the old landmarks.

We need not allude to Smoke.

In Dimitri Roudine, Natalie, a very young girl, scarcely grown up, says to Roudine, when she finds his ardor cruelly disappointing her, "Do you know that if you had said to me just now, 'I love you, but I can't marry you; I can't answer for the future; give me your hand and follow me,' do you know I

should have followed you, that I was ready for everything?"¹

In On the Eve, Ellen, after almost forcing from Insaroff the acknowledgment of his passion, says to herself, "Why, why did not Demetrius then and there in the oratory bid me follow him? Did he not declare before God I was his wife? Why, then, am I here?" He has simply called her his wife in the ecstasy of their mutual understanding of love, but she regards it as a binding tie. In her letter to Insaroff she repeatedly calls herself his wife, and it is difficult to believe that they are not actually married from the confiding and intimate tone. In a later scene we see clearly enough with what abandon she loves.

In Assja, the young girl distinctly tells the man, who is only half in love with her, that she knows any marriage is impossible between them, but that she would have given herself to him.

In the Antchar, Marie throws herself away upon the worthless Terettriff, "And the poor slave died at the feet of her lord and master."

Lisa requires a finer analysis; still, enough instances, I fear, have been cited to prove that it is scarcely worth while to accuse Marianne of deeper enormities than her sisters. Tourguéneff is supreme in his skill as an artist, and his young girls love with a *naïveté*, an intensity, a directness, which is admirable in art. If one wants to moralize over the pictures he draws, one may readily declare that all these young girls suffer in proportion to their love. The question is whether one may sensibly moralize upon a work of art.

¹ Leisure Hour Series, page 181.



RECENT LITERATURE.

THOSE of our readers who are acquainted with Mr. Johnson's previous volume, on India, will recognize in this second installment of his great work the same qualities of wide research, thorough treatment, philosophical insight, and breadth of thought which marked that admirable book. This volume,¹ like that, gives us the substance of what only the library and the patience of a specialist could furnish. But it is no mere compilation; the farthest possible from that. All that Mr. Johnson has learned from travelers, missionaries, historians, and scholars, French, German, and English, he has thoroughly digested and made the basis of careful analysis and generalization and much original thought. His book is not only a mine of information, but is full of interesting discussion. And though it treats of a remote country, its light is brought to bear frequently upon the needs and questions of our own land. The style is scholarly, often eloquent; if it ever seem diffuse, it is not the emptiness of verbiage but the fullness of thought. The treatment is detailed yet broad, the criticism at once keen and sympathetic. The author has a quick eye for all that is best in the institutions, systems, and national character which he judges, but he is not blind to their limitations and defects. In the references to Christianity which must naturally occur in such a work he evidently looks at it as one of the religions of the world, the subject of judgment and comparison, to be approached from a rational, and not a polemic or supernatural, point of view. It is evident also that he uses the word religion in a broad and philosophical sense, as including all the highest thought and best purpose of a people, whatever is held in earnestness of purpose,—in short, its *ideal*, whether expressed in its government, education, literature, and history, or in its belief and worship. So all these topics are here,—not sketched in as a background, but treated with great fullness.

In his opening discussion of the Chinese Mind, Mr. Johnson draws the distinction between it and that of India that the latter is in its quality *cerebral*, the former *muscu-*

lar: one is brain, the other hand; one thought, the other labor. The Chinese is, characteristically, utilitarian, positivist, realistic, bound to rules and prescriptions and routines, yet not purely materialistic. As Mr. Johnson acutely remarks, it is not the incapacity of the Chinese mind to grasp ideas, but its tendency immediately to embody them in concrete forms, and hold them fast bound there, unable, apparently, "to hold them in solution for the tests of reason and aspiration," which is the key to "Chinese immobility;" this gives the appearance of arrested development. The idea long ago got its perfect expression, and so its repression to dead levels of repetition. Everything tends to details; yet everything, by minuteness and repetition, gets elaborately and exquisitely done within its limitations. This is true alike of handiwork, written language, historic record, political structure, educational methods, civil etiquette. Yet, with this faculty for organization, the Chinese have built up a vast and permanent civilization, industrious, educated, and orderly. Their ethics, tending immediately to conduct, exalting "the mean," make them, if not heroic, yet humane, peaceable, and reasonably honest. "No nation in the world, of whatever religion, possesses a literature so pure," or, as we shall see, so vast. The same elaborateness, with the same limitation, shows itself in their numerous but undeveloped inventions, in their language which has no alphabet, in their art at once exquisite and crude.

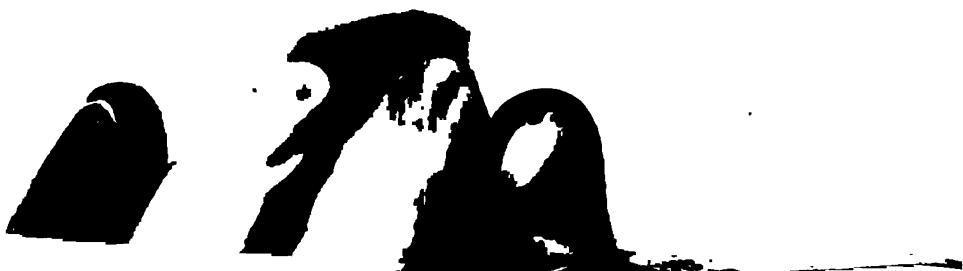
The chapter on Government reveals like characteristics. The state in China, according to our author, "is not an ideal concrete, but a concrete ideal." All its elements are believed to have existed from the remotest times, so perfect as to be, not merely the best, but the only real state, the true expression of the relation of heaven and earth, coextensive with the natural laws. And this is the ground of its exclusiveness, akin to that of the Roman Church. Chinese absolutism is not the arrogance of an individual will; the emperor represents the will of heaven. As son of heaven, he is the father of his people, in this patriarchal system. "To violate the laws is equally criminal in emperor or private

¹ *Oriental Religions and their Relations to Universal Religion: China.* By SAMUEL JOHNSON. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

man" is a popular Chinese proverb. The responsibility of the emperor to govern justly and humanely and for the good of the people is everywhere recognized. If he does not, "Heaven wills his overthrow and the people must effect it." There is a board of censors ready with remonstrance; there is a register of the imperial words and actions written in secret, opened only at his death, recording his glory or his shame. "The praises of tyrannicide stand in the text-books of law and ethics." So tempered is this "despotism." The Classics are full of high counsels to rulers. In the absence of newspapers and legislatures, the popular opinion gets expressed in satires, stories, placards, remonstrances, and through secret societies. There is, besides, an element of local government in the city councils and village communities, with household suffrage. Mr. Johnson gives a full abstract of the actual penal code of China, which abounds in provisions of justice and benignity. The maxim of the *Shi-king*, that "the end of punishment is to make an end of punishment," has not been forgotten. Antiquated penalties, of a barbarous character, though retained in the books, are not allowed or practiced. But in this connection our author well says, "Darker passions, which descend in the blood and brain of all races, may leap into unexpected power. For this reason alone, a cruel or unjust principle should be utterly wiped off the statute-book the moment its application ceases to be allowed by public sentiment. The same is to be said of superstitions which stand in statutes long after they are outgrown by the enlightened conscience, and afford hold for blind bigotry, such as the Sunday laws of the New England States."

The chapter on Education gives a full account of the ideas and methods of a people who have been declared to have been for ages more generally educated than any other. From them our author draws some valuable lessons for ourselves, pointing out the dangers of over-teaching and routine, mechanical repetition and mere rote knowledge, and the absence of mental freedom and force which beset our schools and of which intelligent Chinese are aware in theirs. The popular education appears not to include girls; but some of the teachers are women, and many women are authors. The system of competitive examinations is described and discussed, with reference to American deficiencies and needs.

Passing over a curious and instructive chapter upon Language, we come to those devoted to Chinese literature. "This literature," says Mr. Johnson, "appeals to the imagination by its amount, but makes little use of that faculty in its constructions." He finds in it "a type deficient in the qualities hitherto held by our traditional culture," but strangely coinciding with certain tendencies beginning to manifest themselves in the West. When we read of anthologies "flowering out into a collection of fifty thousand poems, from a single dynasty," with two thousand compilers busy upon it; of the Han revival of letters (150 B. C.), which gave a catalogue of thirteen thousand recovered books, including those of two hundred schools of philosophy and thirteen hundred books of poetry, in a hundred schools; of vast encyclopedias; of a fresh age of lyric poetry by a thousand bards; of three hundred thousand volumes of dynastic histories, and a universal history in sixty, — to go no further, — we may well think our author's epithet of "colossal" not misapplied, and that old Hakluyt was right in calling Chinese literature "in a manner infinite." It quite reconciles us to never having learned the Chinese language. In dramatic literature we are told "no nation has such a store of plays in constant use." They are all in prose, all characterized by directness and "sedate simplicity of purpose" and a good, moral tone, but "wanting in the individuality, fullness, and flavor of the Western drama." The aim of the stage, according to the Chinese code, is "to offer true or supposed pictures of just men, chaste women, and obedient children, who may inspire the spectators to the practice of virtue." We should like to see that sentiment inscribed above the stage of some of our theatres, and enforced below, that we might not, under pretense of amusement and painting things as they are, have our young people made familiar with corruption, and the fine edge of their moral sensibility dulled, its temper drawn out. In the numerous tales and romances of China "fancy clings to solid ground of fact, and easily runs into didactics." Yet humor is not wanting, and there is plenty of sentiment. Woman in them holds a high position. Good actions bring providential reward, after fashions "familiar to editors of Christian manuals and Sunday-school books," but types are found, too, of ideal virtue. Our author gives outlines of a number of dramas and romances, and several pages of selec-



tions from the literature of proverbs, which would seem so congenial to the Chinese mind. We quote a few of these:—

“ Ill-gotten rice boils to nothing. True gold dreads not the fire. Deep roots fear no wind. The steel cannot behead the innocent. Better be without books than believe all that is in them. Do your duty and rest in your fate. For every blade of grass its drop of dew. The wild birds have no garners, but the wide world is before them. Three thousand laws and five hundred books, but it depends upon your free will whether you are good or bad. Sweep the snow from thine own door, and spy not the frost on thy neighbor's tiles. To return hate with kindness is like throwing water on snow. Dig your well before you are thirsty. Let your ideas be round and your conduct square. Adapt yourself to the situation, and listen for Heaven. It is better to do good than to burn incense. Helping another helps yourself. A good subject cannot serve two masters; lay not two saddles on one horse.”

To Chinese Poetry Mr. Johnson devotes a very interesting chapter. This prosaic people, as we count them, are said by Ampère to be “ of all nations the fondest of poetry.” The poet, we learn, has, from earliest times, been honored by them even beyond the sage. We, once in a hundred years, send a Lowell on a foreign mission. In China the poet's gift has always been the passport to high office. Kings engrave his sentences on stone and invest him with royal robes, and when he withdraws from a corrupt court call him back from exile with entreaties and gifts. It was a poet who replied to royal offers of forgiveness: “ I have done my duty, and ought not to be forgiven but rewarded.” Every form of poetry except the epic is found in China. Under those placid, impassive faces beat surely human hearts, and all human experiences find mild and orderly expression in their truly “numerous” verse. Our author gives some very pleasing specimens. They are marked, as might be expected, by fancy rather than imagination, by delicate touch and tender sentiment; any vivid passion we must not look for. Their *kin* or lyre has, we are told, only silken strings, and so has their poetry. “ Their best evidence of poetic capacity is a constant investment of nature with human expression.” The willow blossom, the white swallow, the peace of the mountain height, the meeting of old friends, the sufferings of the conscript, the

praise of solitude, the transiency of life, a woman's devotion, a man's self-sacrifice,—such are their themes; and there are a few stirring war-songs. “ The religious element in Chinese poetry,” says Mr. Johnson, “ we must seek in the *seriousness of its interest* in positive forms of life rather than in contemplation of Infinite Being.” And we quote the sentence as one instance of the sympathetic insight which marks his criticisms.

To the *Shi-king*, or book of odes, the most ancient of the so-called Chinese classics, some twenty pages are devoted. Dating some centuries back from 800 B. C. the themes of its verses are the labors of husbandry, duties of government, affections and fidelities of home, laws of social order, all familiar human experiences. It inculcates everywhere humanity, justice, kindly affections, virtue, peace. It knows no priesthood, no mythology (except in the instance of the virgin-born *How-tseih*), but it teaches “ to stand in awe of Heaven,” whose “ will none can resist.” It celebrates good kings, like King Wan, who “ bright in heaven ascends and descends on the right and left of God; His fame is without end: born of pure father and mother, watchful and reverent, with wisdom served he God and won the blessing; through him, grown men became virtuous, and the young went ever onward.” It laments the corruption of evil days and rulers.

Of the *Shi-king*, Confucius, who compiled it in its present form, said that it might all be summed up in one sentence: *Have no depraved thoughts.*

Coming now to the “sages,” the philosophy of the Chinese is naturally enough found to be rationalistic and secular. It is based on the assumption of the essential goodness of human nature, the validity and the sufficiency of human faculties. “ Reason is the celestial principle innate in man,” says Chu-hi. Their ethics are pure and elevated. Filial piety is made the beginning of all virtues. To Confucius and his influence Mr. Johnson devotes three chapters. His name of *Kung-fu-tse* means, it seems, teacher, of the family of *Kung*. He was born 551 B. C. He held public office; was exiled, a wanderer in peril of his life; returning at the age of sixty-nine he devoted his five remaining years to literary labors. His story is one of honorable activity, of wise counsels given in free conversation, of fidelity to conviction, of disappointment and outward failure, of patient acceptance

of suffering. "The sharp trial," he said, "is my good fortune. I do not murmur against Heaven, I do not fret myself at men. Below, I learn; above, I aspire. There is heaven; that knows me." At last he said, "My day is done; it is time for me to die." Mr. Johnson draws an interesting comparison between his death and that of Buddha and of Jesus. His character was marked by charity, sympathy, sincerity, humility, a vein of humor, practical good sense, and a strain of spirituality. Years passed. His tragedy was changed to triumphs, and he became, and still is, honored and almost worshiped. His followers have not hesitated to speak of him as "the equal of heaven." His teachings were written down by his disciples (or, as Legge thinks, by their disciples) in the Lün-Yü (conversations or analects) and the Chüng-Yüng (the invariable mean). For an admirable analysis of these books, with illustrative extracts, we must refer to Mr. Johnson's pages. A few sentences we cannot forbear quoting, with the admission that in the original they will be found scattered through rather dreary pages:—

"The true man will yield up his life to preserve his virtue. To see what is right and not do it is the part of a coward. It is wisdom to do human duties faithfully, and while respecting the spirits [of ancestors] to keep away from them. Of three things a true man stands in awe: the laws of heaven, great men, and the words of the wise. For uprightness man is born. My prayer is a constant one. The mind of the superior man is occupied with righteousness, that of the mean man with gain. Overflow in love to all, and cultivate the friendship of the good. The good man loves all men; all within the four seas are his brothers. Recompense injury with justice. Only the virtuous know how to love or hate. Keep the heart right, and love others as thyself. To go beyond is as wrong as to fall short. Sincerity is the way of heaven; it makes its possessor coequal with heaven. What you do not like done to yourself do not do to others."

This "golden rule" also occurs in an affirmative form, but less compactly expressed. In the teachings of Confucius we find, as Mr. Johnson says, "large affirmations of essential right and spiritual law, but we miss aesthetic emotion and intellectual fire; we miss the flight of imagination. . . . Nor does religion attain a fully self-conscious freedom." He notes also a strong affinity to

modern "positivism," characteristic of the Chinese temperament.

A century after the death of Confucius was born Mencius, "a contemporary of the great age of Greek philosophy." A teacher of political science and morals, he confronted rulers with a freedom of speech like that of the Hebrew prophets, quite in whose spirit, also, are his pleas for righteousness in rulers and nation. "O king," he said, "why do you talk of profit? I have humanity and justice for my teaching, nothing more." "In success to share one's principles with the people, in failure to live them out alone; to be incorruptible by riches or honors, unchangeable by poverty, unmoved by perils or power,—these I call the qualities of a great man." "Never did one who bends himself make others straight." "A drowning kingdom must be rescued by right principles." To King Seuen he said that "if he had great faults and would not hear advice, they should dethrone him." He was no friend to hereditary monarchy, and pleaded for popular rights; yet he opposed the *doctrinaires* of his time. He "refutes the theory that every one who does not perform the manual labors necessary to produce all he lives on is an oppressor in an argument as timely to-day as it was two thousand years ago." Here was evidently "intellectual fire" enough.

A very different atmosphere do we enter in Lao-tze. Instead of concrete ethics and political and social reform, we have here the strains of the transcendentalist and mystic. Hear him speak of "a depth still and pure, as if the Eternal were indeed there. Before all beings, before the Supreme Ruler himself. Father of all mystery of motherhood, root of heaven and earth. He that worketh through it shall not be weary. All things wait on it for life, and it refuseth none; it loves and supports all beings, but lords it over none. Forever without doing, it leaves nothing undone. All things as born of it, by its power upheld. The refuge of all beings, the treasure of the good, the redeemer of the wicked." Hear him proclaim: "The way that can be spoken is not the eternal way; the name that can be named is not the eternal name. He that is free from selfish desires shall behold it in the spirit. Depth and the depth of depths; the entrance to all spiritual life!"

And so on, Mr. Johnson gives us nearly the whole of the Tao-te-king of Lao-tze in a translation drawn from French and German



sources, and much superior to that of Chalmers, heretofore, we believe, the only English version. Here we have Plotinus and Böhmen and Tauler all in one, showing that this plodding, Nestorian race is at least capable of winging the upper air. Yet the disciples were more earthly than the master, and the mysticism of the Tao degenerated into thaumaturgy and divination, as did the later neoplatonism.

For a very full, interesting account of Buddhism, its introduction into China eighteen hundred years ago, and its various modifications there, we must refer our readers to the book itself. There is also an admirable chapter on Beliefs and Superstitions, defending the Chinese on strong grounds from the charge of atheism.

We have been able in our space to give but an outline of what this remarkable book contains. We shall be glad if these hints of its wealth may induce any of our readers to lay aside some trivial and ephemeral volume for this thoughtful and instructive work, which is a real honor to American scholarship. They cannot fail to gain from it a largely increased interest in and respect for a people whom they may have been wont to look upon with indifference, pity, or amused contempt. In view of certain outrages and the spirit which prompted them, we heartily wish the information and ideas of this book could in some way be brought to enlighten the prejudice which — as intelligent as it is unrepentant — has so shamefully manifested itself on our California coast, and is not unknown nearer home.

— The *Antelope and Deer of America*,¹ by J. D. Caton, is not only by far the best work upon the subject, but is, in many respects, a model for all writers upon natural history. The author, a distinguished lawyer and judge of Illinois, instead of compiling his book from works on natural history, sporting sketches, travels, and other similar sources, has for years kept and watched living specimens of the animals themselves, running at large in two vast parks or inclosures made expressly for them, and has thus had opportunities for examination, comparison, and description which even the most experienced hunters could never have obtained. He is also a

close and accurate observer, and from a vast amount of facts, carefully noted down from time to time, has selected the most interesting and important, thus preparing a work which must always remain the standard upon the subject. The author divides the ruminantia, Cuvier's eighth order of mammalia, into two groups, those having horns and those which have none. The first group is subdivided into those which have hollow horns and those having solid ones.

Each of these two groups is further subdivided, the first including those animals having hollow and persistent horns, like the ox, goat, etc., and those with hollow and deciduous horns, of which class the American antelope is the sole representative; and the second into those having solid and persistent horns, of which the giraffe is the only specimen, and those having solid and deciduous horns, including the deer, elk, moose, and all the cervidæ.

Mr. Caton gives a most elaborate and detailed description of the antelope, from the tip of the horns to the end of the tail, and especially of the formation, growth, and shedding of the horns, which is the more interesting as it is the only animal known with hollow horns which sheds them annually. The cervidæ of North America include eight distinct species: the moose, elk, woodland caribou, mule deer, black-tailed deer, common or Virginian deer, barren-ground caribou, and Acapulco deer.

Of all these, except the moose and caribou, the author has had living specimens in his parks, and gives full and detailed accounts of them from his own observation.

The common deer and the elk are well known, but some of the others are so unfamiliar that a short description of them may be desirable.

The mule deer is so called from the size of its ears, which much resemble those of a mule; it is about half as large again as the common deer, but more clumsy and heavy in form, of a yellowish color in summer and gray in winter. It is found all along the Pacific coast and throughout the whole range of the Rocky Mountains, but not to the eastward of them, though a few sometimes straggle out on to the great plains.

The black-tailed deer is a little larger than the common deer, of a grayish color,

DEAN CATON, LL.D. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton; Boston: H. O. Houghton and Company; Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1877.

with short body and legs, less clumsy than the mule deer, but not as graceful as the common kind. The most singular fact about this animal is its restricted area. It is found only on the Pacific coast, and though it ranges high up on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada it never passes the summit, and is never found in the Rocky Mountains or on the eastern side of the Sierras. The Acapulco deer is the smallest of the species, being about two feet high at the shoulder, and weighing about forty pounds. It is found only in Yucatan and Mexico. The moose is the finest of the native ruminants, specimens having been killed standing seven feet high at the shoulder and weighing as much as fifteen hundred pounds. The range of this noble beast was originally from the Ohio River to the Arctic Ocean, but it is almost extinct in the United States, and is rare even in the Canadas. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia it is still common, especially in the latter province, thanks to strict game laws well enforced. The author speaks of the moose as the most ungainly of the deer tribe, and doubtless they have less grace and beauty of proportion than any other of that specially beautiful class of animals, but they are by no means as awkward and stiff looking as would appear from the wood-cut he gives, and certainly no one can see a bull moose in his native forests without being struck by his majesty of appearance and the power and grace of his sinewy and clean-cut limbs. Their powers of scent and hearing are wonderful, and if their vision was as good it would be almost impossible ever to come within shot of them.

Their intelligence, too, is great, — almost equal to reason. They feed almost entirely on leaves and twigs of trees, and always feed to windward, so that they can hear danger behind and scent it before; after satisfying their hunger they go back some distance on a line parallel with and to leeward of their track, and then lie down, watching closely to see or smell any one following them.

They are hunted entirely on foot, and pursuit, to be successful, requires an amount of skill and knowledge now found among only a few of the Indians who still inhabit those countries. It is almost like a game of chess, the animal making moves which must be foreseen and defeated by still more complicated moves of the hunter. An accomplished Indian on finding a track, perhaps two or three days old, will follow it only

a short distance, to see whether the moose is traveling or feeding: if the former, he abandons it, and searches for another track; if the latter, he will determine from the appearance of the foot-marks, the age or freshness of the branches broken in browsing, and other indications how long it is since the animal has passed. He then considers the various subsequent courses of the wind, the state of the weather, the lay of the country, the favorite feeding grounds in the neighborhood, and various other elements of the problem, and will start off in the direction where he supposes the moose then is, and will almost always hit very near the spot in which the animal, after perhaps two days' wanderings, is to be found. Even after a fresh track is discovered and the moose is known to be near, the slightest sound will alarm it; the breaking of a dry twig underfoot will start it, for in some way it can distinguish between such a sound made by a human foot and that made by an animal; when found their strength and vitality is such that, unless shot through the heart or brain, they will often run miles, and sometimes escape altogether, with wounds that would prostrate almost any other animal.

The caribou is perhaps the least known of any of the deer tribe. It is in size about half-way between the moose and the common deer, a large buck sometimes weighing six hundred pounds and standing five feet high at the shoulder. In color it is yellowish-gray in summer, growing almost white in winter. Its habitat is now about the same as the moose, though it never had so great a southerly range. It is still a disputed question among naturalists whether there are two species or one, but most now agree that there are two, the woodland and the barren-ground caribou. The former is much larger than the latter, and inhabits the southern and more wooded parts of the country, while the latter is rarely found south of Hudson's Bay, and frequents the vast open plains of British North America. Both feed almost entirely on mosses of all kinds, but especially the *Cladonia rangiferina* or caribou moss, which grows in immense quantities throughout all the northern regions, sometimes two or three feet in depth, on barren rocks and ground where nothing else can live.

The caribou is hunted on foot, like the moose, but its habits are entirely different. It wanders continually, eating a mouthful here and a mouthful there, but never stop-

ping for more than an hour or two at a time, so that it has become a proverb among the Indians as to a caribou track, "One day old, man catch 'em; two day old, dog catch 'em; three day old, devil can't catch 'em." The only thing the hunter can do when he finds the caribou track is to follow it as fast and as far as he is able; if he gets up to them, and gets a shot he is fortunate, if not he has his labor for his pains. Their meat, however, when obtained is by far the finest of any of the deer tribe.

The book is full of attractions to the sportsman, the naturalist, and the general reader.

— The Chaucer Society was established in England ten years ago, not as a result of an English demand, however, but because an American scholar, Professor Francis J. Child, of Harvard, urged upon the attention of English students of Early English the discreditable condition of the text of Chaucer's poems and the necessity of collating manuscripts for the purpose of establishing the correct readings. The society has had hard work to interest enough persons in its important work to enable it to continue from year to year, and the director, Mr. Frederick J. Furnivall, confesses that the project must have failed if it had not had the support of Professor Child and his friends in the United States. The close of the year 1877, however, showed that success had at last crowned the society's persistent efforts, for it had issued in two forms six independent texts of the Canterbury Tales, several texts of the principal minor poems, and many essays and analogues connected with or illustrating the subject of Chaucer's life and works.

The society aimed to give scholars the basis upon which to build and helps to direct them in new studies, and it has so effectively accomplished this that large additions have been made to the Chaucer literature that appeals to the ordinary reader and is available for use in the class room. The works of Dr. Richard Morris and of the Rev. W. W. Skeat, illustrating the Prologue and several of the Canterbury Tales, are well known. They are published at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and are extensively used in this country. These volumes had, however, been anticipated on our side of the ocean by Professor Corson, of Cornell, who several years before the Chau-

cer Society was established issued the *Legende of Goode Women*, with an introduction and glossarial and critical notes, in a volume more attractive than those of the Clarendon Press. After that publication the next produced in our country was *The Parliament of Foules*,¹ which was published towards the end of 1877. The editor will be recognized as the writer of two articles, which we published in September and November last, on *Fictitious Lives of Chaucer*. If in those articles Mr. Lounsbury found it his duty to differ very emphatically from the director of the Chaucer Society, he has in his present volume given Mr. Furnivall the sincerest meed of praise. He owns that without the work of the society his would have been impossible, and he not only takes one of the texts the society has issued, but also borrows largely from its work in the introductory portion of his book. The form adopted by Mr. Lounsbury is very much like that established by the examples of Professor Corson and the Clarendon Press, though by lengthening the page and using some very fine type the publishers have made a volume ill-shaped externally and internally trying to the eyes.

In his introduction Mr. Lounsbury says that in 1862, when Bell's edition of Chaucer was published, "only two manuscripts of this poem were known to exist, but in 1871, almost entirely through the agency of the Chaucer Society, ten manuscripts had been discovered and published, one of which, much the best of all, had been previously unknown to editors." This statement shows that Chaucerian scholarship was in a very backward state before the formation of the society, and that its progress since has been very rapid. The same remark might be applied to all study of Early English. Mr. Lounsbury is unwilling to accept any of the statements regarding the date at which Chaucer composed the *Parliament of Foules*, and says, however, "They certainly cannot be disproved for the very good reason, that, in the present state of our knowledge, they cannot be proved," — a remark the force of which does not strike us. Referring to the arguments for establishing the date of a poem by its quality, he says, very justly, "There is nothing in our laws of intellectual development to justify the assumption that is continually put forth in the case of Chaucer: that a man's first productions are

¹ *The Parliament of Foules*. By GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by T. R. LOUNSBURY, Professor of English in

the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Boston: Ginn and Heath.

comparatively poor, and then go on increasing in merit, at least until there comes a period of decline." If some of those who have wasted their time in endeavors to arrange Chaucer's works on this plan had tried to apply it to authors the dates of whose different productions are known, they would have saved themselves some trouble and the world many pages of careless disquisitions. Mr. Lounsbury enters quite fully into the subject of the sources of the story, presenting a translation of the whole of the *Dream of Publius Scipio*, as preserved by Macrobius, and he takes from the edition of the Chaucer Society a version of some stanzas of Boccaccio, made by W. M. Rossetti. This discussion and comparison exhibit the ingenuity, the care, and the sometimes misapplied labor that is brought to bear on such investigations. Next, we have a bibliography of the subject, followed by remarks on the text of the present edition, its grammatical forms and the metre. The last are sure to be good, for they are condensed from Professor Child's observations on the subject.

The text follows, which is that of the best manuscript, altered in places by collation with the others. The deviations are indicated in plentiful foot-notes, which, by the way, can be of very little use to the pupils for whom the book is intended. The text has been treated with evident care, and we should take exception to it in two places only. Lines 22 and 505 we should prefer as follows, as being more poetical than they now stand:—

"For ofte of olde feldys, as men sey,"
"And I for werm foul' quod the fol kokkow."

We have examined the notes and glossary, and find them full and good, though the former might have been advantageously augmented, and would have been much more convenient if they had been placed at the foot of the pages to which they respectively belong, after Mr. Corson's plan. The volume will be found useful as a text-book and is interesting as one of the signs of the growing appreciation of the study of Early English in America.

— For a few years almost nothing more has been needed for the success of an American novel than a lively record of adventure in the wilder parts of the country, with a good deal of such local color as is given by bad grammar and worse spelling that shall represent the dialectic peculiarities of the region in which the scene of the story is laid. Frequently, the superiority

of honest work to the cheap and lifeless imitation of English novels has been clearly shown, and literature has been possibly not so much enriched as enlarged by very faithful studies of a form of society that is steadily retreating before advancing civilization. But such success as, notably, Mr. Eggleston has achieved is sure to attract a crowd of imitators who cannot distinguish high spirits from humor, and coarseness from simplicity. The author of *The Two Circuits*¹ has not escaped this pitfall. Under the pretext of writing an account of life in Illinois some thirty years ago, he has collected a series of anecdotes which are strung together as the experience of a young Methodist minister on his circuit. The anecdotes are of various kinds, and while some have the rough fun of those stories over which travelers in smoking-cars are accustomed to guffaw, there are others which fall even less within the province of literature. The effects of strong doses of lobelia upon the human stomach are described with great gusto by the reverend author, when he brings down the heavy lash of his satire upon quackery. The sudden and unwelcome appearance of cats in unsuitable places seems to have been of very frequent occurrence in Illinois about a quarter of a century ago, if the Rev. J. L. Crane is a trustworthy chronicler of that remote past. At any rate, stories turning upon such incidents appear to be great favorites of his. At the beginning of the book the monotony which this somewhat morbid harping on one string produces is relieved by the exquisite humor with which is described a young man suffering from an epileptic seizure.

On the whole, this is as unsavory a novel as it has ever been our misfortune to read. The only possible praise that can be given it is this: that it would be excellent— barring the coarseness—as a collection of ungrammatical English to be corrected by the pupils of elementary schools. It is a perfect treasure-house of such expressions as these:—

"Her eyes, nose, and lips had the appearance of being bitten by the frost, and had not healed up yet."

"These clerks grew eloquent in recommending mysterious articles, which no one knew at sight for what purpose they were made."

¹ *The Two Circuits: A Story of Illinois Life.*
By J. L. CRANE. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg, & Co. 1877.

—The Jukes¹ is a pseudonym used to designate the descendants of the notorious "Margaret, mother of criminals," whose progeny for five generations, and to the number of five hundred and forty persons, alive and dead, the author has taken the trouble to register. His researches began in one of the county jails of New York, and most of his material has been laboriously gathered from "old residents," physicians, employers, poor - house records, sheriffs' books, and prison registers in various parts of the State. Many valuable facts are brought to light in the author's careful tables: for example, the eldest child tends to become the criminal of the family; the youngest, especially if the parents are consanguineous, the pauper. Crime chiefly follows the male, and especially the illegitimate lines. More men than women become paupers. The female sex preponderates among the first-born children of lawful marriages, while most illegitimate first-born are males. Hereditary pauperism is far more probable than hereditary crime. Severe and protracted punishment often changes a vigorous criminal into an under-vitalized pauper. It would be very interesting to know whether these and many other inductions which the author has drawn from his facts would be verified if his method of inquiry could be extended to include the natural history of other degraded and diseased criminal families. But the difficulties attending such researches are so great that even with the utmost precaution much uncertainty must always attach to the results.

Estimating the total number of persons in all the collateral branches of this family at twelve hundred, the "social damage" of the Jukes, including charity, cost of prosecutions, maintenance in prison and poor-houses, drugs for diseases resulting from vices, cost of depredations, lost time, etc., is found to be a million and a quarter dollars.

Mr. Dugdale is not inclined to accept the popular notion that intemperance is the cause of pauperism and crime, without important qualifications. His tables suggest that hereditary or induced physical exhaustion or disease precede the appetite for stimulants; but the facts are here far too meagre for any reliable inductions. Few intelligent readers will dissent from the author's opinion that the temperance question is one for physicians and educators rather than for legislators and politicians,

and that brain and nerve disease and intemperance are so reciprocal in their influence that the priority of either as cause cannot be determined.

Dr. Guy, of England, estimates that "the ratio of insane to sane criminals is thirty-four times as great as the ratio of lunatics to the whole population." This Mr. Dugdale believes approximately true in our own country. Although he believes that whatever is physiologically unsound is morally wrong, and although he shows that the probability that any given member of the Jukes family will be found a criminal amounts almost to a certainty, yet he urges that environment has, after all, much more to do with the development of character than heredity, and demands a radical reconstruction of the entire machinery of punitive and reformatory institutions. "We cannot call these establishments," he says, "the results of the wisdom of our generation, but rather the cumulative accidents of popular negligence, indifference, and incapacity." The ideal criminal, the courageous man in the prime of life, for whom Mr. Dugdale seems to have such a fondness, whose successfully contrived crime is an index of capacity, —the burglar, for instance, "with his strong physique, cool head, and good judgment backed by pluck," —only needs a change of career. "All criminals," we are told, "of sound mind and body, who have not passed the prime of life, can be reformed if only judicious training is applied in time. Where there is vitality, there morality can be organized and made a constituent of character."

With paupers the lack of vitality is generally caused by licentiousness, and the cure is hard, unintermittent labor. For the children of criminals isolation from the degrading surroundings of early life and the use of kindergarten methods is suggested, in order that post-natal influences may at once begin to operate against ante-natal predispositions. Since, as we are sagely informed, "the whole process of education consists in the building up of cerebral cells," conduct may, "with good physiological quality," be made to depend on knowledge of moral distinctions, and it is then that the greatest effect of environment is secured.

Upon the whole, in spite of a style that is nothing less than awkward and considerable psychological crudity here and there, the author has presented a very suggestive, valuable, and well-arranged collection of facts.

¹ *The Jukes: A Study in Crime, Pauperism, Disease, and Heredity.* By R. L. DUGDALE.

—If any proof were needed at this period of the world's history that a novel is not made interesting by the mere combination of unexpected and more or less tragic incidents, a fresh example of the truth of this maxim could be found in *Chedayne of Kotono*,¹ which treats of battle, murder and sudden death, fire, flood, and fighting, with even a guillotine suddenly springing up at the end of the book. It is not an easy book to read. It is hard to care much whether the good or the bad people are knocked on the head or slain, and from some fault not easy to define exactly the narration produces a sort of blurred effect, so that without the closest attention it is hard to make out just what is happening. The book describes the sufferings of a number of people from Connecticut who settled in Pennsylvania, and who were afterwards dispossessed by the inhabitants of that State, these last being apparently the rightful owners, though the soundness of their title is not strictly made out. It is fair to suppose that a boy who is fond of *Mayne Read* may get his pleasure from this story, but it is by no means certain. What every one cares for more than anything else is something like life in the characters, and this is totally wanting here.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

It is by no means surprising that a volume of George Sand's writings has been made up since her death, for to almost her last moments the pen was constantly in her hand, and there were various contributions to different periodicals, which were easily collected, that cannot fail to give pleasure to the reader. This volume is entitled *Dernières Pages*,² but yet we cannot help hoping that some, at least, of this author's correspondence may soon be given to the public.

What was always apparent in everything George Sand wrote was her great fluency, her wonderful ease of expression, and of course it again appears in this volume, which gives us once more the pleasure of reading something new from her pen. Henceforth her place is on the shelf, as one who has finished her task, and it is possible to give a more complete glance at her work than could be done when she was alive.

¹ *Chedayne of Kotono: A Story of the Early Days of the Republic.* By AUBURN TOWNSEND. New York: Dodd, Mead, & Co. 1877.

And in considering her work it is important not to pay too much attention to her life. An author is always justified in demanding that his writings be judged by themselves alone, just as an artist's paintings are to be seen and admired or condemned without reference to his habits, which more truly concern his family if he is married, or his landlady if he is single. But yet so long as the world is what it is, it will be impossible wholly to regard an author impersonally, because no one is impersonal, and everything one writes is dependent on the author's character, feelings, and experience. Of hardly any one is this truer than of George Sand. This extraordinary woman led an eventful life, and almost all her experience came into use as literary material. She did not make use of her life to write an exact story of all that she did; she rather wrote about her career in order to represent it as it seemed to her, through the halo which every one casts about himself, and to show what she meant to do, to set forth the most defensible side of her errors, to gloss over her faults, to place in a good light those virtues of which she was conscious,—in short, to write what would seem to her imagination like an autobiography. And what a life it was! It may be said that it was in a way thoroughly French. By this is meant not French in the sense of throwing off allegiance to conventionality, but in that it was an attempt, after forming an unusual theory of life, to put it into practice. That is peculiarly what the French nation does; it not only forms startling ideas, it carries them out with thoroughness, and so is to the observer one of the most interesting countries in the world. The English keep on solid ground by preferring what is practicable to theoretical truth, but the French have made modern history thrilling by the great Revolution and by their visions of communism undermining contemporary civilization. George Sand shared every famous social vagary, besides inventing some of her own. The particulars of her adventurous life are presumably familiar to our readers, who will recall her independent Bohemianism, and it is interesting to find in this volume further revelations, innocent enough to be sure, of her readiness for what Dr. Johnson, on a somewhat similar occasion, called a *frisk*. An example of this is in the paper called

² *Dernières Pages.* Par GEORGE SAND. Paris: C. Lévy. 1877.

Nuit d'Hiver, in which she tells a curious story. It seems that she and her brother were sitting together one evening, when it occurred to them that it would be an amusing thing to go in disguise to the neighboring town,—she dressed as a man, he as a woman,—to awaken a friend of theirs, named Duteil, and find out what amusement he could suggest. It was a cold night as they made their way over the fields, crossing a river on the ice, and at half past eleven reaching the town. There they heard the sound of music at a workman's ball, which attracted them within. George Sand wore a mask at first, but it soon fell from her face in the ardor of the dance, yet without betraying their secret except to one faithful woman. After a while they grew tired of watching and sharing this amusement, and determined to try their first plan, that of awakening Duteil. This they did, and he proved to be a congenial soul, who joined heartily in their plan to trick the mayor of the town by the brother's running to him with a long story that some one was trying to run away with him. The official was very stern with them, and slammed his door in their faces. Duteil then accompanied them, and did his share of the entertainment by a very vivid and annoying bark, which stirred the bile and aroused the envy of every dog that heard him, until the town was filled with the uproar. They then stood under people's windows and called them by name; when asked their business they replied that they wanted to be assured of the existence of their friends. Then, this sport also cloying in time, they sat down on the curb-stone and chaffed the passers-by and talked idly together, giving expression to their delight at the singularity of their actions and at the lateness of the hour (there is no feeling so common to the whole human race, without exception, as vanity at sitting up considerably after midnight; when did any one ever write a letter at such a time without mentioning the hour?), and then George Sand and her brother made their way home for an hour's sleep before morning.

Another sketch contains a somewhat similar adventure. George Sand describes a breakfast at the house of an old miser, M. Blaise. The few pages she has devoted to the account of this man, his stories of his five desertions from the army, and his avariciousness, are very entertaining. Then they start for home, once more in the company of the incorrigible Duteil. They lose

their way, and Duteil proves to them that they are really at home and asleep, and that they are merely dreaming that they are lost. The whole tale reads like a bright letter describing some actual event. Both of these incidents bear the mark of truth, and they have certainly an interest as showing the woman's inclination to amusement and her immense animal spirits. It would be idle to build up an imaginary picture of her from this testimony alone, and it is unnecessary at present to describe all the peculiarities of her character, but it is interesting to catch her thus, so to speak, off the stage,—at home, not posing as an oracle to settle distracting social questions, but leading her own natural life.

Another and more interesting view that we get of her domestic life is from her account of her marionnette theatre at Nohant. Not even Goethe in his *Wilhelm Meister* showed greater personal affection for the stage than George Sand does here. Her interest in the theatre, at least in domestic theatricals, began some time before with charades, and soon grew to giving representations of more complicated comedies and emotional dramas. At the beginning everything was done in pantomime. Chopin, who first introduced these performances, would improvise at the piano, while the others either acted fitting scenes or danced solemn or lively dances to his music. Some time after this the marionnette theatre had its first performances under the direction of George Sand's son Maurice, with seven miniature figures, who acted various thrilling plays. The first little theatre was consumed by the flames at the end of a piece which represented a fire, but it was quickly followed by another somewhat more ambitious one, when the whole French Revolution was to be given in historical scenes, like those in Scott's novels, but the Revolution of 1848 interrupted them. In time, all sorts of improvements were introduced, which she describes at great length,—the rising and setting sun and moon, greater likeness to life in the figures, etc. She tells, incidentally, that once, when in Venice, *autrefois*, she saw some beautifully dressed marionnettes without action, but that they did not compare with her own, of whom she says that they can do almost everything on the stage. "They take a torch or a lamp from one piece of furniture to set it down on another. They set a table, dress and undress before the spectator, take off their hats and put them

on again, fight duels, and dance with grace and energy. In fact, they do not take anything; the object is held before them on a fine wire which follows their motions, and permits them apparently to seize it with one hand." Whoever was managing all these puppets had various bits of machinery to direct, wild animals to bring in, sounds to introduce, as of railroad trains, the song of birds, the rustle of wind, the roar of waves, etc. George Sand's enthusiasm about the whole matter is charming: the spectator, she says, when the curtain was pulled up, would be conscious that he was looking at miniature figures, but after a while that feeling would disappear. The dim light would hide other points of comparison, and so strongly would he be impressed by the life of what he saw that when, as sometimes happened, the person behind had to make an appearance as a giant or ogre, the apparition was monstrous and really alarming. She goes on to tell us how, in order to have faithful figures of animals, they were obliged to discard the ordinary wooden toys and manufacture others from the wires taken from her old hoop-skirts. Yet even the rejected toy animals were superior to those more complicated creatures who could be wound up and would then cross the scene by clock-work. As she truly says, "An automaton obeys itself alone, and does nothing irregular." With regard to the difficulties surrounding the human director of the puppets, she goes on to say, "The marionnette does not obey the guiding hand as passively as does the actor the stage directions. It cannot walk alone, it does not move of itself, it does not go around an obstacle; it may get caught on a decoration, it may slip from its support or from the finger that should hold it and swoon away at a most inopportune moment,"—and for all such accidents the ready wit of the manager has to be prepared.

The decoration of this miniature theatre was in good hands. She laments that she did not have the theatre at the time of her acquaintance with Delacroix, who, she tells us, had a great admiration for wall-papers

and theatrical decorations, often paradoxically defending their great excellence. But his general advice on decoration was afterwards followed by Maurice Sand, when he adorned this stage and its surroundings.

We have given but a small part of all that this writer says of the charm of private theatricals and of puppets. The whole essay, which is a tolerably long one, deserves to be read for its own interest and for the light it throws on the woman who wrote it. In its thoroughness and sincerity, as well as in its subject, it reminds one of Goethe.

Of considerable importance is the essay entitled *Mon Grand-Oncle*, in which she gives a fuller account of this relative, whom she had mentioned in her *Histoire de ma Vie*. His career was a singularly adventuresome one, and in hardly any of her novels has she invented a more startling combination of incidents than those which made up this abbe's life. An abbe of the last century was something of which the world will probably never see the like again, but one who was more peculiarly the product of his time it would be hard to find. The great Revolution, too, he saw, as is already known, but it was as few who saw it lived to tell. Another terrible story of the Revolution is to be found in a criticism of the poems of Mademoiselle Flaugergues, which our waning space allows us merely to mention.

In conclusion it can be said that this volume, though it contains some papers of meagre interest, will be found in general well worth reading. Besides what there is in the feeling that nothing more can be gathered of what she wrote, there is very much in the book of great value to those who read George Sand with pleasure. For the most part it is unmixed pleasure the reader will feel in these sincere confessions of a woman who, whatever her faults, was never tiresome so long as she spoke what she really felt or knew and not what she had extracted from others. Certainly, no one ever sought enjoyment in this life as she did, and in this book she gives only grateful fruits from it.

**STATEMENT
OF
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.
F. S. WINSTON, President,
For the Year ending December 31st, 1877.**

Annuity Account.			
No.	ANN. PAY'TS.	No.	ANN. PAY'TS.
Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1877... 52	\$26,098.88	Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1878... 54	\$25,900.62
Premium Annuities.....	6,393.46	Premium Annuities.....	6,174.00
Issued.....	2,335.12	Terminated.....	2,752.85
59	\$34,827.46	59	\$34,827.46

Insurance Account.			
No.	AMOUNT.	No.	AMOUNT.
Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1877, 92,125	\$301,298.037	Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1878, 91,533	\$294,486.311
Risks Assumed.....	8,494	Terminated.....	33,741.541
100,619	\$328,229.852	100,619	\$328,229.852

Dr.	Revenue Account.	Cr.
To Balance from last account.....	\$79,526,900.87	
" Premiums received.....	14,070,152.47	
" Interest and Rents.....	4,882,307.32	
	<u>\$98,439,362.60</u>	
		By paid Death Claims and Endowments (matured and discounted)..... \$6,109,532.85
		" Annuities..... 31,979.59
		" Dividends..... 3,508,101.57
		" Surrendered Policies and Addi- tions..... 4,239,426.47
		" Commissions (payment of current and extinguishment of future) 603,202.16
		" Contingent Guarantee Account and Taxes..... *733,886.96
		" Expenses..... 797,493.73
		Balance to New Account..... 82,355,678.2
		<u>\$98,439,362.60</u>

*Of this the sum of \$164,235.64 was paid to the different States that levy taxes upon the premiums of their people.

Dr.	Balance Sheet.	Cr.
To Reserve at four per cent.....	\$80,057,941.00	
" Claims by Death, not yet due.....	486,787.00	
" Premiums paid in advance.....	217,561.00	
" Surplus and Guarantee Fund.....	4,271,029.20	
	<u>\$95,033,518.20</u>	
		By Mortgages on Real Estate..... \$58,152,733.88
		" United States and other Stocks..... 16,000,611.17
		" Real Estate..... 5,725,035.65
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest..... 1,701,622.87
		" Cash in transit Dec. 31, 1877 (since received)..... 67,969.92
		" Interest accrued..... 1,438,647.92
		" Premiums deferred, quarterly and semi-annual..... 851,813.52
		" Premiums due and unpaid, principally for December..... 153,768.13
		" Balances due by Agents..... 32,115.14
		<u>\$85,033,318.20</u>

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent Interest be used, the Surplus is \$10,660,543.65. From the Surplus, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a Dividend will be apportioned to each Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1878.

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SAMUEL E. SPROULLS,
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WILLIAM H. POPHAM,
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The quality of an Yeast Powder should interest the consumer more than any other one thing used in the household, for the market is flooded with kinds, basely adulterated and unwholesome, and are constantly urged because they pay a better profit.

A perfect Baking Powder is made from a pure grape Cream Tartar. The common substitutes are Acid Phosphate of Lime (burnt bones of animals treated with strong corrosive acids), Alum, etc., and can be bought for about one tenth of what the pure materials are worth.

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The oldest and most reliable brand, full weight, uniform and wholesome.

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It has been analyzed and indorsed by the Board of Health of New York, also the leading Chemists of the country, for its purity and wholesomeness.

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The housekeeper must bear in mind, an absolutely pure Powder like the Royal cannot be bought at the same price as the adulterated kinds.

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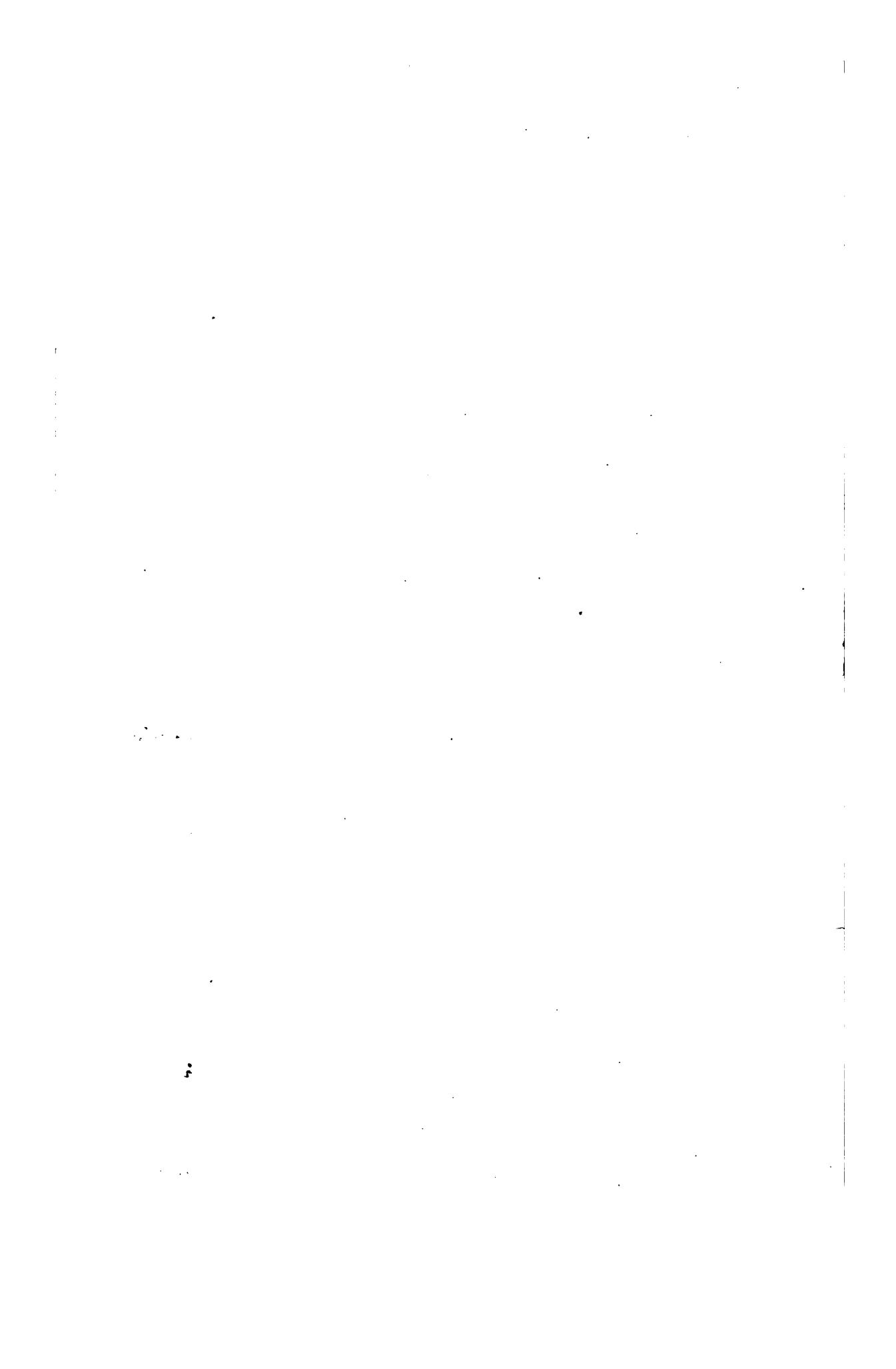
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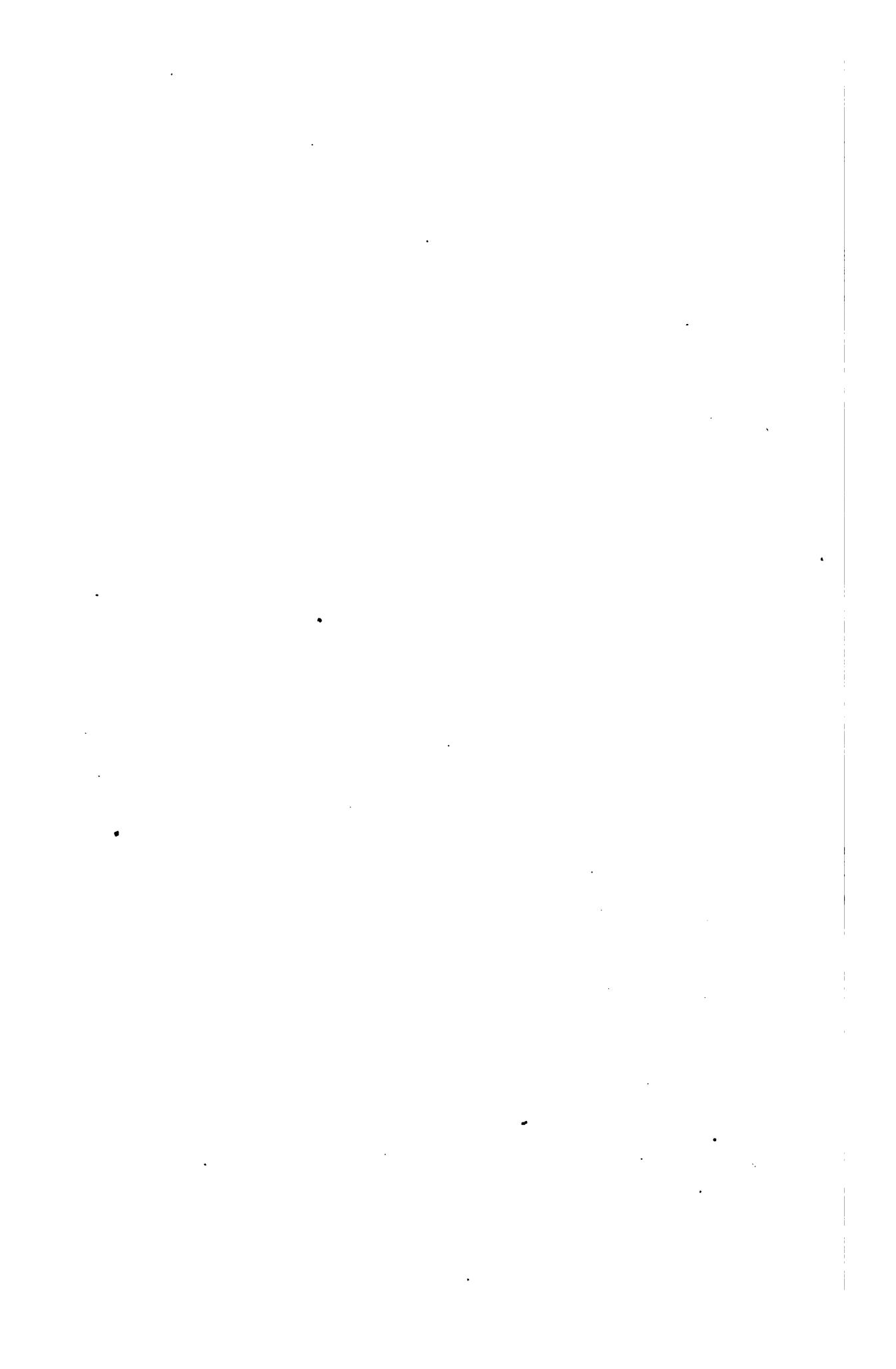
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